

Serious and Comical
E S S A Y S,
V I Z.

On the Town.

--The Art of Pleasing in Women.

--On the Readers of this Book.

--The Play-houses.

--The Universities.

On Politicians and Coffee-houses. 28

Philosophy not Proof against Love.

--Self-Conceit.

--Tea-Tables.

--Swearing and Profane Jest-
ing.

--Travel.

--The Court.

--Flattery, &c.

With Ingenious
L E T T E R S
Amorous and Gallant.

Occasional Thoughts and Reflections on
Men and Manners.

Also the *E N G L I S H*

Epigrammatist,

A N D T H E

Instructive Library.

To which is added,

Satyrical and Panegyrical

C H A R A C T E R S.

Fitted to the Humours of the Time.

By a Person of Quality.

L O N D O N: Printed, and Sold by *J. King,*
at the *Crown and Bible* in *Little-Britain.* 1710.

ESTABLISHED 1766 JULY 15



On the Town.
 The Art of Flirting in
 Love.
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With Ingenious
 LETTERS
 Amorous and Gallant.
 Occasional Thoughts and Reflections on
 Men and Manners.

Epigrammatical
 AND THE
 Instructions
 To which is added.

Satirical and Pungent
 CHARACTERS
 Picked for the Manners of the Time.
 In a Person of Quality.

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ESSAYS

ESSAYS

SERIOUS and COMICAL.

ESSAY I.

On the Readers of this Book.

I Am entred upon the most difficult Subject that, I believe, I shall have Occasion to treat upon in the following Volume; and if I begin to despair in laying the Foundation, I shall have but little Hopes in perfecting the Structure. Yet since 'tis a great Discouragement to him who is to run a Race to faint at his first going out, I shall take Courage, and impartially proceed in what I have undertaken for a general Divertisement; as knowing, however, 'tis as impossible to please every Body, as 'tis to behold Rome built in a Day, or *Epicurus's* Atoms jussled into a Creation of that Beauteous Form we now behold it in.

Some may think, perhaps, that I have stretcht the Simile a little too far; yet People, I am apt to think, will be of another Mind, when they

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rightly

rightly consider how difficult, or rather morally impossible, it is for an Author to please all his Readers. Those into whose Hands this Book may chance to fall, will not, I hope, reckon it one of the Mischances of their Lives; nor will I complement my self so far as to have it accounted a Peice of good Fortune, much less a Blessing. The greatest Fault a Reader, who truly understands what he reads, and who makes a right Judgment of the Beauties and Imperfections of the Book he has in Hand, can be guilty of, is to set too little Value upon the former, and take too rigid a Notice of the latter. Yet I must confess at the same Time, those Readers whose Malice is a great deal superior to their Judgment, who censure hard, and cast their bitter Reflections on Beauties and Blemishes alike, as not being capable of distinguishing the one from the other, these I think are rather more impardonable than the former; when at the same Time they cannot be so ignorant, but they must be, in some Measure, sensible of their own Weakness.

Of these Two Sorts of Men an Author is sure to light with One, if not Both, so that he is in a likelihood of splitting 'twixt Two dangerous Rocks; yet if he gets safe to Harbour, the latter, I am apt to fancy, he will the least regard. Ignorance has but a poor Plea, and will meet but with few Advocates in this Matter, and make a very inconsiderable Figure among Persons of Learning and Understanding. An Author's Merit ought impartially to be tried upon the Touchstone of these Men, and they will candidly pass by those Failures which are not very Criminal, and which encroach not too much upon the Prerogative of every Learned Man's Power of Discerning. I will not much apologize with my Readers by Way of Preface, though a Book is thought to look but awkwardly



ardly without one; and if I should incur their Displeasure for affecting Singularity, all the Excuse that I can make for my self is this, *viz.* that Criticks will be Criticks still; and no humble Preface, no smooth-penn'd Apology, will be able to turn the Edge of their Censures, since Malice in a Critick, or in one at least who thinks himself so, is as natural as Pride in a Woman, who knows People set a Value on her Beauty, or in an Artist, who is sensible by the Judgment the World makes of his Performances, that he has few or no Superiors. And since Matters stand thus, 'tis but small Commendation to any Man to follow an old Custom, which is founded mostly on Humour, and that a very slight one. A Preface indeed in some Cases is very requisite; as when a Person translates a Book, to inform the Readers in what Time the Author he translates liv'd, to discover the Virtues and Vices he was at that Age most Famous for, and so impartially to weigh the one with the other. 'Tis requisite to tell the Readers, that in Satyrical Cases, (some of which they may find in this Book) that they do not concern particular Persons, but are a Lash in general to some exorbitant Humours of both Sexes. Thus far I think a Preface may be necessary; but in an Original Miscellany in general I am of Opinion 'tis less needful; since as I hinted before, there is no altering the Nature and Disposition of those Persons who are prepared at any Time; as if they had an inexhaustible Bag of Poison under their Lips, to let fly upon every small and trifling Occasion against those who they think either inferior in Judgment, or below their Praise and Commendation if they do well.

This is too oft every Gentleman's Misfortune who sets Pen to Paper, and publishes his Thoughts upon any Matter to the World. One Objection that the Readers of this Book will make, I fear,

will be this, *viz.* The Press lies very open, we are daily troubled with impertinent Pamphlets and Libels on very unnecessary Occasions, we have had long since Poets famous enough, and celebrated Characters, Men noted for passionate Letters, Amours and Intrigues, and why should one whom we do not know thus intrude himself upon the World? To all which I answer; I grant it is some Discouragement to Print when the Press is so licentious; and People are apt thereupon to think every Book faulty which comes out in a Juncture like this; and consequently why should I expect (they will say) better Success than the daily Crowd of Writers? But I am sensible most of the Pamphlets of these Two latter Years have been on Matters mostly prejudicial to both Queen and Government, such as those trivial Disputes wherein Dissenting Parties have been heated, and set rather at greater Variance than united. Such Pamphleteers as these justly deserve the Censures of the Law, and the Trials of the Parliament; but I hope there is nothing, and I am very well satisfied there is not any Thing here, that may create a Difference between Church and State, or occasion Animosities between the Queen and Her Subjects.

I have endeavoured to make every Thing in this Miscellany, as to the Nature of it, as useful and as diverting as I possibly could; I have avoided for the most Part any thing that may put the Fair Sex to the Blush, or create a Distaste in the Modest of the other.

As I have pitcht upon Subjects which are less Common than those are daily handled, so I hope, they being the more New, they will be the more Pleasing.

To conclude: As we have had, and have now, Persons sufficiently Eminent for their Wit and Parts in Poetry and Miscellaneous Discourses on various Subjects.

Subjects, I hope, notwithstanding, my Readers may find in the following Miscellany something new and entertaining, which will be a great Satisfaction if it shall so luckily fall out to me, who have made it my Endeavour to please those who will be so. As for pleasing every Body, I will not pretend to work Miracles, like a Quack who would persuade the ignorant Vulgar that he does. All that I shall say more, for I think I have dwelt long enough on this Subject, is, that those Readers who have been Authors themselves, will, I hope, have so much Candour and Ingenuity in their Natures, as not severely to censure these Performances. As for those whose Nature is such as not to be taken with any thing, and as for those who have not the Judgment to weigh Matters aright, these I freely pass by, and laugh at the Crabbedness of the one, and the Ignorance of the other.

E S S A Y II.

On the Art of Pleasing in Women.

Women are naturally more cautious and circumspect in their Interest than Men, and seldom leave any Stone unturn'd till they have accomplished their Designs, and brought their much lov'd Projects to Perfection. Though they have not generally the Advantages of a learned Education, tho' they have not the Gifts of Tongues and Languages, and are not acquainted with the Eloquence, as well as Bravery, of the Ancient Romans, yet we usually discover in 'em more Fineness of Thought than in Men, and a more than ordinary Prudence in the Management of an Intrigue.

Love very early makes its Impression, and unless repuls'd sometimes by a particular Coldness, seldom fails of gaining its Conquests in the Field. They take as much Care to have a Dress agreeable to their Complexions, as a Gentleman Usher in suiting his Ceremonies, and rightly disposing his Complements. When Occasion serves a Grand Assembly is held among the Sempstresses of the *Exchanges* about the most agreeable Head-dress, the most charming and most fashionable Suit of Knots, and the most decent Edging of a Petticoat. Then for Washes, Paint, Patches and Pomatum's, there is more laid out than (I may venture to say) would handsomely augment the Revenues of the *Exchequer*: This is one Way the Fair Sex take to please, and make themselves, if possible, charming and attractive in the Eyes of Men. But alas! when a young Lady persuades her self that a genteel Dress alone, however agreeable to her Person, is sufficient to recommend her to the World; when she values her self too much on the Richness of her Cloaths, and the Stateliness of her Furniture in her House; it shows she's poorly furnished within in that Place that mostly ought to be priz'd, and but little regards her Modesty and Virtue. When she's advis'd by Persons perhaps stockt with as great a Share of Imprudence as her Ladiship, to appear rich and gaudy, the Advice too easily and too soon makes the Impression, and the poor young Lady presently exceeds the Bounds of her Counsellor, not having Discretion, if Money be in the Case, to use a *Medium*, for that mostly is Reason which a Woman's Will will have to be to. But among all Wisemen I am persuaded a Woman's Dress is the least lookt upon; yet 'tis the reigning Fault, occasion'd by the Ignorance of the World, that a Woman is valued for the Richness of her Silks, or the Neatness of her Point, without at all

all considering that Virtue, Modesty, genteel Carriage, and good Humour, are the most necessary Qualifications that can best recommend both Sexes to the Conversation of the World. Instead of these extraordinary Perfections, which are the real Ornaments of all Persons, Women use those Arts, for the most part, (give me leave to say) that a Strumpet can hardly use the contrary.

The Use of Paint is so nauseous, and so discommendable a Custom in it self, and much worse in the Abuse of it, that a Woman, who has the least Regard for her Modesty, would sooner suffer herself to be lookt upon as a Spectacle of Ugliness, than forfeit her Honour for the Imaginations of other People, who put it into her Head that she must hide the Imperfections of Nature. 'Tis at the best but a deceitful Mask; yet not so deceitful neither but we may discover as many Blemishes as are endeavour'd to be hid by it. Pull it off, and we behold the Wrinkles more frightful, and the Face more deformed. Patches, which by the Fair Sex are so carefully laid on, are but as so many of the Devil's Marks, which he sets on those Persons he designs for himself.

I have often wondred very much too why Ladies should so much addict themselves to the Use of Perfumes, since I cannot conceive but there must be more Softness, and as much Sweetness sure, in Women as in Men. Men are apt enough of themselves to be drawn into the Love of Women without these Allurements; nor can I fancy a Person of any reasonable Sense would the more admire a Woman for being perfum'd, than he would a Book for its fine Outside, unless he had a Mind to make a Present of it to Ladies, who always take Things by the wrong Handle, and are mostly pleas'd with Things as they outwardly appear. An amorous Glance, a fond Smile, and a side Look, are lookt

upon by the Fair Sex to be Arts of Pleasing: But alas! these are Signs of Women of but a mean Reputation, and such who use all the Enticements they can to cheat young Gentlemen of their Estates, who have not Judgment enough to avoid the dangerous Bait. 'Tis Pity that there are daily so many of these Sort of Women encouraged by our young Nobility and Gentry, and come so little under the Cognizance of our Laws. Such Arts as these (and these I think are the chief that I need make mention of) take but little with Men of Virtue and Learning. Such like Fopperies are apt to allure Persons of shallow Capacities, who seldom dive at the Bottom of Things, and play only upon the Surface, without enquiring further. These Arts are frequently practis'd, and too apparent to any Person's Eyes who are open. I should be apt to pity any young Gentleman, whose Misfortune it shall happen to be to make Choice of a Woman for his Wife qualified only with these vain Set-offs, where Pride reigns in the Place of Humility, Openfacedness in the Room of Modesty; and Licentiousness habitually practised in the Stead of Virtue and Chastity. What can such a Gentleman expect but to see a sudden Overthrow of his Family, a Consumption of his Estate, and a manifest Disreputation ever to redound upon him and his, whose Fondness shall lead him thus to be undone.

ESSAY

ESSAY III.

On the *PLAY-HOUSES*.

TIS well known to the World that an Ingenious Gentleman has for these several Years last past wag'd War against the Theatres, yet with what Justice, and with what Success, I think it not my Business to determine. The Stage has in all Ages been lookt upon as a Place wherein the different Humours of Mankind have been brought into Play, and impartially censur'd according to the Judgment of the Poet; a Place wherein Virtue is represented, attended with its Honours and Rewards, and Vice with its due and just Punishments. Dramatick Poetry, I am sure, of all other Kinds is the most instrumental in serving these Ends, by Reason of the Variety of Incidents therein introduced, and the Scope that is given for Counter-plot. We shall find this good Design observ'd almost throughout all the Writings of the *Greek* and *Roman* Dramatick Poets; and one Reason to be given for this is, that the Encouragers and Patrons of Learning, of what Kind soever, and of Poetry in particular, took more than ordinary Care of the Stage and the Writers for it. I make no doubt but they had among 'em very prudent and judicious Supervisors; and that no Play was suffer'd to be Acted, or appear in Print, without a *Privilegio*, or an *Imprimatur*, from the Prince or Senate; to whom we are indebted very much for the Correctness and just Design of *Sophocles*, *Terence*, *Seneca*, and others. How much the Moderns degenerate from the Ancients in this Commendable Custom is evident, not only from the Licentiousness

E S S A Y S

ness of the Press, but from the Profaneness of the present Stages.

The Ancients indeed were more preferable, and ought more to be esteem'd by all Wise and Good Men in that Religion, met with so much Encouragement among 'em. and was the frequent Subject of their Poetical Performances: However, I shall be more sparing of my Invectives than some Persons have been, and not too violently fly out against the Play-houses of our Age, in which, since my Remembrance, there has been a Reformation. They do not now with so much Bare-facedness and Impudence expose our Clergy and Universities, but take greater Care than formerly in their Representations, for which we ought to be mindful of our late deceas'd Prince, and return our hearty Thanks to our Gracious Queen, in that her Royal Proclamation against Immorality and Profaneness has been so very Instrumental in suppressing their former insufferable Irregularities, which were a great Discredit to our Church, Queen and Government. 'Tis therefore no Gentleman-like way of dealing, for any Person to draw general Conclusions from particular Premises; *i. e.* to censure our Stages in general for the particular Liberty some of our Poets have taken in their Plays. Those Persons who would insinuate that our Religion is any ways in Danger from hence, will not stick, I fancy, to commit a greater Crime in Private, than shewing themselves in a Publick Play-house. I cannot, I must confess, see the great Danger of a Person, who is not very Young, in going to these Places, if he means not to Corrupt himself by the worst and most dangerous Conversation of the Lewd Women of the Town. If he meets with an Expression here and there in the Play, which is either Profane or Immodest, he has Sense enough to make a right Judgment of it, and

and will not perhaps suck in the Poison and Mischief intended by such an Extravagancy. I would not have any one misconstrue what I have said, or infer from this last Clause, that the frequenting of Play-houses is wholly Necessary; I mean only to Contradict those Persons who rashly conclude, that a Christian ought not to be seen in a Play-house. This is certainly too severe a Restraint upon Men, and ties 'em up to too hard Duty. The seeing of Plays in it self is an Innocent Diversion; but in the Play-houses there are too many Opportunities offer'd for Lewdness and Debauchery, which requires no small Share of Prudence as well as Virtue to shun such dangerous Snares and Enticements: But there is great and good Use to be made of Plays; as when we see Virtue meet with Encouragement, it raises in us a Propensity towards it, and makes us Emulous to become Peripatetic in so shining a Character as a good Man always carries along with him. We loath all manner of Vice when we see it branded with Infamy and Dishonour, and make what we see in Representation our own Case. We can see a Miser ridicul'd, a Coward kick'd, a Pick-pocket carried to a Horse-pond, a Vain Fop made the Fool of the Play; we can be mov'd to see Beauty in Distress, and Virtue in Danger, without fixing of our Eyes on the Ladies in the Boxes, without consorting with Lewd Women, or bringing away any Infection: Care is taken that the Plays now represented shall not reflect on our Church or State, or grossly lay open the Failures of Wise and Good Men, who cannot but be suppos'd to be subject to some Infirmities as well as the rest of Mankind; and if so, the Danger in seeing Plays is in a great Measure remov'd, and they are herein less Criminal and Offensive to the Audience: But if Peoples Inclinations lead 'em to be Lewd, they may

may be so in the Church, and in the Honestest of Families; there is no fettering of our Minds, they are too unlimited to admit of Restraint; and if so, I fear our Temples have been too often made the Places of Intrigue, and that therein Foundations have been laid for some future Acts of Lewdness and Debauchery; for when People, who have little Regard for Religion, who care not much whether they are instructed or no, and who are very lukewarm and indifferent in their Devotion, come here, there must be another Reason for their coming to Church than hearing Sermons, and praying to God; and what can this be, I Pray, but carrying on some ill Design with Women, or the like? This is so Natural a Consequence drawn from the Premises, that I believe every one will easily acquiesce in my Opinion; I'm sorry I should have Occasion to mention so Melancholy a Story, but there is a Truth in it too apparent in the Eyes of the World. A Playhouse then is not the Sink of Debauchery, as some do imagine, or a Chapel of the Devil, since the true Intent and Design of it is to encourage Virtue after a pleasing manner, and make Vice seem despicable by Comical Representations. This has sometimes more Effect on some Persons, who by pleasing and enticing Ways must be drawn to the Love of Virtue, than all the Eloquent Motives and Perswasions of a Preacher; for as a Wise Poet of our Times observes, a Verse may reach him whom a Sermon does not: And I am almost perswaded, for I will so far Complement our Present Poets, as to say, that they promote and carry on the Design of the Stage. To Instance some of our late Tragedies and Comedies, wherein good Examples are given of Faithful Husbands, Chaste Wives, and Loving Brothers, is almost Needless; those that are acquainted with the Stage are the better Judges

Judges of what I have said: Some either out of a mistaken Zeal, or Miscarriages that their Children have met with, will no more hear mention made of a Play-house, than they will without some Reluctance of a Savage and Barbarous Island, where Men are sure to be destroy'd. I cannot blame 'em indeed so much for the latter of their Objections; yet I would ask 'em this Question, if it was the bare Sight of Plays that occasioned these Miscarriages of their Children? If they rightly consider I fancy they will Answer, that either they do not know, or that something much worse has been the fatal Occasion. Without derogating any thing from the Worth, Learning and Probity of our Clergy, I'm apt to think several Persons have improv'd not only in Virtue, but have made some considerable Progress in the Knowledge of Men and Manners, by seeing good Plays; such as have carried on the true Design of the Drama, and instead of debasing Religion, make it shine with all the most exquisite Flights of Poetry and Oratory. There are several Persons give their Approbation I know of Plays according as they suit their Particular Lewd Humours and Inclinations; and a Lewd Age has occasion'd in a great Measure the Licentiousness both of Press and Plays; yet I hope we are in a better Case; and that those who take their Diversion as well as Improvement from a Stage, will be cautious of seeing such Plays as Persons which I just now mention'd have been the Occasion of.

ESSAY IV.

On the Town.

I Am now got into a Labyrinth, and am in some Danger of losing my self, but that the Converse I have for some Time had with it emboldens me, and makes the Prospect less formidable to me ; yet 'twould, I make no doubt, cast as much Fear in the Mind of a *Welshman*, as the Mountains in *Radnor* and *Glamorganshire* do in the Heart of a meer Citizen. 'Tis the difference of Places and alteration of Custom which makes Persons thus unavoidably affected with Surprise at Novelties. A *Frenchman* who has never seen *Spain*, will see a great difference between *Lisbon* and *Paris* ; and a *Spaniard* on the other Hand will be much surpriz'd at the Fopperies of *France* : Between these Two Nations there is, and always has been, a great Enmity ; and there are good Reasons to be given for it, as a late Ingenious Writer has observ'd, which is not my Business here to Discourse about : It requires a great deal of serious Reflection and Thought to make a right Use of the Vain Humours and Follies of the Age : 'Tis not being a bare Beholder of Ridiculous Fashions, or a Hearer of some Mens Impertinencies, that will turn to any good Account ; they must both be weigh'd by the Scale of Judgment and right Reason, and then we shall find no small difference between only looking on, and considering of Things and Actions. The Town is (if I may properly so say) an Epitomy of the World, which is a larger Volume, wherein a Man may Read his own Passions and Inclinations, and all the Beau-

ties

ties and Imperfections of his Nature. He may be able with due Inspection to view through this *Speculum* the Policies of Princes, the Plots and Intrigues carried on by Ministers in State and Government, the Ambition of Courtiers, the Pride of Women, the Falshood of Friends, the Conning Endeavours of designing Lawyers, and the universal Character of Mankind. Our *Exchange* daily furnishes us with Natives of all Nations and Countries, which as so many Histories we consult about the different Religion, Trade, Customs and Nature of every particular State and Constitution. To these Industrious Gentlemen and Merchants we are beholden for our Traffick and Correspondence Abroad, and for our successful Trading at Home : We find above Stairs an innumerable parcel of Sempstresses hourly employ'd in Womens Concerns, and 'tis indeed to these Persons that Ladies owe the greatest part of their Essence. Take half the Women in Town (without any Reflection to particular Persons I speak it) and we shall soon find that their Taylor, Sempstress, and Woman-Barber, make up the Chief of their Composition. The Ladies who think themselves thus injur'd I know will be apt to make Answer, that a Beau is a very Insignificant Person, and that he much values himself on his long Perriwig and Sword. He is indeed a Contemptible Person in the Eyes of all Wise and Judicious Men ; yet I wonder the Ladies should be so full of their Invectives, since they are generally very fond and desirous of such a Fool to be their Gallant. A Person of Learning that Walks here is in great danger of having all his Wise Notions knock'd out of his Head by Female Jargon, and the Multiplicity of Noisie Tongues, which are more expert at bawling out, Gloves, Hoods, Scarfs, fine Silks, Muslins and Furbelows, than many a Young
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Academick in *Cartes*, *Gassendus*, or *Burgesdicius*. But Providence has so order'd it that Men have but little to do there, the Management of the Affairs there transacted lying mostly among Women. I cannot omit taking Notice, that below Stairs the Fruit-Shop affords us not only the Products of the Earth, but those of Quacks, Mountebanks and notorious Physick-pretenders: Such Persons, by some License or other, (I cannot tell from whom) grow Rich in the World, and overlook (as 'tis much to be pitied) some of our Graduate Physicians, whose Learning and Experience very often meet with less Success than Ignorant Pretenders, whose Fortune, perhaps, it shall be to Work a Cure in an Age, and be for ever after chronick'd for it. I need not caution, I think, any one, but shall leave all to make use of their own Judgment in Cases of Physick; for as the Proverb says, *What is one Man's Meat is another Man's Poison*, and every Medicine agrees not with every particular Constitution. Hereabouts a Country Esquire, who comes up in Term time for the litigious Business of the Law, may furnish himself with Hawks and Hounds, or a Mastiff, for the better Security of his Tenement; Ladies may find Squirrels, and Lap dogs, and Monkeys of all Sizes, to please 'em, of which they are as fond generally as of their Gallants, I will not say their Husbands. They, poor Creatures, many of 'em are biting their Fingers in *Cheapside*, little thinking while they are behind their Compters, telling smooth-tongu'd Lies, who makes free with their Copyhold at *Epsom* or *Tunbridge*. You cannot stir a Step scarce but you are surrounded by an infinite Number of Noisie Hawkers, who are almost as Impertinent as a Dun, and will hardly let you alone, till in your own Defence you chuse rather to Buy some of their *Grubstreet* Treasure, than suffer

suffer your Ears to be so Unpleasantly serenaded. And the Chief of a Hawker's Inventory consists of Whiggish Pamphlets, Blind Almanacks, and an innumerable Train of Poetical Trash, such as Elegies on Persons who Hang or Drown themselves for Love, Panegyricks on some Courtiers Honesty, who never had any; Satyrs on Church and State, and Hymns to Victories and Pillories. 'Tis amazing almost to reflect on the vast quantity of Beasts that are kill'd Weekly in our City, which occasioned a *Frenchman*, who had never been at *London* before, when he passed by Two or Three of our Markets, only to say, that there was more Meat, *Sarzoan*, than would supply all *Paris* for a Twelvemonth. And 'tis very observable, that we seldom see many of the *French* Nation anything fat, or at least comparable to us, who feed heartily on our *English* Beef, though we are beholden to *France* for its good Wine to wash it down. They are more slim, and excel us much on that Account in Dancing; and to the Honour of *France* be it spoken (which is no more than every grateful Man of Learning will confess) it has produc'd, I believe, Philosophers as Eminent, or more so, than any our *English* Nation can make her Boast of. The Promiscuous Number of Persons who Walk the Streets of all Qualities and Stations, Gentlemen and Porters, Doctors of Divinity and Coblers, Soldiers, Scholars, Peasants and Tinkers, makes a Medley not much unlike that in the Grand Dance of the *Rehearsal*, where Bailiffs jostle against Bishops, and Clowns against Serjeants and Doctors; Coaches, Carts, Chairmen, Wheelbarrows, Chimney-Sweepers, and Fishwives, make as bad a Noise in our Ears as *London-bridge* when 'tis Low Water; and to some People is a Sound almost as Unpleasant as a Dun's knocking at their Doors before they are up. The

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Play:

Play-houses are Places where Poets show their Wit, and Criticks their No-wit; where Young Raw Wenches learn to get rid of what they can never recover, and Attorneys Clerks break their Indentures, and abuse the Liberty given by their Masters. Here Spruce Apprentices of the City get Clapp'd, and ingratiate themselves so into their Father's Favour by their Debaucheries, that they leave 'em not a Farthing when they Die, and Disguard 'em while Living. Here Bawds bring up a young Nursery of Iniquity; and happy does the Fop reckon himself who can get an imaginary Maidenhead, a *Utopian*, or meer *Virgo in nubibus*. But I have already spoken of the Lawfulness of Plays, however, the Use of them may be subverted, and therefore shall say no more of the Play-houses here. *Westminster-hall* is the next most Remarkable Place in the Town, where Justice has but few Profelites; Money many Followers, and Perjury has more Industrious Swearers on its Side than Black-gowns and Sempstresses in the Hall. I have coupl'd 'em pretty well together; and indeed they love to be link'd to one another; Ogle, Talk Smuttily, and Point at the Old Judges, as Insignificant Cyphers, Their Motto is usually *Pro Rege, Pro Lege*, but I think it may rather be, *Pro Diabolo, Pro Pecunia*, since *Forma Pauperis* is as Unpleasant to the Ears of a Gouty Serjeant, as the Common Prayer to the Dissenters, or the reviving of the Old Custom of wearing High-crown'd Hats to a Proud Woman, who is resolv'd she will wear a Head-dress higher. *St. James's Park* is pleasantly seated between the Court and *White-hall*, and is the general Rendezvous of Gentlemen and Ladies, who here take the Refreshment of the Air; and in Summer-time the Pleasant spreading of the Trees in the *Mall*, the Sweetness of the Weather, the Harmony of the

the Birds, the gentle Murmurs of the *Canal*, the Agreeableness of such Noble and Genteel Company, make up a general Entertainment to Persons thus dispos'd to pass away an Hour or two, either by themselves, or in Company with their Friends and Relations. The Humours of our *English* Nobility are very observable in the Ring of Coaches at *Hide-Park*, where my Lord has his Coach, my Lady hers, and each of 'em different Equipage; my Lady with some of her Women, my Lord with his *Valet de Chambres* and Gentlemen: But there is more striving who shall have the finest Chariot and Liveries, than there is between a *Cantab.* and an *Oxonian* in a Dispute about the Preference of their Universities. But there shall sometimes among these Quality appear some young Upstart Cit, who has married a rich Heiress, and to please his Wife must shine with rich Liveries and new Coach for a Month or Two, tho' they retire afterwards in the Country among her Relations, disband the Footmen, and send the Horses to plow. A City Physician shall sometimes appear too in the Ring with his Coach, and sit reading of the *Memorial*, in Opposition to his Peers. There are many Places and Buildings less worth Notice, and so I shall conclude this Essay in giving this short Character of the Town: 'Tis a Nursery of all Arts and Sciences, a Treasure-house of Art and Nature, a flourishing University, a fruitful Garden, and a universal Book of Knowledge and Intelligence, wherein we may read the Laws, Manners and Customs of almost all States and Constitutions in the World.

ESSAY V.

On the UNIVERSITIES.

TH E Subject in Hand is of that wonderful Moment and Consequence, that nothing less than the Welfare of Church and State depends on it. I cannot, I know, handle it as I ought; yet I am willing however to give my imperfect Sentiments of it; and I am sure no one can have a greater Deference and Veneration for those Learned Bodies than my self, as well knowing that from hence we receive such Products of Learning and Virtue, as render our Church Orthodox, and our Nation flourishing, with the inestimable Blessings of Good and Wise Men. From these Fountains flow such Streams of Living Water, as refresh the Corners of our Streets that are dry'd up with Ignorance and misguided Zeal. These Treasure-houses of Piety and Learning furnish us with Wise Bishops, Able Statesmen, and Judicious Lawyers: In short, our Ecclesiastical Sees, our Privy-Council, our Courts, our Fleets and Armies, are yearly supply'd from these Bodies, which answer the Ends of their Noble and Religious Foundations, by bringing forth Fruits suitable thereunto. I do chiefly indeed chuse an Essay of this Nature, because 'tis my Design to vindicate the Universities, and clear 'em from those vile and uncharitable Aspersions some People cast on 'em, who will allow 'em to be little better than Nurseries of Leudness and Debauchery. This a Poet of our Times has too censoriously done, at the same Time that he expresses a great Veneration for those Learned Bo-

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dies that he openly abuses; but he makes amends he thinks in a later Comedy. But a licentious Poet ought not to stand for more than a Cypher in this Matter: But the Persons I was before speaking of are of another Stamp, and hate a Play as much as the Common-Prayer. They are Persons who differ from our Communion, who have no Respect for Learning, or learned Men; or if they have any, it appears most in their Encouragement of Private Academies. Such Persons have been ever Enemies to our Universities, and have by their censorious and uncharitable Writings, but more uncharitable Tongues, endeavoured to bring our Universities into ill Repute, and pollute the clear Streams of *Cam* and her Sister *Isis*; as imagining thereby (as they well may) that they offer a great Stroke at our Constitution, and endanger the Purity of our Church. They have been too afraid always of sending their Children hither, lest such good Principles should be instill'd in 'em as are contrary to their Persuasion: Which is a plain Argument to convince us what they would be at, and that Churchmen with them are greater Dissenters than they are. But this alas is a Matter of so long a Dispute, that Volumes may sooner be writ than we can see a Possibility of a Reconciliation. We have been too long amus'd with these Thoughts, and 'tis labour lost to expect a Union, since Private Academies are so many treacherous Designs and (if I may so say) Assassinations intended against our Universities. But, thank Heaven, they stand more firm, and the Circumventions of their Enemies make 'em to be more on their Guard. 'Tis not then Intemperance and Debauchery, which these Persons are persuaded the Universities are too much addicted to, can carry us handsomely off; no, we have too Judicious and Prudent Governours to suffer such Irregularities in Places Sacred to Religion

ligion and Learning. Here the Ancient Philosophers meet with young and hopeful Disciples and Followers, and brave *Greek* and *Roman* Soldiers their Admirers. The particular Studies of Divinity, Law and Physick, give little Room for Idleness and Intemperance, unless in Persons whose vicious Inclinations will naturally lead 'em to Extravagancies, be they in what Place soever, or under whatever Government and Restraint.

The Occasion indeed why several make not those Improvements as ought reasonably to be expected from 'em, and do not behave themselves with that Care and Caution that they ought, is in a great Measure, as well as to their own natural Proneness to Wickedness, to be attributed to the Imprudence of their Parents and Guardians, in sending 'em hither too young, before they have made any considerable Progress in the *Greek* and *Roman* Classics, and before they have any or little Insight into the World, before they have any setl'd Resolution in what they propose to 'emselfes, or are able to make any Judgment of what they are going about. This is putting 'em beyond their Strength, and forcing 'em, in effect, to run before they can go. The ill Consequences of this are too apparent; and 'twere to be wish'd, for the better Progress of Youth, Parents, Guardians and Masters, would take greater Care in the regulating of it, that so the Discredit of a Miscarriage in this Nature may not be laid at the Universities Door. 'Tis true, some are more ripe at Sixteen than others at Twenty, have both more Learning and more Experience in the World; which last necessary Qualification renders any one capable of handsomely behaving himself in Conversation, and leads him to the Knowledge of what Company he ought to keep, and what to avoid. 'Tis a particular happy Genius indeed that causes this Difference; and the Advantage ought
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always to be made good use of; and there is nothing certainly of greater Moment and Consequence in the Education and Instruction of Youth, than the right observing of their particular Dispositions and Inclinations, that so the properest Methods may be used. For as in the Case of Physick the Doctor in vain prescribes, and the Patient to as little Purpose takes his Medicines, unless the latter knows pretty well his own Constitution, and the former has Judgment to Prescribe, and give Directions suitable thereunto. 'Tis objected indeed, that our Universities abound too much with Licentiousness and Liberty; that Intemperance, or some other worse Practice, is more the Study of a Collegiate than the Liberal Arts and Sciences. But begging Pardon, they do not. What would such Persons have young Gentlemen to do? They have a great deal of Time for Improvement, as well as for their reasonable Recreations. They would not have 'em sure always Bookish, that renders a Man dull and heavy, and gives him the less Taste of what he has read. Their Colleges most of 'em have pleasant Walks, Bowling-greens, or Tennis-courts, besides the Satisfaction they have of enjoying one another's Company in their Chambers, or in the Town, over a Glass of Wine. And all this I hope may be done without a Debauch, or a Trespass on good Manners, or bringing the Reputation of a Gentleman and Scholar into Question, unless among Persons above-mentioned, whose Censures, I think, are hardly worth a reasonable Man's taking Notice of.

Gentlemen will have their Diversions where-ever they live, and 'tis fit they should; their Estates and Qualities excuse 'em in this, though not in Excesses or Irregularities. If they have not always of themselves Judgment enough to know what Pleasures are lawful, and how the abuse of 'em

renders 'em not so, they ought to have some Prudent Monitor at Hand, who may direct 'em in the most necessary Rules of Behaviour in this Matter, and instruct 'em when their Studies are most convenient. This would turn very much to Account. Tho' 'tis not every one's Fortune to be Born with a large Estate in his Pocket, and so cannot go to the Charge of so handsom an Education; yet those Persons generally who have the least to trust to in the World, make the best Improvements of their Time here, and become at last to be Eminent Ministers in Church and State. We have at present many Instances of this in Persons who by their own Industry and Study have rais'd themselves to those considerable Honours and Advantages they now happily enjoy. Yet 'tis the good Fortune of but a few who take Degrees in our Universities to become at last Bishops or Judges, since Preferment is so like a Lottery, and true Merit goes so often unrewarded, while an illiterate Spendthrift is placed at the Helm, and the Power of Government is very often put into the Hands of those who must substitute Persons under them, to carry on the Business of their Posts, while they enjoy the Honours and Revenues of the Place. However, this should not discourage or dishearten any one from endeavouring to attain a Blessing so inestimable as Knowledge, which leads us to the Wisdom of God and Religion, and gives us so fair a Prospect of future Happiness. This should not weaken our Pursuit, nor make our Journey seem tedious, long, and troublesome; since if we make a right Use of our Talents here, persevere in our Course, and make our Learning serve to the Ends of improving and bettering others, when we take up at last, and come to our Heavenly Inn, at the End of our Journey, we shall meet with Joys unspeakable, and Entertainment suitable to Holy Saints and Angels, which

a sufficient Recompence for all our Labours, and Reward beyond even our Wishes themselves.

ESSAY VI.

Philosophy not Proof against LOVE.

AMong all the wondrous Works of a Supreme Being, the least of which one would think among other Causes should be able to convince a stubborn Atheist of the Existence of a Deity, none hardly can raise in us a stronger Idea of one, and give us a greater Proof of his Being, than that most Beautiful, Lovely, and Admirable Fabrick, a Woman; in whom we may read so many Fair Characters of an Almighty and all-wise Hand, that 'tis grand Infidelity to deny or dispute the Existence of such a Supreme Being, were it only on this Account. There is in the Composition of a Woman, and in the Brightness of her Image, something so Noble, beyond even the Sublimeness of Thought and Expression, something so worthy of a Divine Impress, that 'tis wronging indeed the Power and Wisdom of our Creator not to love as well as admire the exquisite Performance of the Almighty Artist, the Wise Frammer and Inventer of Nature. To undervalue the Paintings of those we count Famous in the World, little to esteem the elaborate Performances of *Titian* and *Angelo*, goes for little less among Men of Judgment, than doing those Great Men almost a Personal Dishonour. But alas! Where am I? I am lost, I fear, in the Impropriety of my Comparison. Nature is the Work of God; Art of Men attain'd at last after many Years

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Labours and Studies. To infuse Life and Breath into a Composition of any Kind, to give Motion and rightly dispose the Organs of Sense, requires the Task of a Supreme Being; and the very Motion and Thought of an Atheist should be sufficient to convince him of the Errors he so long entertained, not only about the Existence, but the Attributes of God, who made at first the World and wisely now Governs it by his Providence. All our Philosophy then is not Proof against the Love of Woman, since by the Almighty she seems design'd to alleviate Mens Cares, and to lead 'em into Transport and Extasies. Philosophy gives us only a Theory of Love, while Woman, this Charming Woman, reduces it into Practice. Love of all other Passions, I think, excepting its opposite, Hatred and Revenge, is the most sensible, and the soonest makes the Impression upon us, according to the Desireableness of the Object we lastly beheld; nay, even at the very Instant that we set our Eyes on any thing Bright and Lovely we are struck with Surprise, are joy'd we have been pleas'd with so admirable a Sight, but are yet longing for the Fruition, and having it in our Possession; and Woman I think does this effectually; the Gracefulness of her Deportment, the Brightness of her Image, and the exact Symmetry of her whole Composition, give us at once cause both for Admiration and Joy, and raise in us an Idea of Pleasure almost insupportable. A Difference indeed ought always to be made between good and bad Women; whatever their Beauties and External Perfections may be, yet we are seldom so Happy in this; and all our Philosophy, with its Wise and Prudent Councils and Directions, is not able to regulate the Miscarriage that there will naturally be herein. Beauty, though in a Vicious Woman carries too many Charms a-

long

long with it; and we cannot always guess at an
 Woman by her Looks; however, if we know
 her to be so, Natural Infirmity and Passion is too
 strong sometimes, yet discovers at the same its
 weakness in easily giving Way. Love is the most
 violent of all the Passions; and the greatest Men in
 the World, whether Emperors, Statesmen and
 Philosophers, however sway'd sometimes by Inte-
 rest and Ambition, have been forc'd to yield to

Monarchs have laid down their Crowns, Gene-
 rals their Trophies, Philosophers the Works of
 Ages, at the Feet of Ladies, whom they have
 lov'd and admir'd; and Kings have been greater
 slaves made by Love, than the meanest of their
 subjects or Captives in War. It has occasioned
 those Great Masters of *Epick Poetry*, *Homer* and
Virgil, to Exercise their Parts, and given Hints to
 the most Famous Poets of all Ages. 'Tis a Passi-
 on so Heroical, and so much above the imaginary
 glory of an Ambitious Mind, or an Interested
 statesman, that the Pageantry of one's Honour,
 and the Fickleness and Uncertainty of the other's
 Riches, cannot come into Competition with it.
 The Consequences indeed of Unlawful Love,
 and the Love of too many Women, is apparent
 enough in the World; yet Moral-Philosophy thus
 far prevails, as to call together our scatter'd and
 loose Desires, and so far regulates our Love, as to
 make us in a great Measure able to fix our Eyes
 and Affections on only one desirable Object, that
 so if our Love be rais'd to that Pitch, we may
 unite our selves in One Body, and Enjoy the Hap-
 piness we Desire on our Side, and promote therein
 by a Lawful Marriage the Good of Mankind. Our
 Pleasures soon pass away, are fleeting, and leave a
 painful Sting behind; but Noble and Honourable
 Love has the Fruits of seeing a flourishing Posterity,

ty, while the Woman is pleas'd to behold her smiling Progeny, who in their Infancy give such Marks and Testimonies of their Affections, that their Loving and Indulgent Parents have great Hopes (if it shall please the Almighty to prolong their Days) that they well be very instrumental in doing Good in the succeeding Generation. Where then are our profess'd Women-Haters? Where are those that Despise the Fair Sex because they have those very Infirmities they Harbour and Nurse daily in their own Bosoms? 'Tis the truest Reason that can be given for these Men's Dislike, and they discover their Weakness as well as Uncharitableness in censuring and disapproving of that in others they are so fond of in themselves. All that I shall say more is, that such Persons, whether their Love be Lawful or no, deserve not to come near the Embraces of a Virtuous Woman, much less one that is habituated to all the Vices a Profligate Age can be guilty of, but ought rather to herd with Wild and Unthinking Brutes or Men of their own Kidney, since they thus make slight of and despise the most Beautiful and Fairest Composition the Supream Being has given us in the Works of his Creation.

E S S A Y VII.

On Politicians and Coffee-houses.

WE are arriv'd now into very smoaky Territories, where News is the Grand Question propos'd, and News very often the Answer; where we are in danger of being suffocated or teiz'd to Death almost

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ost with Impertinent Questions ; and then to sit
all without so much as reading a Paper, or ma-
ng learned Comments upon it, makes a Man
ok like some Country Grazier, acquainted more
with *Lincolnshire Oxen*, or a handsome Landla-
e, than the Grand Affair of the Nation, so often
ted daily by Way of Tragi-Comedy in Coffee-
Fair Ser-
uses, where nothing is done, either in Church,
ate, Field, or University, but comes under the
cognizance of some Nimble-tongu'd Politician,
who takes every false Report upon Credit, and is
not wanting in reporting it with Additions for
truth ; so bigotted are Persons to the idle Hu-
mour of minding Affairs foreign to their Pur-
pose, and neglecting their own Business, which is
of greater Moment and Concern to 'em. 'Tis true,
a Man may lawfully make an Enquiry how Mat-
ters go with the Princes of our Allies, and be Joy-
ful at their Success, and be Discontented at their
ill Fortune in War, or otherwise ; yet to shew an
unnecessary Forwardness in concerning our selves
with all the Occurrences of Court, City and
Country, is an Argument that Persons have but
little Business of their own to do at Home ; or if
they have any, that they as little Employ their
Thoughts about it. Yet I am apt to think most
People have Concerns enough of their own,
without looking so frequently Abroad, and inter-
meddling with Business they have nothing to do
with. This is one of the most reigning Vices of
the Age ; and the censuring of others is become a
general Entertainment ; and there are too many who,
some what will, will have an Oar in another
Man's Boat, though th'are overset at last for their
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These Persons have not the Names of Politi-
cians and Busie-bodies for nothing, since the ill or
good Conduct of others in the Management of their
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Concerns is their daily Discourse from Morning to Night, and the chief Subject of their Table-talk. The Proceedings of Parliaments, the Rise or Fall of Bank-Stock, the Fortune of Campaigns, is not all the Business of Politicians and Coffee-house Hunters, they have another Design very often; and the Miscarriages of Matches, the Irregularities of other Folks Children, and the Looseness of their Wives seldom escape their Inspection and Cognizance. But what a ridiculous sight is to see an Old Grave Antiquated Cuckold of the City, just risen from the Viper of his Bosom, whom he had not power to sting, steering as Early in the Morning as Chimney-sweepers and Tub-women to *Lloyd's* or *Garraway's* with his Slippers and Morning Gown, and a Couple of Night Caps under his Hat, spitting and spauling all along the Streets, as if every Drop of Moisture brought from his Stomach was to bring his *Quintus*, when he stood in more need of Dr. *Taylor's Dying*, and a Spitting-pot, than a Dish of Coffee, or a Gazette? But he forgets not before his going out to pay Devotion to the Bags in his Compting-House and notwithstanding his hunting after News, the best he can hear of will be the Death of his Wife, and he desires the Smiles of no other Mistress than his Money. He Marries, (to give you something of his Character) feeling in himself an Inclination to the Flesh, tho' but Weak, a Young Tit under Twenty, who before she swells into half the Bulk of an Alderman's Lady, has more Sense than to lye long Winter Nights by Five and Fifty, and gets Money enough by chucking the Old Fool under the Chin, or Robbing of his Plush Breeches, as to be able to maintain a Gallant; or if this be not her Case, she will prostitute her self for Money rather than lose the Divertisement of the Old Game that *Adam* and *Eve* play'd at.

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on for the neglect of Business, and getting of
 money, (tho' Interest is one of the chief Articles of
 his Creed, and one of the main Principles of his
 Religion) to the Coffee-house he will go, and has
 set Hours, yet the Dalliance of his Young Wife,
 (she is in the Humour, may sometimes put a Stop
 to his going: But 'tis very rare (unless on the ac-
 count of some great Int'rest that may ensue) for a
 Young Lady to be very fond of an Old Gentleman,
 whose Age is so very disagreeable to her Youth
 and Beauty. But I remember an Old Gentleman,
 who shall be nameless, who married a Young Lady
 Sixteen when he was near upon Threescore and
 ten; the Lady had no very extraordinary Fortune,
 but she had Beauty enough sufficient without Mo-
 ney, which made her, together with her Modest,
 genteel Carriage and Sweet Disposition, a Wife be-
 come what a Wealthy and Old Citizen deserv'd.
 The Young Lady we may well suppose was very
 averse to the Match, but she was forced to it in a
 manner, being a Young Orphan, by a Guardian of
 hers in *Buckinghamshire*, who had too much a fin-
 gering in her Portion, and forc'd her much against
 her Will and Inclination to Marry one she
 did not, nor could not love, in the State she
 was then in. Tho' as 'twas her Misfortune to be
 partner of so Ancient a Gentleman's Bed, she had
 so much Virtue and Chastity in her than to pol-
 lute it, or render her self contemptible in the
 eyes of the World. This indeed must be said for
 the Old Gentleman her Husband, that he lov'd her
 as well as he could, and no Man you will be apt
 to say can do more; yet the Disproportion that
 there was between their Two Ages occasion'd no
 small dislike on the youngest side, who wanted the
 usually Comforts of new-married Young Brides.
 I mention this Story because it has a great Affinity
 to the Old Citizens frequenting Coffee houses: And
 the

the Old Gentleman, who I should have told you before was a Rich Mercer on *Ludgate-Hill*, being so very fond of his Young Wife, that he never omitted carrying her to the Coffee-house, sooner perhaps than she had an Inclination to rise, to his Meetings at striking up a Bargain in the Afternoon and his Clubs at the *Dog* and *Wonder* at Night; this as it render'd the Young Lady more publick and occasion'd her Virtue to be in danger, so it gave her better Opportunities of affording her self Pleasures to her satisfaction, even at a time when at Supper with her Husband; and the Lady is not to be suppos'd insensible to *Ovid's* Directions. Many a Walnut-fac'd Jew at the Coffee-house and Young Merchant at the *Pope's-Head* in *Cornhill*, by their Am'rous Glances gave Testimonies of their Love, and wish'd the Fair Captive, enslav'd to Age and Impotency, was at Liberty. The Old Gentleman within Two Years after his Marriage dy'd and without Issue, so that his Lady (some few Legacies excepted) came in for most of his Estate; but the many Opportunities he gave her in his life-time of improving and encreasing any natural propensity to Evil, occasion'd afterwards very many Miscarriages in the Conduct of her Life. For without recollecting the various Misfortunes that befel her, never caring to enter into a Marriage State again, she dy'd in a Brothel-House, and ended her Days to the great Discontent of those few Friends that she had in the World. In this Relation we see the Folly and Oversight of too much Fondness, and the Forwardness that most Old Fools have in going to Coffee-houses, let whatever will be the Event of their Proceedings. To come nearer then to the Matter in Hand, News is the general Talk of all Companies; and there's not a Chimney-sweeper within or without the Liberties of the City, or a Merry-hearted Translator, who

told you is Singing in his Stall, but shall take as fresh an
 ill, being allur'd from an Express from *Holland* or *Lisbon*,
 never of the Ladies did from the Act made against the
 se, sooner sale of *Indian Silks* not many Years since: And
 se, to his Journey-men Taylors, not willing to differ from
 afternoon the general Custom of Newsmongering, are as in-
 t Nightustrious in enquiring after an Express from the
 public Duke of *Marlborough* or Prince *Eugene*, as they
 er, so are in making a Suit of Cloaths on an *Easter Eve*,
 g her fel Mourning for the Decease of a Prince of the
 time when lies. Nay, at the *Feathers* in *Covent-Garden*,
 ady is not where there is a rowzing Fire at Four in the
 Directions morning, I have heard among Turnip-men and
 Fee-house draw-hats as Grand a Debate about the Successi-
 in Corn in the *English Line*, and the Progress made in
 imonies of Armies, as any in our Coffee-houses, and perhaps
 enslav'd to as much Purpose; for there is no Man of any
 e Old Gen Judgment will too easily give Credit to News-
 riage dy's papers, when the Authors of 'em take Things ei-
 (some few) on Report, or Publish 'em for the Encourage-
 his Estate ment of some particular Republick and Party.
 her in his the *French* are very backward; and only in the
 ny natural use of Force and Restraint, give us an Account
 wards very their Expresses from *Paris* of the Victories they
 her Life have lost: But 'tis a Particular and very Remark-
 Misfortune able Instance, both of the Ambition and Folly of
 a Marriage Lewis *Le Grand*, that he suffers *Te Deums* to be
 e, and end'g for Battles lost; and (if I mistake not) at the
 those few time when our most Prudent General, the Duke
 n this Relat *Marlborough*, Forc'd the *French* Lines, an At-
 too much tempt so Destructive to the *French* Nation, and
 t Old Fools Honourable to our *English* Soldiers, that scarce
 atever will Parallel is to be made of this, and the Glorious
 To come ttle at *Hockstet*, between the so much boasted
 News is the Conquests of *Cesar* and *Alexander*, of which
 there's not e Ancient Historians are not wanting in their Pa-
 e Liberties gyricks. We scarce Fight with the *French* at
 ator, who y time, but they are pretty well assur'd of their
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Strength beforehand ; and they are so careful as not to Engage with us, though on Disproportionable Terms ; yet it is either a Particular Providence of Heaven, or an Innate Principle of Valour in our *Englishmen*, that they thus Yearly defeat the Designs of so Tyrannical a Monarch as the *French King* ; however, he is pleas'd to indulge himself, and those of his Nation, in the Ridiculous Customs of singing imaginary *Te Deums*. His breaking the Articles of Peace made with our Late Sovereign, King *William III.* his Arbitrary Government, and the most Severe Cruelties exercis'd in his own Nation, are sufficient enough all of 'em to evince True *Englishmen* of the Danger there may be in making a Second Contract of Peace with him, or entering into New Articles on any Account. If by the Conduct and Bravery of our *English* Generals, and True-heartedness of our Common Soldiers, it shall be once or twice of good Fortune to gain such Conquests as may weaken in a great Measure the Forces of *Leopold*, and compel him in a manner to a Union, by reason of a War which will be so Expensive that he cannot in any probability carry it on, yet without pretending to be a Counsellor, though a Welshman, wither to our Queen and Parliament, it requires no small Judgment on our Side, and engages our most earnest Thoughts, for the Good and Welfare of the *English* Constitution, since we daily find it a Difficulty, even in those we think our Friends.

Quovis nodo tenere mutantem Protea vultum

The chief Inventory of a Coffee-house (to end this Essay) is compos'd of as many Ingredients as Make-ups as there are mention'd in a Quack's Bill of Cure, or a Country Doctor's Medicines. who is sure either to kill or delude his Patient, unless by the Sybils 'tis given out, that the Man shall live all his Life-time Successful in Physick or Chyrurgery.

gery. Here are Coffee and Tea, the most Dull, most Common, and most Splenetick Liquors in Nature, to the former of which the Women have naturally a great Aversion, because the Men like it, and the latter they Approve not of much, tho' they may chance to meet with it at some dull Visiting; and nothing will go down with 'em but Brandy, Chocolate, *Ratafia*, *Rosa Solis*, or Doctor Stephens's; nor do I think it worth my while to mention the Matter so much as to call any of these Liquors by the Name of Cold Tea. Here are almost as many Advertisements stuck about the Room as there are in the *Royal Exchange Cloisters* about Wet and Dry Nurses, Writing and Casting Account Taught in some Blind Alley, not many Yards from a Vaulting School; Pouders that Infallibly take away the Stone and Gravel, a Sovereign Ease for the Wet or Dry Gripes, Cures for Deafness, with some Never-failing Directions for Child-bearing Women, Glad-tidings to Venereal Sinners, with an innumerable Heap of Advertisements to the Female Sex in their right Management of their Toilet, and furnishing it with Washes, Powders, Favourites, &c. And when we have no News from the Duke of *Marlborough*, Prince Eugene, or our Allies, these Matters I have mentioned, and the Publication of Books and Pamphlets, are the Chief Heads that furnish out our Papers; and we never see 'em empty: And rather than a great Newsmen will Read no Papers at all, he will employ his Time in running over the idle Directions of Quacks, and read the foolish Notifications of an Upstart Pretender; thinking it cheap to use these Means of Medicine, (though in their Consequence very often Destructive) than consulting any Graduate Physician, because he will take a little more of his Money. *Sed de hoc satis jam non nimis.*

E S S A Y VIII.

On Tea-Tables and Visiting-days.

TIS as great a Piece of Folly that the Fair Sex are guilty of in indulging their Tea-Tables and Visiting, as the Men are of in Coffee-house-hunting. And there is more Mischief done, we must allow, by a Woman's Tongue to Families, than there is to the Church by a Conclave of the Pope and his Cardinals, so ungovernable is that moving Engine in Women, and as the Tongue is the last thing that dies with a Woman, so the Sense of hoarding up Money terminates only in the Death of an Aged Miser, whose Money is his God, his Shrine, his Mistress, and his Friend. The Ladies now, besides their Tea-Tables a Mornings and Afternoons, have their Set Days of receiving Visits, or paying any on other Days they keep their Chambers, and either take Physick to clear their Complexions, or a Vomit for the Spleen, which makes 'em very Quarrelsome with their Chamber-maids, who assure to have no Peace or Quiet till their Ladies have taken a reasonable quantity of *Opium*, in order to the better Reception of *Morpheus's* Consolation. They Drink Twice the quantity of Tea that Men do, let 'em be never so great Lovers of it; and I was much surpriz'd one Morning, being at Breakfast with Three Young Ladies, where a Glass of Two of Sack, Tea, and Bread and Butter was for Entertainment, to see the vast quantity of Tea they swallowed down, drinking by a moderate Computation Three Dishes to my One, tho' they had not the Faculty of retaining what they Drank.

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but made a great deal of Use of that Necessary Utensil, a Chamber-pot, I suppose by their so frequent withdrawing. They were Three Sisters, and kept as good Time with their Waters, as they could with one another in Numbers of Musick. For when the eldest had done, the middle one found an Occasion of going, and the youngest was not backward in following the Dictates of Nature in her Turn; so that I very seldom had all Three of their Companies together. For my part I could not keep Pace with them, but begg'd their Ladiships Pardon, in saying, that I could be as free in drinking half a Dozen Glasses of Cold Tea, (which I heard their Ladiships were no small Lovers of, however they smother'd their Inclinations) as of a Bottle of good *Florence*, or *Galicia* and *Vienna* mixt. One of the Ladies blush'd indeed, the other Two Sisters fell a laughing; and after half an Hour's Familiar Discourse, confess'd that they were Lovers of that Sovereign Liquor call'd by the Name of Cold Tea, desiring me with all to keep Secrecy, intermixing Discourse about Books; that the chief Furniture of their Closets consisted, First, of Liquids, as *Rafasia*, *Dr. Stephens's*, *Tea Royal*, *True Nants* had without Custom, and the Noble Spirit of Clary, with several other Heathenish Compositions, which the Fair Sex give Names to themselves. As to the other Side of their Closets, (for I suppose they divide the Dry from the Moist) that is set off with *Culpepper's Midwife*, *Aristotle's Masterpiece*, with his *Problems* Bound together, Letter'd and Guilt, *Salmon's Chirurgery*, *The Ladies Racreation and Diversion in Pastry*, *The Lady Cromwell's Court fashion'd Art of Cookery*, *Rochester's Poems*, *Ovid's Epistles*, *Scaroon's* and *Boccace's Novels*, besides large Volumes of Plays, and other Pamphlets and Poems, which serve either to the En-

ticement of Lust, or administering further so as to bring their Evil Thoughts into Action. Young Ladies who are unmarried, and are Daughters and Neices, keep however *The Lady's Calling, The Practice of Piety, A serious Proposal to the Ladies, The Art of Contentment, and The Government of the Tongue*, (the Principle of all which should prevail in that Sex) that they may gain a good Word among their Parents and old Aunts, and get the better Fortunes when the Men can get them in the Mind, and the old Introducers of 'em into the World shall depart in Peace, and leave 'em Heirs of what they are willing enough to possess in all Conscience. But the Cunning of Women is evident enough in the Policy they use in the Management of these Liquors which are now so commonly us'd among the Sex. For Instance, at the Lady ——'s House it happen'd to be Visiting Night, a Gentleman of *Gray's-Inn*, who was her Counsellor in a Cause in which she was Plaintiff, came accidentally; the aforesaid Lady, who lives now in *St. James's Square*, had some Company in her House, and I think all of 'em of the Female Sort; their Drink was Punch, which they drank as voraciously as any Tarpaulin that has been at the *Indies*, or a Notary Publick about *Wapping* or *Ratcliff*, who stands very often on the Courtesie of his Neighbours, that borrow some Snips of the Law of him.

The Information being brought in by one of the Footmen, who went to the Door, that Counsellor —— of *Gray's-Inn* wanted to confer with her Ladiship about some private Matters relating to her Cause, which was to come on before the Lord Chief Justice at *Westminster* the next Day; the Scene was immediately

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ly chang'd, and the drinking of Cold Tea with the *Indian* Punch-bowl, by the Contrivance of their Madamships, their Chambermaids and Waiting-Women, was as soon turn'd into Chocolate and Coffee, as *Pinkethman* in the *Emperor of the Moon* makes a *Metamorphosis* of his Chariot and Baker's Cart, the better to carry on and humour what was Madam *Afra's* Design. At this, tho' he could not imagine any otherwise, he smil'd, when the Elder Sister offer'd him at last (as being her Lawyer) a Dish of Coffee; he drank it, but yet, as the Lady perceiv'd, discovered some dislike at the Taste of so unpallatable a Liquor. The Lady, whose Name 'tis not proper to mention, seeing this Distaste in her young Lawyer, on whom she depended, call'd him aside, and after the most material Points were agreed upon, drank with him a Flask of *Florence*, and left her Company, which very much expected her Presence, while they were drinking of that ~~is~~ which lay their Grievance, as well as their Hypocrisie, in doing for a while those Things that they are naturally averse from. Thus far I am apt to believe that the Ladies will carry it on their Side, and that by some private Contrivances, notwithstanding Matters will be worse with them than they imagine. The Entertainment of a Tea-Table is the least Entertainment one of 'em that is lookt upon by the Fair Sex; letting a loose to their Passions and their busie Tongues, which are the Ambassadors of their evil Intentions; the Censures that they without Measure uncharitably fling upon others, and Backbiting the whole World, is the chief Diversion among 'em, and Scandal the principal Dish of the Collation. Ignorance and Pride, Malice and Revenge, set 'em so beside themselves,

selves, that they laugh while they are drawing their own Pictures in a back-biting Story on another. Says the young Lady. *Haughty*, a rich Widow in *Bloomsbury*, I wonder, says she, *Madam Funket* in *Leicester-fields* would marry so soon after her Husband's Decease; when she herself receiv'd all Companies, made great Entertainments, play'd at Ombre till Midnight, and married a Collonel in less than half a Year's Time after her dear Husband's Interrment at *Newcastle*. Scarce any Matter escapes an Assembly of Women, who with their searching Instruments their Tongues, ferret out the most private Transactions of Families, and like Birds of Prey fall on every Thing that their unmerciful Claws will let 'em. And then to hear 'em discourse on their Monkeys, their Lapdogs, their Parrots, their *China*, Nicknacks and Dresses, would I am sure stupifie the Brains of a Doctor, and drive him either into Madness, or drown him in a Lethargy beyond any he ever got by reading at a Setting Twenty Pages of *Martin Luther*, or *Hobb's Leviathan*. The Lady *Noity*, a fat brawny Lady in the *Pall-Mall*, a great Breeder, is always praising the *Bagnio's*, and would not for the whole World omit going every Summer to the Bath; for she is sure it forwarded very much the Production of her dear *Betty*, who is now so fine a young Lady, is the Toast of all the Beaus at *Lockett's* and the Blew Posts, and has more Eyes on her at *St. James's Chapel* than the Queen, or the most topping Court Ladies. In the Winter that in *Long-Acre* serves her Turn; she is now above Forty, and seldom fails of bringing a Child into the World every Two Years at farthest.

The Lady *Fanciful* in the City, near *Dorset's-Commons* is always exclaiming at a Visiting against Coffee, for she thinks it kill'd her former Husband, who was as fine a Family Performer as any within the Walls, she sheds feigned Tear or Two in Remembrance of him, and then falls a laughing, and says (thank Heaven and the Wheel of Fortune) she has now a fine Gentleman who will sonner defile his Lady's Bed than run his Nose into a Coffee-house among the Cabal of plodding Old Fools, whose daily Practice is the Neglect of their Wives, who score 'em up in their Abstinence at the Tavern for White-Wine Whets, at the Perfumer's for Snuff, and at the *Royal Exchange* for Spirits, *Ratafia*, and Chocolate. The young Lady *Katharine Haughty* made such terrible Lamentations for the Death of her Squirrel, and Madam *Lucy Bright* for the Decease of a little Shock Bitch she had, call'd *Diana*, that last Week on a visiting Night one would have thought there had been a Funeral to come out of the House; and some People were such Fools as to stay in Expectation, because they saw great Lights at a Window, and partly heard their Complaints, they were loud, tho' but abruptly. Al pity, says an old Widow, who has buried three Husbands, Twelve chopping Boys, and six Daughters, the poor young Lady *Prudence*, of *Covent-Garden*, who was a great Fortnne, has been married to a Member of Parliament these Three Years, has had never a Child, and for the careless Drone her Husband is not like to have in haste. Another Lady mightily sets up the Dexterity of a Man-Midwife, whom she always makes use of in Time of necessity, and thinks she shall miscarry if ever

ever she should omit using of him on such an Emergent Occasion. Another is of Opinion, that were it not for the happy and successful Providence of old Mother *Grippet*, who was Wife (till call'd hence) to the Clerk of *Pancras*, she should not have liv'd to see so Beautiful a Race of Fine Sons and Daughters which she is now blest withal; and then falls a praising of her Eldest Son for his Learning, genteel Behaviour, and Proficiency at *Cambridge*; and her youngest Daughter, who is her greatest Favourite, for her modest Carriage and Complaisance to all Company she comes into, for the Sweetness of her Voice, her Skill in Musick, her Fine Black Eyes, Clearness of Complexion, Rosie Lips, Lovely Breasts, with a long Harangue of *Encomium*, which deafens all the Room, and has given Two or Three Ladies the Spleen to that degree, that they keep their Chambers eat nothing but Chicken Broth and Water-gruel and are incapacitated they fancy from attending the Cabal on the usual Visiting Nights. Another is a great Sermon-Hunter, sits opposite to the Preacher at *St. Margaret's Westminster*, and endeavours with her Impudence to put him beside his Text. She likes, she says, the Parson well enough, his Matter and Way of Delivery, but that he so severely inveighs against the Pride and busie Talkativeness of Women; and if he would be more silent in these Particulars, and rail against the Men for Whoring and Drinking, she would contribute to the Augmentation of his Salary as much as any Lady in the Parish. Thus at every Assembly of Idle Women Religion is ridicul'd, the Clergy brought into contempt for railing at their Vices, Family Government and Good Housewifery neglected, and the Management of all the

World

World taken to pieces, and brought under the
 lash of foolish inconsiderate Ladies, who think,
 because of their Birth, Quality and Estates,
 that they must carry all before 'em, and rule
 Pleasure, in open Contempt to the wisest
 Clergy, and most prudent Senators.

ESSAY IX.

On SELF-CONCEIT.

THE natural Proneness of most Persons to
 this common and reigning Vice, una-
 voidably almost leads me to treat on it,
 and discover its Vanity in all its Branches. And
 first we will consider it in the Point of
 Learning. How fond do we see Men of Parts
 daily? How conceited of the Notions they en-
 tertain in their own Breasts, arrogating all the
 Learning to themselves, and allowing others
 little or none, taking a Pride in their own
 Principles, which they set the greater Value
 upon purely on the Account that they have
 scarce any Affinity to other Persons Opinions;
 and in this Case affected Singularity is one of
 the chief Causes of Conceit. So the Dissenters
 take a Pride in their Dislike of our Common-
 Prayer, and glory in a different Persuasion they
 are much fonder of. And here the Pride,
 the Vanity, nay, the Enmity that they bear to our
 Communion, might be touch'd upon; but it
 would take up both too much Room, and re-
 quire a more Learned Pen, to decipher but
 in Miniature the least of their Enormities.

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To value one's self on the most perfect and consummate Knowledge but weak Faculties are capable of here below, lays us very open, and makes our Weakness obvious to every one. Let us know as much as any Learned Man in any Age and Century did pretend to, and when we rightly consider with our selves, and are not too much blinded with this over-ruling Passion, we shall soon discover that we are in the Dark, and lost in Points of Scripture, as well as of other Sorts of Learning, in the differing Opinions and Notions of Commentators, Schoolmen, Philosophers, and Poets. This made an ancient Philosopher cry out after all his Studies, endless Pursuits and Labours after Knowledge, that he knew nothing yet; that is as much as to say, he was very dubious in the most material Points of Knowledge; and that some Sorts of Learning, even to the most considerate of Men, are unfathomable Mysteries and such *Arcana's*, that no Key of the most solid Reason can be able to unlock. The most glorious Contrivance of the Heavens, the beautiful Frame and Order of the World, and the All-wise Management in the Fabrick of Human Bodies, has puzzl'd the most judicious Philosophers, Astrologers, and Anatomists, and gives 'em only Room for Admiration, and affords 'em Matter for the many empty Conjectures that we discover by the Writings of the most learned Ancients. The Sophistical Disputes of Schoolmen, the Cavils of every Upstart Opposer, and the Inventor of some new Opinion, which thrust many others out of Doors, is a great Reason of the Uncertainty we have in the most considerable Parts of Learning; which should, I should think, not make them so ever conceited of the small Stock of Knowledge

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they are Masters of; tho' at the same Time would not have any one let himself be run down, but handsomely defend himself, which in Modesty may do, against those who are better Enemies to Learning. Yet however ridiculous and vain the indulging of this evil practice be, (for, as the Wiseman says, *there is more Hopes of a Fool, than one wise in his own Conceit*) yet we daily see too many Instances of such Men, who either in their Writings, or in their Discourses in Company, cannot forbear praising themselves, and wonder other People can be so guilty (as they think) of Absurdities they daily meet withal. Now for a Man to commend himself in any Action makes him appear mean, and takes very much off from the Credit of his Performances, however Ingenious. This has been a great Fault, I presume, among the Ancients, as well of those of our Times, which occasion'd the Roman Oratour to say, *Proprio Laus sordet in Ore.*

It requires therefore no small Quantity of Prudence rightly to manage the Knowledge Heaven, with our careful Eudeavours, has been pleas'd to grant us, and with Decency to prize what we do know, tho' but imperfectly. A Man who takes a careful Survey by Glasses of the smallest Insect in Nature, will there see the Marks of an All-wise Hand, and more Art and Judgment than he will be able to attain to; were it allotted for him to live the Age of Three Men, he will not be able to see all the Beauties and Perfections even of so minute a Creature; and after his losing his Reason almost in the Consultation of Learned Authors who liv'd before him, he will be at a Loss, and able only to make some Guesses at so Noble

Noble a Composition, and cannot tell whether his Sentiments be right or no. *The Ways the Almighty are past finding out*, (as 'tis said in Scripture) and we cannot fathom his Councils, or the Ways of his Providence, by the Plummets of Reason. We are in a Labyrinth, and cannot find our Way out; and our Guide, which in other Cases conducts us pretty well with some additional Acquirements, misleads us here, and the farther we go the farther we are off of our Journey's End. The Mysteries of Providence, and the Measures God takes in governing the World, are Matters too deep and too improper for us to pry into; and the Consideration of it in our selves is like that of Eternity, whereof a condemn'd Sinner will never see an End; and the *Chimera's* that he frames in his own disturb'd Brain of an imaginary Conclusion, make the Prospect the more unpleasant, and the Expectation insupportable. What then is all our Knowledge? What are our Men of Learning? What are our Labours and endless Pursuits? Nothing, nothing, nothing. A good Conscience, a prudent Conduct of our Lives, and a modest Behaviour of our selves, whatever our Talents are, will the best secure us the Hopes of Happiness, and best prepare us for it.

I come lastly to the Women, who are more than the Sex I have been speaking of addicted to this Vice, either on the Account of their Birth, their Quality, their Estate, or Beauty, tho' Pretence to Knowledge, I think, may be added. Some Women value themselves so much on their Family and Coat of Arms, that 'tis the continual Subject of their Discourse in almost all Companies, and they force the Hearing of it on Persons who are ashamed, and blush

ush at so much Folly. They think it a be-
 meaning of themselves, and degrading of their
 ancestors, in paying even Neighbourly Civili-
 in the Place where they dwell: Nay, far-
 er this high spirited and obstinate Conceit goes;
 and a poor Relation of the same Family and
 lineage, that is reduc'd by some Misfortune
 unhappy Circumstances, is neglected, goes
 unassisted, as well as unvisited, by 'em. Such
 persons as these ought to have written over e-
 very Door of their House, *Virtus sola est No-*
bilitas; and perhaps 'twill be to little Purpose;
 for there's only a Possibility in working a Re-
 formation in an obstinate conceited Woman,
 because, like Poyson taken, this Passion does not
 presently discover its Operations and Effects;
 but at last it turns to a Malignity, and as
 the one ends in Death, so the other makes
 its Exit in an Overthrow. And then Beauty
 and an Estate are Things very often of so
 short a Duration, and subject to so many
 accidents, that Robbers and Fire may destroy
 the one, and a long Fit of Sickness the o-
 ther.

The Riches the Proudest and Wealthiest of
 us all enjoy are but lent to us from the Al-
 mighty; and it lies very much upon us to im-
 prove our Stewardship, and make the best
 use of our Talents.

We were not born for our selves alone; we
 were not promoted to Honours and Estates
 to idle away our precious Moments in Riot
 and Excess, in sumptuous Feasts and Mid-
 night Debauches, but to do as much good as
 in us lies, especially unto those of the Hous-
 hold of Faith. To relieve the Needy, to cloath
 the Naked, to feed the Hungry, to visit the
 Fatherless and Widows, is an Heroick Piece
 of

of Charity, and one of the noblest Doctrines our Blessed Saviour left behind to his Apostles, that they might follow his wise Example in this, and in all Things.

The Continuance of Beauty in a Fine Young Lady, who values her self never so much in this Gift of Providence, too soon finds herself, by the Small-pox, or some other Accident, brought to an odious Spectacle; and her Looking-glass, in which but a little before she took so much Pleasure in, becomes her Aversion now, and with Indignation reflects she her faded Glories. 'Tis Winter with her now and the Bloom of her Spring is over; like an Old Maid she grows despicable among the many Suitors she with Scorn before rejected, and the Subject of their Laughter and Ridicule over their Evening Bottle. The *Park* where she us'd to glitter in her Chariot; the *Play-house*, wherein she us'd to shine in the Front Box, and attract the Eyes of all the young *Amoretta's* in the Pit; the Church, wherein she was ador'd like some Deity, are now grown the Places she hates to resort unto; and even her darling Visitations are neglected, on the Score of her unhappy Loss of Beauty. What Grounds are there then for Conceit? What can Ladies mean, if they have any Meaning at all, in prizing so much a Treasure that the least Sickness almost can break through, and contenting, as they too often do, worthy Gentlemen whose Qualifications, as well as Estates, merit their Love, and deserve all the Joys the Charms of a *Venus* can afford. But lastly I shall speak of the Learning of Women, and thereof briefly wherein lies their Conceit: It must be granted by all Hands that Women as are capable of Improving in Learning as Men, their Parts are

quick and lively ; yet Womens Business being
generally another Way, and it being mostly the Pro-
vince of the Man to exercise his Faculties in Im-
portant Business, and Matters of Learning, they
have the less Occasion to employ their Thoughts
Time on Things foreign to their Purpose. But
that Experience have we daily of Women who
intermeddle, and have such a high Conceit of
themselves, as if nothing can be done without 'em? All
Learning and Philosophy they laugh at, and
are continually boasting of Knowledge. They
do not sometimes allow Men to be capable of di-
stinguishing between White and Black; and the
Man must be in the wrong, because the Women fancy
themselves to be in the right. Over their Cold
Stove, and by a warm Fire-side, they set, censure
their Vicar's last Sermon, and think his Doctrine
absurd, wonder at the ill Management of Parlia-
ments, rail at the Universities, backbite their
Neighbours, and are of Opinion that all the Logick
the Universe is not comparable to Womens Rea-
son. And I promise you they are Persons of vast
penetration, and can see better through a Gause
Shoe, or fine Muslin, than many old Gentlemen by
the Help and Assistance of their Artificial Opticks.
Let 'em not pride themselves in what they
know, since the profoundest Scholars and Philoso-
phers in all Ages have been dubious in their most
perfect Attainments. 'Tis enough for a Woman to
be a good Christian, a dutiful Wife, a loving Mo-
ther, a kind Mistress, and to carry her self towards
all courteously and civilly: This will among all
Men give her a good Word, and will best re-
commend her to Heaven and Happiness.

ESSAY X.

On TRAVEL.

TO make a right Use of this custom of Diverſion is of vaſt Conſequence, and tends either to very good or bad Purpoſes. To viſit a Country, and return untainted with its Vices and ridiculous Humours, requires the Judgment and Sedateness of a Philoſopher: To imitate the Virtues of another Nation, and relinquish the Enormities of our own, is a great Piece of Prudence, and ſhows our Endeavours in attaining Learning and Religion. Yet it happens that our Gentry take the *Tours* of a Country very young, before they are capable of making a right Judgment of Things, and are ignorant even in Matters of their own Nation, and ſo of Neceſſity muſt be the leſs qualified to make Compariſons, and tell wherein other Nations excel their own, either in Religious Worſhip, Laws, Cuſtoms, Government, Habit, Diet, Recreations, or the like.

'Tis not enough for a Gentleman to take Notice of, and admire the Ingenious Contrivance of a ſtately Palace, the Pleaſantneſs of its Situation, the Nobleneſs of the Bridges that which the Water runs by the Garden, or the *Elyſium* and Paradife he frames an Idea of what in the Grove: No, this will not do, but will turn to no Account, but rather make him whimsical as a Knight Errant, and as fanciful as a Poet. There is no Improvement got by this, and if he's no better qualified, he will return

empty, and in a worse Condition, both as
 Head and Pocket, than he went. He must
 go further if he would reach the Top of the
 Design in Travelling, must read Men and
 Manners, Religions and Governments; and if
 the Favour may be granted, and his Circum-
 stances will permit, must know the Length of
 a Privy-Counsellor's Foot, that he may the bet-
 ter unlock the *Arcana Imperii*. He must flat-
 ter and applaud Ministers of State, and those
 that are at the Helm of Government; he
 must humour the haughty *Spaniard*, cry up the
 Wit of the *Frenchman*, rail at the *French*
 when he's in *Spain*, and at the *Spaniards* when
 in *Paris*; he must drink among the *Ger-*
mans, and take up contentedly for once, and
 use it, with a Courtezan at *Venice*. He
 must condescend at *Amsterdam* to go to the
 Wine-Cellar with a *Burgo-Master*, and be glad
 to crack a Bottle with *Myn Heer van Dunk*.
 By this Means he will be able to inform him-
 self of the Enmity between the *Spaniards* and
 the *French*, and the Causes of their Difference, and
 gain an Insight into the Republick of *Venice*;
 and so of Nations to get Advices, so as to be
 able, if he's not too young, of making profitable
 Observations of the Manners of every particu-
 lar Country. He will bless his Stars he has
 the Happiness of enjoying a peaceful Religion,
 and has Communion with a Church of the
 purest Purity. He will wonder at the Su-
 perstition of the *Persians* and *Indians*, and hear
 with Abhorrence the Absurdities of *Rome* made
 mention of.
 History indeed is one of the best Accounts
 of the Manners of Nations can have, whose Circumstances or Inclina-
 tions never led 'em to travel; yet we have
 an old Proverb against these Records, which

says, *That Travellers may Lie by Authority*, because Persons who have not made the Tour of such Countries are not able to contradict 'em; yet then certainly 'tis of greater Use to be Eye-Witnesses of any Matter we want to be inform'd of, and hear ourselves the Contents of an Important Affair, than trust to the Misrepresentations and false Reports of others. But then, as I hinted before in the Beginning of this Essay, our *English* Nobility should not be sent too Young. But besides a considerable Progress made in the *Classick* Authors, and smattering gain'd of University Learning, the best Accounts of the Countries they are going to see will be worth their Perusal, that they may the better give their Sentiments of the Failures of Historians, and interested Writers Travels.

If a young Nobleman or Gentleman's Curiosity leads him to see a Campaign, and be a Looker on as well as Hearer of the Conduct and Bravery of our *English* Soldiers, he will not repent the Reading of *Suetonius*, *Curtius*, and *Plutarch*. He will there discover many Noble Examples of Heroick Virtue, such as the Stories of Military Prudence, as are scarce to be parallell'd. 'Tis true, of both our present happy Times can boast, and we have daily Instances in our Generals of these happy Gifts of Providence, and our Nation to its great Satisfaction is sensible of it.

Travel, as all other Things in the World is made bad Use of sometimes; and let Improvement that may be gain'd thereby be what it will, some Men will forfeit their Reputation, and lose the Advantage, for gratifying their Inclinations.

A Gentleman who was to go to *Flanders*, took place in the *Harwich* Coach at *Bishopsgate-street*; it hapned that his Company that he was to go with, on the *Friday* after he had enquir'd his Name, consisted of all Men: He did not, 'tis true, appear at the Inn, nor discover his Meaning to any one, but lost his Earnest rather than he would travel without a diverting Female or Two in the Coach, especially so long a Journey as Two Days. He was no great *Lent-keeper* we may suppose by his longing after the *Flesh*, and his hard bearing the Abstinence of it for a Night or Two. The next Week he lit of Company which meas'd him to a Vengeance, and no less than the Devil or *Dr. Faustus* could be the Authors of his Disaster. The Company he now was to satisfy himself with, or none at all, was a Composition of both Sexes, Old and Young, Rich and Poor, and so he must take one with another, and be content with his Benefit Ticket. The Passengers, to rank 'em rightly in their order, and speak of 'em according to their Stations and Qualities, were a young Merchant of *Broadstreet*, who being sensible of his Con- dition, and the Circumstances his Extravagance had brought him to, was resolv'd to avoid, by any Means he could, the Importunity of his Creditors; the next was an Old *Mopius*, of a very inconsiderable Figure; the other Two, excepting the Gentleman who is the Subject of this Relation, were an Aunt and a Niece, as they term'd themselves, tho' prov'd to be downright Bawd and Whore. Our young Spark was not wanting in his Compliments to the young Lady, (who I will yet call so, till she discovers her self before her Journey's End) while hers and the Old Gentlewoman's Will was

a Law in the Management of every Meal And having his Pockets better supplied than his Head, and his Love getting the Master of his Reason, he made no Scruple of Entertaining her with what the most Extravagant Jilt could be pleas'd withal. Throughout the whole Journey her Palate was consulted; and she guessing (as I believe) what a soft-crown'd loving Fool she had to deal withal, never spar'd him an Ace, but always pitcht upon what was most dainty and dearest. The Old Gentleman and my young Broken Merchant were strangely nettled at the Business was a brewing and were afraid they should be brought in for so sumptuous a Dinner as was preparing Wild-fowl and Fish our young Lady long for; but 'twas it seems a very hard Matter to procure 'em for Love or Money: This was a hard Chapter to think upon, and there was likely to be no Peace in *Israel* without a Dish of Fish and Wild-fowl, Two of the most chargeable Dishes that are, if a Man was to entertain a Foreign Ambassador. At last being inform'd by the House, that an Old Squire about Four Miles off, who had extraordinary good Fish-ponds, and excellent Wild-ducks in his Grounds, on such an Occasion as this would not be against furnishing such good Company tho' he would have his Price. To make short of the Story, they had a Dinner to their Content; but the Gentleman was so civil he would not let my other Two pay any Thing towards those chargeable Dishes that were of his own Procuring.

The Coachman being very impatient, and the Road bad, they hastned to be going, and spent the Afternoon in the Coach with a great deal of Mirth and pleasant Discourse.

Meal and Aunt had given before this Time her pre-
 d than ended Neice the Cue, and she being a little
 Master arm with the enlivening Juice, yielded to his
 Enter sses, and all the wanton Dalliance he could
 avagan Decency give Tokens of in the Pretence of
 out the company. By some Importunity at last, by his
 d; and own Whispers, and a Golden Reward, where
 crown lay at Night she past for his Wife; to
 never ed they both went, while the old Bawd per-
 on who nated their Mother, and the Landlady of the
 Gentle ouse, who was a Jolly Woman, and had
 at we ried all her Children married and unmarried,
 rewing ghly applauded the young Ones, and discant-
 ight largely on the Happiness of the Bawd,
 paring no was blest in so hopeful a Pair for her
 long children.

Matte The Gentleman rose in the Morning won-
 Thar fully pleas'd with his pretty Bed-fellow;
 d then t repented at last, within a Week, when
 thout was too late to search after the Bird of his
 he mo struction; for she gave him that which lay
 was his Bones for the Space of a Quarter of a
 last be ear, notwithstanding his Consultations with
 Squire e Learnedest Doctors of *Leyden*. This dear-
 ordinar ough Experience after he was well made
 ucks in n wise, and he saw the folly of gratifying
 woul Inclination which must either end in Death,
 company some very bad Consequence.

ke shor Whoever then goes into any Country, and gra-
 ir. Con es himself in the Vices there is there a To-
 woul tation for, and makes no good Use of the
 toward rormities he is an Eye-witness of, had bet-
 is ow sit still and read History at Home, than
 end his Money to no Purpose, and return
 s a Christian than he went. He had bet-
 stay in his own Country, and make him-
 a great f as wise there as he can, than go farther
 Thout improving. He who acts at this Rate

is as guilty almost of as great Indiscretion, as a Prince who encounters with an Enemy without first consulting the Strength of his own Forces; or the Builder of a House, who is forc'd to leave off for want of a Stock to carry on what he has so imprudently began. A serious Reflection of these Parallel Cases should give young Men a Caution when and how they travel, that their Undertakings may be crown'd at last with all possible Success.

ESSAY XI.

On DRUNKENNESS.

TO drink to a vast Excess is one of the greatest Vices that prevails so much in this great and luxurious City; and so far is become the common Custom of our Traders, who think no considerable Bargain can be carried on without a Bottle, that in the open Face of the Sun we daily discover the Bestiality of this Enormous Habit. It has been a Question in Debate, whether the Town or the Country is the most addicted to it in general; and I am of Opinion, and shall so far vindicate the City, as to think that in the Country greater Use is made of Flaggons, Bottles and Glasses, than in this our City. 'Tis true, as 'tis the Receptacle and Habitation Place of all Sorts of Persons, so we must conclude that it contains in its Body many rattle-headed and inconsiderate Youths, as well as foolish and childish aged Persons, who can no more forsake the *Unum Necessarium*, as they

n, as term it, than a young Woman can marry an
 with-ld Gentleman, unless he has a considerable
 ownQuantity of Gold. They have frequent Clubs
 ho isand Meetings, under the Colour very often of
 ck toBusiness, when at the same Time they are
 began,owing of Dissention between the Parson and
 Cafeshis Parishioners, and rail at him because he
 n andouches their Sores (they think) with too rough
 s mayHand, and tells 'em once or twice a Week
 ccesss.of their Faults. The Strength of their Wine
 heats and inflames their Blood, raises their
 Choler, and exasperates their Passions, makes
 em both say and do those Things they never
 thought of, and what they would abhor, trem-
 ble, blush, turn pale, (according to the Nature
 of the Action) to commit when cool, sedate,
 and in their Senses. And when they are least
 so, they look upon themselves to be the
 one of greatest Wits; and tho' they are incapable of
 the Use of any Science, (if when sober they are
 us Masters of any) yet over their Bottle and
 Customripes a petty Lieutenant thinks himself as Great
 le Baras Prince *Eugene*, a *Hackney* Attorney as my
 e, thatLord Chief Justice, a Country Reader as an
 discoarch-deacon, and an illiterate Quack, who
 bit. It visits Fairs and Markets, as Eminent and Wise
 her thes Her Majesty's Physician in Ordinary. Nay
 Etcd rourther does this folly spread; those poor
 nd shallWretches whose Wives want Necessaries, and
 that in whose Children are crying at Home for Bread,
 aggonshall sot away the best Part of their Time at
 r Cityan Ale-house, and neglect the more necessary
 bitationBusiness of their particular Callings, which
 ust conould enable 'em to spend with greater Ease,
 rattleand raise large Supplies for the Nourishment
 well as of their necessitated Families. A poor Gentle-
 can ne crafts-Man, who by his Journey-work earns
 s they perhaps Three Shillings a Day, shall with some
 term

Neigh-

Neighbouring Translator, who is Cousin-German to Shoemakers, spend of an Evening as if his weekly Stipend were twice as much; when if he's married, (as it happens too often that such ill Husbands are) his *Betty*, the Wife of his Bosom, may sit at Home and bite her Thumbs, and his Children play at Push-pin, or pick Straws. A Taylor, who works Four Stories high, who is hardly able to procure his Carcass that beloved Repast of Cabbage and Cucumbers, in spite of all Curtain-Lectures will hold up his Meeting with the Fraternity, and think himself never happier than in the Company of one of his own Calling. News, Bank Stock, Trade and Commerce, may go on without making one's self a Beast, or drinking more than our Constitution, Time, or Pocket will allow of. Of these Three I shall briefly speak; and first as to the Constitution of Man. Some (it must be granted) can drink more than others; one can drink his Two Bottles, while another can hardly handsomely bear himself off with but half the Quantity. Yet allowing this, must a Man try the utmost of his Ability, and put Nature in a manner upon her last Legs? Must he be covetous of his Liquor, because he thinks 'twill do him less Harm than others, and play with his Health as if he were to be Immortal here? Secondly, as to Time. Has he nothing to do but indulge himself in his Sensuality, and make the Tavern the Exchange, or his Shop? Supposing he is a Gentleman of Estate, and has no other Business lying on his Hands than the Care of his Family, and the Management of his Estate, yet these are sufficient to take up a great deal of Time; tho' at proper Seasons Wine and Company moderately embrac'd are great Comforts, and ease the Cares of Life, the Toils of Industry, and alleviate some Misfortunes we meet with. The Familiarity of a good Friend

Friend is a Blessing we cannot set too great a Value upon, though by abusing this happy Intercourse, Friends may grow one another's Enemies, and break the sincerest Ties of Friendship. But alas! How frequent are the Quarrels, Dissentions and Animosities of those who in their sober Senses are the greatest Friends, and profess, if possible, the most endearing Love and Affection one towards another. There are too many Instances of this to be given, both among the Ancients and Moderns; I shall mention One in the former of *Alexander the Great*, whose Conquests, if possible, had rais'd him above being familiar with the greatest Prince, yet at the Triumph and Banquet that he made after one of his Victories, wherein he shin'd with all the Glories of a Conqueror, yet in this being heated and inflam'd with Goblets of Wine, in the killing with a Spear the Noble *Clytus*, one of his bravest Generals, and most intimate Friends, he shew'd himself a more despicable Slave than any of his Captives in War. Lastly, as to the Estate of a Gentleman, who thus addict's himself to the Custom of Drinking. They may drink largely, because their Estates will bear 'em off; and they spend no more than what may well be spar'd: Something may be spar'd then for the poor, indigent, and helpless, who pass by them unregarded in the Streets, and go unbelieved from their Door. A Mite to buy a Morfel might be bestow'd sure on a Beggar, while they are spending Pounds in Riotous Excesses and midnight Debauchees at the Tavern; while like Monarchs they govern, the Room is their Throne, the Bottle their Ball, a Pipe their Scepter, and the Drawers their Subjects. There is no Coldness among 'em but that of Charity to a poor Wretch; yet let loose among 'em Two or Three Brace of trumpeters, and they shall on the sudden grow so generous, good-natur'd, and open-fisted, that you would

would take 'em for the most charitable Person in the whole World. They have great Estates and why may not they make Use of 'em as they please.

Alas! The best Talents may be abus'd; and the habitual Practice of thus trying almost the Extremity of Purse, is too often the Fatal Occasion of an Overthrow, and the Ruin of many and great Families.

I come now to take a short View of our Country Topers, and here they at first Sight appear to me very numerous, from the Justice of Peace and young rich Heir, to the Thatcher and Plowman from the Coat with Gold Loops, to the Leather Doublet. Even at a Quarterly Sessions, and Meetings of the Justices, may be seen as great a Riot sometimes as at an Election of Common-Council or Parish Officers in the City; and a Gentleman in the Country thinks he has not made his Friend welcome till he sees him drunk, and makes a Beast of himself into the Bargain. The Rich Old Squire that abounds in great Farms, invites his neighbouring Tenants, gathers 'em into his great Hall, which is set round with old Blunderbusses, Muskets, Hangers, and the Pictures of his Great-grandfathers who he tells you was a Judge in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, and several of his Ancients, who made a very considerable Figure in their Time; this amuses the Country Folks very much, and they cannot sufficiently Complement their Noble Landlord, who gives such vast Proofs of his Liberty and Civility, which now begins to circulate in large Loins of Beef, monstrous Plumb-pudding with sufficient Quantity of Country strong Guzzard of my Landlord's own Brewing, which is brought in by a fat-belly'd Harvest-man, whose Mouth waters all the while he is carrying the bulky Pitcher. This quickly sets their Tongues a running

and if their Wives be among 'em, fall a quarrelling before his Worship's Face; and they are not able to conceal their Resentments till they come in the evening to their own Houses, unless the Brutishness and Incapacity of their own Conditions forces some of 'em to take up with their Landlord's Barns, and pig with the Harveft-men, or among the Horses in his Stables, who are less Beasts than these greedy Tenants at this Juncture. They think it a Commendation of their Landlord to say he gave 'em Liquor enough, tho' most of 'em keep at Home strong, brown, nappy Ale, or *October* of Three or Four Years standing, which they as heartily tope off, and carouse over their Black *Georges* as merrily as half a Score young Batchelors, who have lately taken their Degrees, and are resolved to drink away the Remembrance of *Cartes* and *Burgersdicius*, whom they always lookt upon to be Enemies to Society.

How busie are these long-throated Drinkers at an Election of Members? They care not how Matters proceed, what the Consequence will be of chusing such and such to serve in Parliaments, so their Bellies be but complemented with good Store of Victuals and Drink: Consideration seldom enters their Noddles, nor do we often hear it come out of their Mouths; nay, many of 'em are not able to spell it. He who makes 'em drunkest shall be sure to be Representative, and the best Entertainer shall have the most Votes.

Thus we may reasonably conjecture that Drinking is as much practic'd in the Country as in the City, tho' there is no such Multiplicity of Taverns and Alehouses, when the Squire and Peasant, the Justice of Peace and poor Labourer, are so frequent in their Cups, and will, *hoc vel illo Modo*, have the Creature, and enjoy themselves as well as the greatest London Debauchee or Town Rake of 'em all.

all. But no more, for I begin to be sick of the Subject, and am weary of such Drunken Company.

ESSAY XII.

On FLATTERY.

I Am a Stranger to it, and so some may think improper for me to handle a Subject of this Nature; yet I am not so ignorant of it, but that I know 'tis pleasing to too many of both Sexes. An Old Lord in a Dedictory Epistle loves to be cry'd up for a Wit, tho' he is but a few Degrees from a Fool: A General for his Conduct and Bravery, tho' he be seldom guilty of much Foresight, and is next to a Coward: A Senator for his wise Speeches in the House, tho' he was laugh'd at for 'em all the while: Aged *Aurelia*, who is past the Glories and Delights of the *Park*, *Play-house*, and *Spring-garden*, delights to hear her self still by some Poor Mercenary Poet a Bright Goddess, a Charitable Angel, and the like, tho' she is at the same Time as Homely as the Witch of *Endor*, has not given any Thing to the Poors Box, or contributed towards the repairing of demolished Churches these Twenty Years; and would not now extend her Benevolence (which perhaps is small enough) to a Poet, unless he gratify'd her Pride, and tickled her Conceit with fulsome Lies. A young Lady of Quality who has elop'd from her Lord, and sued him for Alimony, loves to hear her Virtue and Modesty applauded, and is not wanting in her Generosity to the Coxcomb that does it. An Author above the Common Rank, tho' he has made some

Noto

Notorious Mistakes in his last New Play, rewards the Fool well that will Satyrize the Criticks, and weigh against the Judgment of the unthinking Audience, who damn'd his Performance he ground- his Pride and Conceit so much upon. Among the inferior Rank of Persons we find this, like Drunkenness, very spreading and powerful. Honour and Affectation are dangerous Diseases, and prove as Fatal sometimes as the Fever and Small-pox.

The Chambermaid loves to be call'd Mrs. Betty the Footmen and Cook-wench, and prides herself in the Butler's getting their Chaplain to write *epitaphs* on her Beauty. The Head-Footman will have himself to be call'd his Master's Gentleman, and the Boy his Lady's Page: Persons of Qualities and Stations have their blind Sides, and Flattery is their common Failure. A Distinction must necessarily be made among such who with the Name, and those who cannot live peacefully without it. But these last are Persons who are sensible of their own manifest Imperfections and Failures, and would have a Blind put upon the World, that it may think 'em to be such as in the negyrical Colours they are represented, and they thought to answer what every Scribler says of them.

Flattery is a meer Disguise; 'tis a Gloss as full as Paint; and Men of true Modesty, and Ladies of any considerable Reputation, will not give Countenance to it. Men of Sense are so far from valuing it, that they will laugh at the Folly of the Bold Intruder, who thus imposes on their Understanding; and, if the Blockhead persists, will kick him out of Company, for not having the Prudence and Discretion of either holding his Tongue, or saying something that might either be more beneficial, or more pleasing in their Hearing. With the

the Illiterate and Unthinking only this takes; and an errant *Alsatian* Bully, who has past all his Degrees in the Knowledge of Town Rogueries and Vices, by flattering a while a Young, Raw, Country *Ignoramus*, by wheedling and acting to the Life the Part of a Parasite, shall on the sudden become his Darling Favourite, and the Squire and he are now all one: They drink together, partake of one another's Mistresses Favours, break Windows, and knock down the Watch, are carried to the Compter, tho' the Squire next Morning must pay for their Liberty. And this young Stripling, who we will suppose just come to Town, and being joy'd that he has broke up now for good and all, and got free from a churlish Pedagogue, and as harsh a Father, is resolv'd that while his Money lasts the most profest Debauchee shall not live beyond him. Like *Timon of Athens*, who was so blinded by his daily Riots, the Caresses and Complements that he receiv'd from the Senators and wealthy Citizens, who ador'd him like some Rising Sun seemingly, that he died a Beggar, and saw the Baseness of Ingratitude, which broke his Spirits, and made Life the greatest Burthen; so our inconsiderate Spendthrift we are talking of, being hardly ever cool by his irregular Way of Living, doats on these Sharpers, these Ruiners of young Heirs, who as they suck their Blood and their Money, endanger their precious Souls, and under the Shape of Men the Devil fails not often of Success. He values 'em more than his Tender Loving Father in the Country, who is ready to sink under the Thoughts of his Son's unhappy Temper, and fancies every Groan will be his last. More he loves these treacherous and false-hearted Villains than his Brothers Sisters, or the nearest of his Relations, because a Bully never controuls him in his Humour, unless it be that of Sobriety; is never angry at him, unless

As he begins to reform, and fancies his Conscience dictates to him better Things than what he is instructed him in, and wishes at last he was again with his Relations in the Country.

If young Persons then are so easily ensnar'd to the love of Vice by this smooth-tongu'd and Syren-like Charm, and even the Aged receive the Impression it makes, it must with due Reflection make but a melancholly Prospect, being very dangerous in its Proceedings, and most unhappy in its consequence. We find our selves uneasy after the doing an ill Thing, yet to be commended for it, and flatter'd into a Conceit that we merit Praise by such an Action, increases our Concern; and tho' we do not tell the World so, but rather the contrary, adds but to our Disquiet, and makes our Disposition more lingering.

A Person who is dangerously ill, despairs almost of Life by the ill Circumstances of his Distemper, desir'd to be of good Heart, and is told there is no Danger, on the least Relapse his sick Thoughts add to the Weakness of his Body, and drawing nearer Death, he wishes no one had been so unkind as to have told him he was secure. So far then Flattery blinds our Reason, and lays Thought to sleep, that being unguarded and disarm'd of our senses, like an Enemy, (and this is indeed a very powerful one) it does what it will with us, and makes us cry Quarter, because we have not Forces enough on our Side to enable us to enter with it in Engagement.

E S S A Y XIII.

On Swearing and Profane Jestings.

THese Vices, if possible, bear a greater Swa
in the World than the Two I have been
speaking of; and what makes it more pre
valent, is not only a Man's Inclination, but the
Willingness he has in following Enormities so fa
shionable, which to swerve from he reckons a
small Breach of Civility. To be singular, accord
ing to the gross and vulgar Opinion of the World
is lookt upon to be an affected Stiffness of Humour
and a pretended Sanctity, and Forwardness to con
tradict the Age. 'Tis indeed the Unhappiness of
many to be over-rul'd, and take Impressions from
ill Examples, especially when they are not well
grounded in Religious Precepts. This makes a
Vice the sooner to take Root with them, and the
on their Parts will take Care it shall not die, but
grow up like a Tree, and spread with the most
flourishing Branches. They will nurse up a Vice
to its full Growth, and 'tis some miraculous Work
of Grace that occasions it to die in its Infancy. But
I will more closely confine my self to my Subject
in Hand, and am sensible that the evil and noto
rious Customs of these Vices weaken Religion, and
make the Prospect of Happiness less discernable.
I shall confine my self barely in this Discourse
to the habitual Practice of Swearing, and the con
stant Burlesque too many put upon the Scriptures.
In Law Cases I shall leave a better Pen to deter
mine about Perjury, which without Doubt is bad
enough, tho' it carries Interest sometimes along
with it; whereas taking God's Name in vain

and ever was, so unprofitable a Crime, that the Use of it in common Conversation, which is so frequent, not only carries us off from the Practice of Virtue, but deadens all our good Inclinations, and leaves us (unless by a hearty Repentance, which is uncertain) very small Hopes of Happiness. 'Tis the Fashion, cry the young Libertines, to break an Oath over their Bottles, and why may they not do it, when they see others do the like so frequently, who would laugh at and despise 'em did they not conform, although to their Destruction? But does Swearing, I wonder, add any Thing to their Diversion? Does blasphemous Oaths make their Wine go down more pleasantly, and give their Palates a greater Gust? Do they look upon making Jests on Scripture to be an Argument of their Wit? Or the perverting of the Sacred Writings to their own Sense and Meaning any Indication of their Logick and Reason? No certainly; they may enjoy themselves, and indulge their ebrious Humours, (which is Crime enough) without aggravating their Guilt, and raising Sin to its height. They may be as witty and communicative of their Notions as they please, may be quick Repartee, and as facetious in their Discourse as they think fit, without breaking a Jest upon Religion and Scripture, and using God's Name after so odious a Manner, as common as they do one of their own. The Scriptures are too Sacred to be play'd withal, and the Almighty so far beyond our wisest and most exalted Capacities, that to be in Jest with him will prove at last our greatest Misfortune.

'Tis the particular Depravedness of some Mens Tempers and Natures above that of other Persons, and 'tis so much their Unhappiness that they are so far from acknowledging the Sin, that they hardly know when they Swear, or make a Farce of Scripture

ture and Religion. They are insensible of an Oath's proceeding out of their Mouths at some Times, yet at others they shall swell, and think that Swearing puts a Grace on their Speech, gives Force to an Argument, and makes their idle Talk look more like the Harangue of a learned Orator, is a Figure in Rhetorick, or some Noble Flight in Eloquence. They use it on all Occasions; and when discoursing with their Superiors, and Persons more Wise and Aged, they cannot forbear it, 'tis so customary and habitual. When discoursing on Religion, which by Fits gets some Admittance and is entertain'd by Intervals among 'em, without any Design they profane God's Name, and they make a Parallel between Scripture and their own weak Notions, carrying it so high, that if they were both credible always, we should not know on which to ground our Faith most, had not we been beforehand very well principl'd in the former. The Apostle indeed says that idle Jestings and Talking is not convenient, yet we are not hereby to tie up the Words to the strictest Sense, but give 'em the utmost they can bear, and more than ever he design'd they should. Men may in Conversation, where they know their Company, without Offence break Jest on one another as decently and cleanly as they can; yet they are to consider at the same Time, that Reputation is valuable and ought not to be sully'd by any Tongue, unless it has first suffer'd the Punishment of the Law, and even then censorious Persons are too much let to their Liberty, and have too great a Freedom given in censuring afresh, and condemning again as they please. Jestings without Scandal (and that the Apostle means) is diverting as well as profitable; but Jestings on a Deity can never be thought of unless among Atheists, or such who are profane Swearers, and are very yielding and inclinable

of an nourish the lewd and false-grounded Notions of a-
some ny Immoralist. They are frequently putting wrong
nk that Constructions on the Writings and Meaning not
s Force only of Scripture it self, but of the most Learned
nk look Bishops and Fathers of the Church. The Name
tor, is of Religion is odious among 'em, and a grave Di-
light in vine with them passes for no better than a Harle-
s; and quin, or a Juggler. Preaching they cry is only a
Persons Bubble, and an Imposition, and contriv'd to affright
it, 'tis Men into a Conceit of Damnation unless they
rsing on will be so wise as not to follow Pulpit Instructi-
mittance ns. Yet these Men, I am perswaded, at one Time
n, with or another feel some inward Remorse; for they
me, and cannot so far by their Jollity infatuate themselves,
and their out that Conscience will find a Way to get in, ac-
that company'd with all its Stings and Whips of Tor-
ould no ure. Death at a dying Hour will terrifie beyond
had no Thought, and nothing will then be able to bear up
the for their Spirits, brought low by Sicknes, and rea-
le Jestin y to sink under the Load and Pangs of Con-
e are no science.

est Sense Their Time they are sensible is but short here,
more than and where they are going they cannot tell. Per-
y in Con aps to some Fools Paradise, there to repent too
any, with ate for their Sleeping away their Thoughts of
s decent Heaven, and irreliously Blaspheming God and
o confide ripture.

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ESSAY XIV.

*On the COURT, with a Character
of the Frequenters of it.*

THE Experience of Courts gives us a sufficient Knowledge of the World, and makes us wiser than all our Reading. They are Touchstones of our Patience, and we learn thereby to fortifie our selves against an evil Day, and an unfortunate Overthrow, if we are not too much captivated, and drawn into a Security, by relying on a Great Man's Word, and taking overmuch Delight in the fickle Glories of this Place. The Stateliness of a Palace, the Richness of its Furniture, the Grandure and Majesty of a Monarch, the Brightness of the Ladies, and all the shining Ornaments that attend a Throne, are not apt to rob us of our Quiet, infuse ambitious and envious Thoughts, and make us attempt, though by some sinister Means, to rise to the Honour of a Minister of State. The expensive Banquets they make our own Table-diet go down with less Satisfaction; the Finery of the Equipage sets us in Variance with our own Servants, though they are without Fault; the Beds of Down which Privy-Councillors and their Ladies every Night rest upon make us believe that at Home we lye on the Floor, or what is worse, on a Bag of Stones; the Title of Highness and Grace creates a Distaste in us for our mean Appellations, and all of 'em, in short, together very much contribute to our Prejudice and Ambition we know has in all Ages wrought the Ruin of many.

Any Man then of Sense, who is contented with his Condition, whatever it is, will shun the Pomp of Princes, and the perfidious Dealings and false Promises of Courtiers, who have no more Honesty generally than a Stock-jobber, no more Religion than a Libertine, and no more Sense than a *Torkshire* Attorney. A Country Gentleman of a plentiful Estate, who prides himself in being Justice of Peace, and takes all imaginable Pleasure in his Grounds, Hawks, Fish-ponds, and *March* Beer, is far from admiring the Court, and loving the Town, that he puts 'em both in his Litany, and a *Libera Nos* is pronounc'd against 'em. He will reprove his Servants if he hears 'em talk of the City, where he is perswaded there can be nothing but Moak and Sharpers, and will quarrel with his Clerk if he mentions *London*, unless it be about Writs of Attorney, Acts of Parliament, or my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant, for laying hold of some Rascal or other in the Neighbourhood: And he is by Experience however some may censure him, that he is the wiser for it, and avoids those dangerous Rocks on which many have split, and have deriv'd from thence their utter Ruin and Misfortune.

There are Instances enough in History of unfortunate Court Favourites, who being blest a while with their Princes Smiles, have at length been cast down with their Frowns, and knockt off by the Fatal Blow of their Displeasure. For about Two Centuries *England* has been acquainted with the sufferings of Great Statesmen and Favourites, who either by their Princes Scorn, or some Misrepresentation made by their Enemies, have been put to death in the Height of their Grandure and Years. Great was their Fall without Doubt, tho' they may rise again to greater Glory, and be able to make a Mock at the Pageantry of Earthly Princes. A Person

son of a middling State is in a good Condition, and at now
 a Beggar in a better, who is sure to fall no lower, ed a g
 Yet give me Leave to say this Opinion does not ough,
 always hold good, for there are Degrees in Beg er Falsh
 gars, and they have as 'twere a Republick among ould p
 'em. We know not the Strength of these daily ave run
 Labourers at the Trade, who are more sufficient contentm
 than a Tradesman who makes an indifferent Figure ours of
 tho' he be in Debt, and is scarce able to pay his housan
Taxes.

The Dependance on a Court is no more than a
 Dream, and when we awake we discover the De
 lusion. By endeavouring to raise our selves this
 Way, we render our selves very often poorer and
 meaner than we were before ever we attempted a
 the Grandure of a Court. To fawn and cringe to
 a Statesman, to wait his Smiles, and rely on his
 Promises, discovers a mean Spirit, and lays open
 the Weakness of our Nature. The Hurry of Busi
 ness, the Engagements of a Mistress, the weighty
 Address of a new Suitor, take up too much of his
 Time and Thoughts to let him reflect on his past
 Promises, and discharge himself like a Man of Ho
 nour.

If we succeed, and become as Great as our Wishes
 themselves would make us, we know not how
 short the Continuance of our State and Grandure
 may be, and how soon the Scales may be turn'd
 The loftiest Pine has its Enemies, and every Frown
 of Weather and loud Blast of Wind are as Fore
 runners of its Fall. On what a weak Foundation
 then do we build our Hopes, when a kind Word
 which proves at last a Dagger which deeply cuts
 is to antidate our Happiness. We have been in a
 Labyrinth, or a Dream, wherein the Beauty of
 some Prospect has clouded our Sight, and render
 us incapable almost of the Use of our Reason. We
 have hugg'd a Viper in our Breast, and we begin
 bu

at now to feel it sting us. We have courted in-
ed a goodly Mistress, Tempting and Beautiful
ough, and now her Frowns cast us down, and
er Falshood causes our greatest Disquiet. We
ould prudently then avoid the Dangers others
ve run into, and learn to know that Virtue and
ontentment of Mind can raise us above the Flo-
ours of Monarchy, and the Grandure of Ten
pay his thousand Courts.

Characters

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Characters

SATYRICAL and PANEGYRICAL.

Character I.

A WOULD-BE-WIT.

IS one who like *Plautus's Miles Gloriosus*, whom all the World knows to be a Coward, is always boasting of what he does not understand, as having only a Superficial Knowledge of what he pretends to; and to put the better Gloss upon the Matter, and make the Cheat more plausible, you will frequently find him among Persons Eminent for their Parts and Learning, who have gain'd to themselves an establish'd Reputation, not only among the Vulgar, but even their Equals, and (if there be any) their Superiors. You will find him ever caressing these Men, interrupting their Conversation, and applauding 'em to the highest Degree, purely on the Account that he may be admitted among 'em, and improve (if he has Sense enough) his mistaken Understanding. But 'tis more on the Account of his Flattery, than any

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any Design they have of bettering his Parts, that they allow of his Nonsense, and swallow down his impertinencies: For Wits of all Ranks love Flattery and Applause, and cannot refuse to pay an Acknowledgment to the Persons who give it 'em. At other Times you will find him attempting to criticize, and those he is in Company with will have much ado to escape his Censure and uncharitable Reflections. He will tell you such a one did not follow the Rules of *Aristotle* in his last New Play, and was quite out in the Model of his Plot; that he did not rightly observe the Unities, nor keep himself to good Language enough; when at the same Time he is as great a Stranger to the Contrivance of the *Drama* as *Spain* to *Par* Modern Relations of our Times one to another. He is very often at *Will's*, and takes as much Notice of what *Congreve*, *Garth*, or *Wycherly* say, when they dispute about the different Interpretation of an Expression in *Horace*, as a Parcel of Country Churchwardens when the Parson of the Parish laudibly reads the *Gazette* to 'em at a blind Hovel over the black George. He and the Criticks are continually at Variance, for he hates 'em more than a Commonwealth's-man Monarchy, because they expose him to the World, and make Men sensible that they are in an Error to cry up his imaginary Parts, and applauding him for a Wit. When alas, Pedantick Jargon, some few Remnants of Latin, which were beat into him at School, and a considerable Stock of Impudence and Conceit, with some additional Flourishes out of Plays, furnish out our Coxcomb, who is as true an Original as was ever invented by *Italian* or *Dutch* Painter. He seldom omits going to the Play-house, where he looks as grave as an Ass, and we discover him to be so by and by by his Braying. He is as sour as the greatest Judge of 'em all, and as noisier as a Butcher.

cher at the *Bear-garden*, when he sees a Man's
d broke with a Quarter-staff, or a deep Incisi-
made in his Ventricle.

But let us leave him, and when the Itch is
he may recover, and come to himself.

Character II.

A Country G I R L.

S one who always appears in *Puris Natura-*
libus, with the good White and Red Provi-
dence has been pleas'd to bestow upon her,
hout the artificial and loathsome Helps of Town
s, who think to allure and draw Men in by
s Paint, which they so indiscreetly lay on,
t they look more like the Maiden Queen aw-
dly done on some Country Sign-post, than any
auty which may challenge our Love or Esteem.
s pretty Innocent vigorously guards her Chastity
inst all bold Assaults, and is happy in that she
ensible, that to part with her Honour without
arriage is a very unlawful and ill Thing. She
s not only a Sense of it, (for all People in their
ts must certainly have that) but she strictly ob-
ves it, and avoids all Occasions of coming into
Conversation of those who would abuse and
ong her Innocence. She has no Ambition, no
ide, no Care by Day to disturb her in her Busi-
s, no Check of Conscience to hinder her Repose
Night: Soft are her Slumbers as an Infant's
niles, and her Dreams are as harmless. Yet if
ve, which seldom meets with a Repulse, does
d Admittance, she manages it with all the inno-
nt Caution and plain Simplicity imaginable. She
will

will not foolishly give Ear to every idle Fellow's Impertinencies, nor believe the more his Promise for his Swearing, but makes a discreet Choice of one she thinks will love her, and make her happy in a Marriage State. She is often talking against *London*, and the lewd Women of the Town, who she has heard prostitute themselves, and oblige every idle Beau and drunken Bully for Pay. She avoids obscene Words and uncivil Expressions dye her Beauteous Face with Scarlet and Crimson Blush which are so many Marks and Tokens of her detested and Abhorrence of such unseemly Language. Happy is she with her young Playfellows on Summer's Evening when Milking Time is over, on a *May-day* when Dancing. Yet like a Mother she advises her Associates, and by her Counsel you would take her for a Mistress of a Family. She is not too reserv'd in her Behaviour, but is decently free; not loud and talkative, but to the end of her Knowledge discreet enough in the Management of her Tongue. O she is the purest, brightest, innocentest Piece that Nature ever drew; her Looks and spotless Life more like an Angel than one design'd for those mean Services she is commonly employ'd about. It then were to be wish'd that from this Original all other Women were copy, and not disdain a Country Pattern in the Government of their Lives and Actions, since she who I have in Miniature drawn (for her Perfections are too great and too many to be described otherwise) is in the Intent and Execution of her Actions most happy.

Character III.

A Country Justice of the Peace.

TO speak impartially of him, and give him his Due, is a great Pretender to the Law, and no Follower of it: Like a Canting Priest he can preach up Sobriety to the Neighbourhood, tho' he be Drunk Twice or Thrice a Week himself. I will not so far upbraid him as call him Blockhead, tho' he cannot spell his own Name, nor set his Hand to a *Mittimus*; for that would be an Affront given to one of Her Majesty's Representatives, and be no small Blot in the Dutcheons of the whole Fraternity: Tho' let me tell you a little Learning goes a great Way with a Country Justice, for the Parson of the Parish and the Town Clerk are forc'd to help 'Squire *Dulman* at any a dead List; and there cannot be any petty Deal or Business in his Parlour but the former is oblig'd for to consult with, and the latter with a *Libere cum Dashe* stands ready to confirm the learned Doctor's Opinion, whom the ignorant Justice so applauds, that he thinks their whole Assembly at a Quarter-Sessions is not able to come up to Competition with him. Yet he carries his Ignorateness pretty well off to the Vulgar, who esteem him for a great Scholar, a fine Gentleman, and a civil Neighbour, because his Hall has a great Shelf in it, and a vast Number of Acts of Parliament and Writings lye about his Parlour, which he good Gentleman never troubles himself to read; and because perhaps he gives a small inconsiderable Sum to One Brief in Twenty, makes his Tenants drunk, and keeps a free open House at *Christmas* and

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and *Easter*, he is strait chronicl'd for the
 nest Man one of 'em in *England*, and a great Pro-
 moter of the Publick Good, and Well-wisher to the
 Church, tho' he goes thither but seldom, and sends
 large Sums to Dissenting Ministers. Every Term
 generally he sends his Clerk up to *London*, who
 comes well furnish'd back with *Subpœna's*, *Cer-
 tificates*, *Acts of Parliament*, and the like. He
 seldom goes there himself, and like a burnt Child
 dreads the Fire; for being fleshly given, and feel-
 ing a great Inclination to a Whore, he happens
 on a Fire-ship, which has been no small Warning
 to him, insomuch that he reads Lectures very often
 to his Clerk about Incontinency, and would almost
 have him searcht by some Old Matron or other in the
 Neighbourhood, the better to satisfy himself
 he has receiv'd no Infection from the Way he fre-
 quents. Yet in the Country when a young free
 Girl, who has been a little too free of her Tail
 the Harvest-time, is brought before him, he
 mighty Nice in the Examination of so pretty a
 Offender; and that she may not be expos'd,
 takes her aside in some Back-room, and dives into
 all the Particulars himself, to which he with more
 Eagerness listens, and with more Pleasure hears
 than a lustful Friar the Penitential Confession of
 Beautiful Nun, who begs he would spare his Cor-
 rection on the Promise of a future Amendment:
 Guinea or Two, and the Favour, granted makes
 the Matter, and the Constable is sent away with
 a sharp Reprimand, for suspecting a Person of
 much Virtue and Modesty. He rails at the Gov-
 ernment for making so many Acts, and he is
 of Humour a considerable Time for being at the
 Charge of buying only the Abstract. Chastity
 cries up to most of his Neighbour's Wives, when
 they are invited to a Merry-making, in the Pre-
 sence of their Husbands, tho' he would gladly

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'em all one after another when ever Opportunity affords. He complains very often of the Troublousness of his Post, tho' he would not lay down his Commission if the Queen would double his Salary; because then he thinks he could not so well afford it over his poor Neighbours, and affright his Tenants into a speedy Payment of their Rent with a gruff Look or Two of Authority. Then he is very proud at the Assizes, when the Judge and Sheriff pay him their Respects, and drink his Health at Dinner; assuring him her Majesty will be acquainted with his Loyalty, and his Endeavours to promote the Publick Good, for which he deserves himself he shall be Knighted, and may hereafter come to be Lord Lieutenant of the County. His Preferment proves like *Sancho's* being Governor of an Island, and he wears out several Years in a lingring Expectation. Poor Whores to him when he meets with 'em will have the Lash; a drunken Thatcher he has a Grudge against, because he would not give him his Vote the last Election, need not doubt of being set in the Stocks, leaving the Cage for his Night's Lodging. In short, what a Justice should be we all know; but this is a Compound of Hypocrisie and Knavery, Ignorance, Folly and Conceit, and is one of the properest Fellows in the World to debauch the whole Country; and for Want of his own good Example, and administering Justice, to make it as wild and Savage in a manner as some Island which never had any Laws.

Character IV.

A Pedantick SCHOOL-MASTER

IS a King in his own School, Birch is his
 ing Scepter, and the young Fry which
 ble under the Rigour of his Government
 his Subjects; his Cane is a Staff of Authority,
Ferula an Instrument of Justice, and he himself
 both Judge and Executioner. This is his Palace
 and here he keeps his Court; but it consists of
 Servants, and no one is a Courtier but himself.
 Like any Monarch he tyrannizes, swells, looks
 and passes Sentence at Pleasure; his Will is a Law
 and unmerited Punishments are inflicted because
 will have it so. Like the *Czar*, who out of
 Dominions is but little regarded, he out of
 School is lookt upon to be little better than a
 and is pointed at in the Streets by the Boys
 Girls as an old Map of a barbarous and remote
 Place. All wise Men shun him as a Nuisance
 to Conversation, for he can soar no higher in
 Discourse than the Syntax, or a Scrap or Two
Latin out of *Ovid* or *Virgil*, which hold him
 whole Evening in paraphrasing on 'em; and
 py is the Man who can be allow'd to talk in
 Turn. He pretends to be a great Grammarian,
 runs down *Lilly*, and commends that most useful
 and necessary Method of Teaching he makes
 of; then makes a long Harangue in Praise of
 hopeful young Gentlemen he has sent to the U
 versity, who were so benefitted by his Rigour and
 structions, that they had the Honour of an Expul
 bestow'd on 'em. If any One complains of
 Severity, he will cry presently, you may take y
 Child

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Children away if you will have 'em spoil'd; I have
 the Trouble with 'em I am sure than they are
 worth. He talks *Latin* in his Sleep, makes Love
 to his Chambermaid out of *Ovid's Amorum*, quotes
 the *Genus* to the Cook-wench, (and if he has
 been at the University) proves it Logically she
 deserves to be chastiz'd for over-roasting the Meat
 on Sunday. If he has taken a Degree, and is a
 thing of a Philosopher, he will frequently be
 asking Questions, pressing upon the Company a
 Mr. Boyle's *Pondus Atmosphaerae*, or Mr.
 Locke's Notions about Innate *Idea's*. This I must
 confess is suitable enough to a School or Univer-
 sity, but is not proper in a Tavern, where Men dis-
 cuss generally of the Successes of Armies, and
 stirring News of the Town. He is very stiff
 and obstinate in his Opinion, and whatever he says
 passes for an Infallibility, and bears an equal
 weight with *Aristotle's Ipse Dixit*. To return to
 the School, where he is Sole Monarch, he is as
 proud of a Play as his Scholars are, and rejoices at
 their freedom; tho' when he is in the Heat of his
 a Nuptial Tyranny is but a Pleasure to him. *Easter*
 is the most convenient for him to court in;
 like a *London* 'Prentice, who has got Leave of
 his Master, he gallants his Mistress to *Hamstead*
Highgate, surfeits her with Bottle-Ale and Cakes,
 perhaps a Bottle of Wine goes to the making
 of the Entertainment. He runs his prickly
 tongue against her tender Cheeks, and tires her out
 with Love Stories out of *Ovid* and *Catullus*, and
 interprets 'em unto her as well as he can, till at
 last the poor Creature is tir'd in undergoing such
 violence, and is glad to compound with him for
 peace and Quiet. Like an Errant *Don Quixot* he
 assaults her with Romantical and Whimsical Rela-
 tions, while the young Lady is so far from loving
 or liking him for a Husband, that she takes

him for a Madman, and fitter for *Bethlehem* to teach a School, or be Master of a Family. However, for his Civility in Treating her she returns him a great many Thanks, and some few Smiles, and permits him to Toy with her, for which in Requital gives her a new Pair of Gloves, promises her she shall command any Thing she is his Wife. If he be a Presbyterian, and a Boarder, he tires them out with long Graces and short Commons, and chides them for not talking Scripture all Dinner-time. Perhaps he teaches young Ladies to write, and then he has a careless Eye over, and he's all on Fire while he directs of their soft Hands for their better Instruction. These are his best Proficients, he says, but Boys are a Parcel of Blockheads and Dunces, while One young Woman has the Sense of Twenty of them. He introduces Love sometimes into Arithmetick, and flourishes some amorous Expressions in their Copy-books, which pleases 'em to a high Degree, and makes every one think well of her self. Sometimes indeed they are caught by this Bait; but if they were more cautious, and had no better Opinion of him than I have, he might die a Bachelor, and tyrannize in Birch to Eternity.

Character V.

Of a MISER.

TIS enough to startle any one who seriously reflects on the Wretchedness of this Person, whose Over-love of Money, and solicitous Desires after Riches, occu-

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his Miseries, and plunge him into Troubles, which no one truly knows but he that has experienced 'em. Whereas 'tis common, and indeed a great Piece of Charity, to pity others in their Afflictions; yet an Object of this Nature I would have much taught at as the Representation of Avarice in Comedy. And Terence in his *Phormio* does this with a great deal of Wit and Satyr, by *summaudans Genium*. Nor is Plautus behind-hand with him, who in his *Aulul.* says, *Perditissimus ego sum in Terra, nam quid mihi Opus Vita est, tantum Auri perdidit, quod custodivi sedulo? met me fraudavi, Animumque meum, Geniumque meum*. And indeed he is one of the greatest Satyrs on the Earth. who in the midst of Plenty and the Fulness of his Bags, denies himself even the necessary Comforts and Conveniencies of Life. He is an Ass or Mule, who carry rich Burdens and Burdens, but meddle with 'em not; he cloaths himself more despicably than a poor Labourer, and is worse than some necessitated Vagabonds. The best of his Cattle he kills and sends to Market every Week, sells his Flower, and eats himself of Beef, which he makes Broth of, well stuffed with Rye-bread, that it may go the farther in his Family.

His House is ready to fall on his Head, and when his Gold is gone, he will not repair it; and when he sets Workmen about it he bargains with them beforehand, buys most of the necessary Implements himself; and if a Penniworth of Nails, or three or four Tiles happen to be lost, he will fail to deduct it out of their Wages. He locks up carefully the Cellar and Butteries; and he will not keep a Butler in his House, unless he can find one of his own Kidney, who is recommended to him for a very honest Fellow by his Old Friend Alderman Gripe, who kill'd Two Wives, and

and in all Probability will kill himself. When he has any Company, (which is ever to him like an *Ægyptian Plague*) he orders his Porter to put on his New Frock, when he has worn no other than that he has on his Back these Two Years. The Fellow comes to complain, is cudgell'd, and threaten'd to be turn'd off, for being so slovenly and keeping it no better. He is angry with the Butler for rubbing the Plate too hard, for fear it should wear out too soon; and fancies every Day his great Silver Tankard, which was left him by his Grandfather, to be less and less. The Cookwench he charges to be very tender in scowring the Pewter, and Brass Candlesticks; then tells her Story, how his Uncle and Aunt married about Sixteen or Seventeen, and never bought above Three Dozen of Dishes and Plates, and One of Candlesticks, in their Lives. The worst Company that comes to his House he looks upon to be Matchmakers, who would willingly have him marry and propose some Young Lady to him with a considerable Fortune; but the very Name of a Woman raises his Choler; and he would not for the World endure a Woman that should junket it about to the *Park*, *Play-house*, and the *Exchanges*, then scratches his Head, fetches a deep Sigh, and reflects that the Deal of Money 'twould cost him yearly Pins, as their Ladiships term it. He fancies the Lawyer to be the Devil, but that he can't spy out his Cloven Foot; and Woman to be that very Serpent that tempted *Adam* and *Eve*; and if so, he has a very numerous and hopeful Progeny among us.

Let us view him a little in his Chamber, and we shall find no small Matter of Diversion and Laughter: Here we cannot imagine how he disturbs and torments himself with needless Fancies, fancying every Minute the Ghost of some injured Orphan.

phan is come for him, or that Thieves are breaking in at his Window. If the Care and Concern he has for his Gold suffer him to sleep, it can be a sound and comfortable Repose, for fright-Dreams disturb him, and he wakes out of his sleep, calls up all his Servants, bids 'em be arm'd with the old Swords and Blunderbusses that are in his Cell, for he is sure he heard Somebody talk, and presently after offer'd with Violence at the Back-gate. Alas! all is quiet and still, as the Night should be, excepting the Tumults in his Breast. He goes to Bed, falls presently into a Sweat, tumbles and rolls about the Bed, and fancies he hears the same Disturbance as before. His whole Thoughts and Desires are on his Chests and Bags; and by his frequent worshipping of Pictures and Medals he might be a Papist. A Book of Accompts lyes before him instead of the Prayer-Book. His Purse and his Pocket are like Two Candlesticks, but 'tis not Wax, that is so bright therein. He is not half so concern'd at the Loss of a whole Fleet, when a Goldsmith or Banker go aside; and the great Affair of the Nation he Accounts a Trifle, in Comparison to his private Concerns. The Means of obtaining Riches he never sticks at; Conscience he can swallow down like a Purging Pill, and cut a Throat for an easing Glyster, if he should happen to be costive. The End is all he aims at, and that once obtain'd, like *Cæsar*, he triumphs with *Veni, Vidi, Vici*. Reputation, which some men value as their Lives and Fortunes, and would forfeit both rather than incur the Danger of it, he brings a Blot on their Name and Family, with which he is so inconsiderable, and so little taken Notice that he would not miss a Bargain on the Exchange, tho' perhaps he may be cheated, to have as good a Character as Virtue can entitle him to. He is out of his Wits almost when his Landlord

comes for his Rent, and thinks he shall die a Beggar if he should not defer the Payment till a Quarter or Two after the Time expected. A Dun is more terrible to him than a Hobgoblin to Children, and when such a Money-sucking Adversary comes he is silent, and in as private a Corner as if he were to be searcht for High-Treason, or suspected for a Popish Priest. He pretends to be a mortifying Christian, and preaches up *Lent* that he may save Charges, and keep his Family at less Expence. If his Servants murmur at his thin Diet he allows 'em, he protests they will be the Ruiners of him and themselves, and that they may the better prepare now for their Mortifying hereafter. He accuses 'em all to be Cannibals, and tells 'em he's sure the Camelions live very happily, for they have Air for their Nourishment; and Monarchs would give Hundreds had they the Blessing of subsisting by it. 'Tis true, he is a Substantive; but if he were a Verb, and to be in any Mood, 'twould be in the Opreative, and a *Utinam* is generally in his Prayers. But he has little or no Devotion; and he has any 'tis in his Acknowledgment of Gold for a Deity, and Worshipping of it as some did the Image *Nebuchadnezzar* set up; yet this is a blind and interested Zeal; and 'tis such indeed as he discovers in all his Actions, and such as makes him miserable here, and, without Repentance, insupportably so for ever in the World to come.

Character

Character VI.

Of a *LIBERTINE.*

HE is a Devil in a Man's Shape, and does as much Mischief in the World as he can; for he is not without his lewd companions, who stick at no manner of Villany, and are compleat Masters in Wickedness of what kind soever. They will kill their own Fathers, He fathers with their Mothers, ravish their Sisters, commit Sacrilege; and if any Thing can be worse than these they will presently reduce the Theory of it to Practice. With these Notorious Men he leads his wicked Life; and he is never happier than when in Company with the very Authors of his Misery. From the Tavern he steers to the Play-house, where he disturbs the Audience with his loud profane Talk, picks up a Whore, carries her to his Lodgings, and knocks down Two or Three Watchmen by the Way for not plucking off their hats to him and his Mistress, and giving 'em the Wall.

His Life is One continual Scene of Impiety; 'tis his Business to learn nothing else, and he stands in little Need of a Tutor; for he is a very apt scholar, and improves in a very little Time, so that he is ripe for the Devil a great while before others, tho' they are on the Wing, and ride Post to him. A small Oath he looks upon to be but One better, and sounds but meanly in his Mouth; he never loves to mince the Matter, but to swell whenever he swears, and have a full Discharge, and that all his Words should give a Report like a Cannon; for he cannot endure a Pocket-pistol Dialect.

lest. He fancies other Men to be of another Make quite, that they don't swear like him ; and rails against Marriage, because it ties him up, and fetters him to One Woman: Whereas he makes no Conscience of debauching any one he meets in his Way ; and he has every Day a fresh Mistress, and can't endure the same Dish Two Days together, or Meat Twice dress'd. He is generally hotheaded, and by the Fumes of Liquor lays his Conscience asleep ; for else did he ever think, and was not wholly irrational, 'twould make him almost mad to reflect on his Impieties. But he studies if he can invent new Sins, that he may be chronic'd to Posterity for the Author of unheard-of Wickedness in plain *English*, that his Damnation may be the more certain, and he made sensible of a double Portion of endless Misery. Alas! unfortunate Fool, I pity thy *Delirium*: What art thou dreaming of all this while? Will you never wake? Will your Midnight Debauchees never destroy you? Will the Embraces of the most Beautiful Mistress make you Immortal? Will your Estate keep you from Judgment, and your Boon Companions from Eternity? No sure, you are to hear another Reasoning beside that of your Tavern Score ; this not all *India's* Riches will be able to discharge: Your Soul must suffer for running so high, and you will ever then be at a Loss how to find a merciful Redeemer, whose Means of Grace you have so often despis'd.

Character VII.

A C O W A R D.

Seems to be a Creature who is flung into the World by Necessity, that moves by Wheels, and has no more Soul than a Windmill; but he has any, 'tis generally in his Heels. He is very quick-sighted, wonderfully apprehensive of danger, and the *Chimera's* of his Brain are innumerable. He never hears of the Battel at *Blenheim* but he fancies a Cannon Ball comes whizzing thro' him, and he is a considerable Time before he can recover himself. He turns pale at the Beat of a drum, and nothing casts him into a greater Conternation than a Gang of Press-masters. He never passes by a Cutler's Shop without Horror; and cannot endure the Sight of a Sword, because One of his Family was kill'd in a Duel at *Paris*. Like a *Welchman*, he can't endure to look on his own Blood; and by his good Will he would eat his Viſtuals without a Knife for fear of cutting himself. You may give him the Lie, and Affront him as you please; take him, like Captain *Hackum*, by the nose, and kick him, and he shall not strike again, but will excuse himself by saying he was let Blood; that he would not have any one's Death to lye at his Door, tho' in his Face he discovers a revengeful Inclination; but that he is not willing to try whether his Adversary or he be the better Man. In the Dark he fancies he sees a Man armed making up to him, and runs into some Thicket to hide himself. In the Air he's sure there is some Battel, and the Redness of the Sky he takes for the blood of the Slain. There is no persuading of him

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him to go to the *Play-house* nor the *Bear-garden*, because at both Places there is drawing of Swords. On those Days the Militia go out he keeps in a Back-room, wears Two or Three Night-caps, like *Morose* in *The Silent Woman*, for fear he should hear the letting off their Guns. Some of his Neighbours he will hardly ever keep Company with, because they are Officers, and the Sight of a Red Coat affects him as it does a Turkey-cock. He brings up all his Children to be as great Cowards and Fools as himself; nor will he suffer a Sixpenny Drum or a Groat Squeaking Trumpet in his House. If any one of his Servants sings Prince *Eugene's* March he's sure to be turn'd off, and perhaps without his Wages. Catches and Bawdy Songs he will allow him, but not a Word of War is to be admitted of. If a poor Seaman with a wooden Leg comes to his Door, he runs in and orders a Fellow to beat him away, and chide him for putting him in such a Fright. If he Dreams of a Battel he is out of Order for Two or Three Days, and he must purge and be let Blood before he is well again. He starts at his own Shadow, and fancies he sees Somebody in the Glass when he is dressing beside himself. These Fears arise often from the Prejudices of Education, and the imprudent Management of Nurses and Parents, who would awe young helpless Infants into Quietness, and fright 'em with some terrible Name when they are cross and froward: But the Remembrance of this grows up with their Years, and the Impressions wear not out even in Manhood.

Character

Character VIII.

Of a Popish CONFESSOR.

HE is a meer Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing, Half Saint, Half Devil, and a young Nun is the Mother of his Devotion. When any Young Lady, through her own Extravagant Lewdness, or the Unkindness of her Parents and Guardian, is sent into the Convent, he is very diligent in watching her Admittance; and if she be Handsome he hugs himself with the Thoughts of having so Beautiful and so Lovely a Disciple. He takes all Opportunities of improving, as he calls it, this young Saint, and is not wanting in enjoyning her Penance on the least Offence. At *Mattins* and *Vespers* he fails not to attend her; and 'tis an unpardonable Crime in her to cast her Eyes on any one but his Brawny Person, who is as lecherous as a Goat, and will not scruple to debauch the whole Nunnery; and if he is in Favour with the Abbess he is in a fair Way to gain his Ends. But still if she takes a great Liking to him, she will have an Eye over my Gentleman, and be unwilling that any Body else should have a Part of him. He tells his young Pupil that she must in all Things be guided by him, for that he is her Ghostly Father, and is a Saver of Souls; and not to follow his Instructions would merit Damnation, or Purgatory at least.

She must, he says, inform him of all her loose Desires and vicious Thoughts, of all her wicked Actions, that he may pray for a Por-
tion

tion of Grace for her, and regulate the Disorders of her wicked Mind : But with this Design only, that he may feed his own vain Thoughts by the Relation of the Fair One's Vices, whom he persuades that Nakedness is Simplicity, and by this Means sometimes gets a Sight of some of her Brightest Charms, which in Modesty are conceal'd. His Character indeed is too gross to be describ'd by an Ingenious Pen, which abhors the Obscenities this Villain of a Priest is the Actor of.

As little Children then are frequently sent to School that they may be out of Harms Way, tho' there they learn so much Rudeness and ill Manners which Education can hardly wipe off; so Young Ladies here are sent through some ill Accident or other to be debauch'd ; and if ever they gain their Liberty, the Restraint they in these Places liv'd under, and the debauch'd Lives of the Priests, make the Power of Sin more strong, and the Custom of it more habitual.

Character IX.

A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

IS the Reverse of a Man of Sense, in other Words little better than a Fool; for who, like *Don Quixot*, would encounter with a Wind-mill, storm an Enchanted Castle, or pick a Quarrel with Stone Walls? His affected Humour of fighting Battels proves sometimes a real Madness, and that hardly curable. He professeth himself to be a great Reliever of Distrest Ladies; and for the Mistress of his Affections he would take a Bear by the Tooth, run his Fists into the Jaws of a Lion, and

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and attempt Things tho' never so dangerous. Yet this must not be lookt upon to be Courage, but a mad sort of Bravery, which his own Humour, or the Charms of some Young Lady set him upon. He prefers a Romance before *Clarendon*, *Davila*, or any true History; and *Don Bellanis* of Greece before *Speed* or *Baker's Chronicle*. If any Lady takes a Liking to him for his Frantick Addresses and Romantick Humours, he presents her with a Copy of Verses in Praise of the Nobleness and Antiquity of Knight Errantry, which he gets compos'd by some Poet as whimsical as himself. And indeed a Poet very much resembles a Knight-Errant, for as the one is daily vers'd in Fictions, and far-fetch'd Notions, the other courts imaginary Dangers, and fancies that a silly, quiet, and patient Ass may at one Time or another be the Death of him.

He is very high-minded, for he builds Castles in the Air, and his Imaginations very often frame a Glorious Conquest. His Garb is as fantastical as his Mind; and like a great Print, he may easily be read at first Sight; for by his outward Accoutrements we may at any Time give a good guess at his inward Furniture. His Eyes rowl in his Head like a *Bedlamite*; he sometimes raves at the Unkindness and Ingratitude of some Ladies he has by his great Valour and Courage deliver'd from great Dangers, and starts as if he saw some very strange and frightful Object. His Dialect is as good Bombast and high-flown Nonsense as a Pedant can talk before half a Score Country Clowns, that he may be taken by 'em to be a great Scholar, and a Man of extraordinary Parts. And this Language of his he very much improves by reading of *Don Quixot*, *Tom Hickathrift*, *Valentine* and *Orson*, *St. George for England*, and *The Siege of Troy*; of all which, and many more, his Famous Library consists,

consists, which he carefully binds in *Turky Leather*, and believes that the *Vatican* and *Bodleian* contain not in 'em such valuable Books. He is Sort of a *Virtuoso* too, and kills Two or Three Beasts every Year, and makes People who come to see him believe that their Bones are the Relics of some strange Creatures he has encounter'd with in his Time, and overcome. His Dining-room is adorn'd with the Pictures of those Ladies he has had the Honour of freeing from some deep Dungeon in a Castle, or from the Hands of some uncivil Tyger or Giant. These he is very curious of, and cannot but think of his Heroick Atchievements as often as he casts his Eyes on them. He generally keeps a trusty Squire, who is his Fellow-Traveller and Co-partner in all his Stratagems and Undertakings.

Sometimes he pensively lyes down on a Bank near some murmuring Brook, and there, like *Alexander*, he grieves he can meet with no Danger and nothing to try his Bravery upon, when he is put sometimes to more Trials than he desires, and makes good the Old proverb, that *All is not Gold that glisters*.

Character X.

Of a *SEMPSTRESS*.

SHE is a subtle Baggage, who, rather than not live, will get her Bread by Two Trades, that of an *Exchange-Woman*, and that of a Whore. And indeed Whoring is as essential to a Sempstress, as a Muff and long Peruke to a Beau, or Knavery to an Attorney. Making up of Heads
flow'ring

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w'ring Neckcloths, Selling Ribbons and Gloves,
 reckons but half of her Employment; and if
 He is not as busie with her Tail at Night, she
 ks she has done but a very indifferent Day's
 rk. At *Westminster-Hall* none under a young
 infellor will go down with her; and an At-
 ter'd with a Clerk with a Green Bag under his Arm
 little look'd upon by her as a Porter or Car-
 . At the *New-Exchange* none but an Officer
 enter her Tables; and a Serjeant with an
 Party-colour'd Bob, Sandy Beard, and Anti-
 ed Coat, is her utter Aversion. At *Fleetstreet*
 lays Baits for some young Templer; and if
 He gene carries Linen to his Chambers, she fails not
 ellow-Tr looking him out of a Guinea or Two, and has
 gems an Belly full into the Bargain.
 n the City she will grant her Favours to a Rich
 cer's Apprentice in *Cornhill*, or *St. Paul's*
 ch-yard, or to a Spruce *Proctor* of the *Com-*
 ; wherein if she gets, she's harras'd off her
 s, and sent away perhaps in a hot Condition
 the Bargain. Towards *Wapping*, and those
 s, a Captain or his Mate are Gallants, and she's
 y to S—w at the Sight of a Tarr. Yet she
 condescend to go on Board, be entertain'd in
 Captain's Cabbins, and lye with him in a Ham-
 k. She is one who has generally more Beauty
 she knows how to make a right use of;
 if Fortune has not been so liberal to her of that
 she fails not to use Means that may draw
 g Customers to her Shop, who look upon
 to be some young Goddess dropt from the
 ds, and address her with all the Fine Names
 Poets ever invented. In the long Vacation she
 as little to do in Town as the Lawyers, or
 ent-Garden Cracks. For the *Beau Monde* and
 eeler Sort of People retire awhile into the
 ntry, so she's resolv'd she'll make one amongst
 H em,

'em, and passes at *Tunbridge* by her Sham Equipage and Dress for a Lady of some Quality and Fortune; she is the Coast of the Beaus, the D course of the Coffee-Houses, and all the young Sparks buzz at her in the Walks on an Evening like Bees about a Honey-pot. They give her the Musick twice or thrice a Week, send her *Billet-deux*, and haunt her from Mount *Ephraim* the Ruffling-Shop, where every Fop is ambitious of throwing for so Fine a Lady, who in Requ perhaps favours him only with a Smile. Yet a young Gentleman of any Figure makes desperate Love, she will not for the World be so cruel she tells him, as to occasion his Death, and would pluck out her Eyes rather than he should receive any Danger from their Brightness. After a short Intercourse and Present or Two sent her by Footman, she writes Word, She in Charity surrenders, and thinks it her Duty to save any Man from the Grave. By this Means she Feathers her Nest pretty handsomely, while her Tail does makes up the Comings of her Shop. And if she passes undiscover'd, she comes with flying Colours, escapes the Scandal of being put into a Lampoon, or the Punishment of appearing before a *Sussex* Justice of the Peace, who will perhaps have her whipp'd at the Carts-Arse, unless himself has a Mind to so delicious a Morsel. A *Venetian* Courtesan has more Cunning, no *Dorsetshire* Lane Strumpet more Impudence, and no She-Quaker at the *Bull-and-Mouth* can look more like a Saint, or make greater Pretences to Modesty. A Town Rake can outdo at Swearing, no Street jobber at Lying, and no Gossip at a Christning tossing off her Cups when she has a Mind to exercise her Faculty in any of these Laudable Qualifications. But 'twere no small Piece of Injury not to give her her due; and indeed I must say

She is a great Hunter after Evening Lectures, whereat she is sure to meet with her Spark, whose wanton Glances tell her what he would do at as soon as the Parson has dismissed his attentive Congregation. So that here they agree upon what they consummate at the Tavern or the News. The Pew-keeper knows her as well as the Beggar does his Dish, and respects her as much as does the Vicar his Master, because she helps him to so many young Sparks, who daub their Fists for their Admittance into good Seats. Nay, this is so common, that I heard an *Exchange-Woman* in the *Stand* is in Fee with the Sexton of *St. Vincent-Garden Church* for her bringing Gentlemen, who pay well for being plac'd conveniently, as so lovely and so desirous an Object as their amiable Mistress; a kind Look from whom they value more than all the ghostly Advice the Parson delivers to 'em out of his Pulpit. But I think I have dwelt enough on one who makes so mean a Figure, and bears so indifferent a Character in the World.

Character XI.

A Quack, or a meer Physician.

IS a kind of an Emperick, and is very remarkable for his Garb, which is a Velvet Coat, with Gold Buttons, a Camlet Cloak, with large Loops of the same; an old Alderman-like or Common-Council Wig, with a Hatband round his Beaver, which denotes the same Gravity as a Hair exactly. His Phiz is rather more particular than that of his Habit, for he has a very

Soure, Crabbed, Close-Stool Look with him, occasion'd, I suppose, by his often inspecting Urinals and St—en Chamber-Pots; and but to look upon him any thing seriously, 'tis enough to make a Laxative without the Help of Bolus or Pills. He is the only Person in the World that I know that can kill with a *Privilegio*, and without the Fear of being Hang'd for taking away Men's Lives. Of all Men I would not have him my Enemy, because by a short Consultation between him and the Undertaker I am made pretty sure of; and you shall never see these Two together but you may conclude a Funeral is hatching. Quack, a Nurse, and a Lady's Woman, are in Favour with an Undertaker, and among 'em all the Business intended is soon brought about. 'Tis by prohibiting Water Gruel, and augmenting gradually the Quantity of the Patient's Sleeping Pills, and he is in as fair a Way to take a Leap into the Dark as those daily Waiters for his Cases would wish him to be in. Young Ricks Heirs are his best Customers, who dawb him well that he may rid 'em of those troublesome Incumbents, their old Parents, who keep 'em thus long out of their Estates: So that here we see a Physician is made the Instrument of People's Revenge and Hatred, because under the Colour of Restoring Health, and Administering to Sick Mens Necessities, he may Murder without being call'd in to Question, and escape both Law and Punishment. A Quack is made the Executioner, and the Blood of the helpless Innocent lyes, I fear, at too many of these Men's Doors. They have Need to marry, and be Promoters of Procreation because they so depopulate the World, and decrease the Number of the Queen's Subjects like a Long and Bloody Campaign. They should, I think, pay double Taxes towards the War

oad, since they Kill without Measure at Home. They would in some Measure alleviate their guilt, and the Supplies towards our Forces make somewhat less Criminal. Tho' what can be done to wash out the Stains of Blood they have contracted from slaughter'd Patients? Or what can make Recompence for the unmerited Deaths of those many Innocents they have through Treachery and Sordid Interest destroy'd. But to pursue the Character in Hand more closely. A Quack, to blind the Eyes of the Vulgar, adorns his House with the Pictures of the most Famous Men in Science, such as *Hypocrates*, *Galen*, *Albumaza*, and *Paracelsus*, his Library, with Old Voluminous Authors in several Languages, he never inspects, and does not understand. Likewise a neat Pair of Globes, some *East-India* Rarities and Curiosities, brought over by Capt. *Dampiere*, and the Skeletons of several strange Beasts and Insects, with which he amuses the Ignorant, whilst by his talking of Aphorisms, and his hard Unintelligible Diatribes, they take him to be a Non-Pareil in his Art, and a Doctor of Profound Knowledge. Urinal is his Looking-Glass, and he shall pretend to determine what Distemper you labour under by looking of your Water; tho' bring him the Urine of a Horse instead of your own, he shall know no better, and read a long Piss-pot Lecture for your Edification, tho' not Cure. Tho' he will tell you he would not for the World run Counter to the Opinion of his great Patron *Paracelsus*, or those experienc'd Labourers in Physic, *Hypocrates* and *Galen*. He must make one of these Great Men the standard of all his Actions, follow their Advice in Bleeding and Purging, or else he would not give a Fig, he says, for his Practice, nor must he expect Success on his Endeavours. The Names of Diseases he will frequently reckon up, and

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road, since they Kill without Measure at Home. They would in some Measure alleviate their Guilt, and the Supplies towards our Forces make em somewhat less Criminal. Tho' what can be able to wash out the Stains of Blood they have contracted from slaughter'd Patients? Or what can make Recompence for the unmerited Deaths of those many Innocents they have through Treachery and Sordid Interest destroy'd. But to pursue the Character in Hand more closely. A Quack, to blind the Eyes of the Vulgar, adorns his House with the Pictures of the most Famous Men in the Science, such as *Hypocrates*, *Galen*, *Albumaza*, and *Paracelsus*, his Library, with Old Voluminous authors in several Languages, he never inspects, and does not understand. Likewise a neat Pair of Globes, some *East-India* Rarities and Curiosities, brought over by Capt. *Dampiere*, and the Skeletons of several strange Beasts and Insects, with which he amuses the Ignorant, whilst by his talking of Aphorisms, and his hard Unintelligible Diaplectic, they take him to be a Non-Pareil in his Art, and a Doctor of Profound Knowledge. Urinal is his Looking-Glass, and he shall pretend to determine what Distemper you labour under by looking of your Water; tho' bring him the Urine of a Horse instead of your own, he shall know no better, and read a long Piss-pot Lecture for your Education, tho' not Cure. Tho' he will tell you he would not for the World run Counter to the Opinion of his great Patron *Paracelsus*, or those experienc'd Labourers in Physic, *Hypocrates* and *Galen*. He must make one of these Great Men the Standard of all his Actions, follow their Advice in Bleeding and Purging, or else he would not give a Fig, he says, for his Practice, nor must he expect Success on his Endeavours. The Names of Diseases he will frequently reckon up, and

perhaps in Latin too by chance, tho' it may be *Scotch* or *Welsh* for what he knows; and he is as great a Stranger to the Nature of 'em as he is to those Books are contain'd in his Library; and he never attain'd to that Art of Reading himself. To feel a Lady's Pulse he takes as a great Favour, tho' he knows no more what she ails than she does her self; yet to carry on her Humour, and indulge her Hypochondriack Brain, something, right or wrong, must be prescrib'd, which he, whatever is the Event, for a good Fee is not backward in doing. He uses abundance of Ceremony when he appears on his Publick Stage with his Merry *Adrews* and Tumblers, and is very officious in catching Young Ladies Handkerchiefs, who throw 'em to him from some Neighbouring Window for the Reception of his Pacquets. And after he has himself made a long Harangue, and, as he thinks an Eloquent Oration in Praise of Health, his Sovereign Medicines, and his Design of promoting the Publick Good more than any that ever went before him, his *Zany* relieves him, and pursues the Discourse with all the Wit and Energy he is capable of exerting. The Multitude, that they may part with their Money more freely, is diverted with several Comical Humours and Antick Postures; which pleases 'em so highly, that they sometimes laugh away the Spleen, and other Lesser Distempers; which if he discovers, and 'tis Ten to One if he don't, for he can look as fast into a Millstone as most People, he inforces the Danger of a Relapse, and cries up the great Importance and Foresight there is in keeping by 'em such choice Medicines, which perhaps when they shall have a great Occasion for, they will not be able to purchase for Love or Money. Therefore he always preaches up the present Time, and discounts largely on the Danger that there is in depending

ending on Futurity. But happy are those who come not into his Clutches; who is more unmerciful than a Robber, who will spare very often a Traveller on his Submission, and is more terrible than a long *Chancery* Suit? He is a pretty good Chymist, and can Extract Gold out of all his Medicines; and a good Artist for he can have Money by the Word of Command. But happy is I say, who has no more to do with a Physician than a Lawyer; and can keep both his Estate and Health in any tolerable Condition.

Character XII.

Of the Woman I could Love.

I Am not, I would have you think, that easie Fool that doats on ev'ry Face he sees, and is in a Rapture at the Sight of ev'ry Beauteous Object. This is more Confinement by far than sleeping to one we love; and to do this is enough to employ all our Time and Thoughts. We may admire indeed, (and 'tis our Duty) the Marks of the Almighty Hand, which are so evident in Woman's Frame; but to gaze on ev'ry Fair one, and pretend to be wounded with the Eyes of ev'ry pretty Nymph we unavoidably behold in the Streets, is certainly one of the greatest Miseries of Humane Life, and an unaccountable Madness. And the Danger of this too common Practice were needless to insist upon, since 'tis so well known to the World. The Woman that I could love I would have Middle-siz'd, Young, Hand-some, tolerably Rich, and withal very Virtuous,

and Modest. Yet I would not have her be a Mop or doat on the Chimney-corner, but freely enjoy the Company of Young Ladies of her Quality; nor would I tie her up to the Restraint of asking me Leave where-ever she went. I would not intercept her Letters, nor suspect her to be Dishevelled, to gain the Name of a troublesome Husband at Home, or a jealous Coxcomb Abroad. I would not, like Sir Solomon, make Choice of one who has had Country Education only, because the Town and the Variety of Places are too apt to give her a Taste of their Vices, and her Country Innocence and Farm-like Breeding, are not Proof enough against their Temptations. Neither should she be one who has made it her whole Business to Coach it about from the *Park* to the *Play-house*, and the *China-House* to the *Exchange*, because then I know what I must expect; and she will look upon it as her Due to be extravagantly maintain'd, that she may partake of the Pleasures these Places afford. Yet I would have her one who has had the Converse of genteel Company, and who has had no more Dancing than what is requisite to her Handsome Carriage and Behaviour; because Dancing-Masters are too apt to corrupt her before she comes to my Hands, and make such Impressions as are not easily worn off. I would not take her from Court, or out of a Nobleman's House, because she would be apt to complain I did not keep her Fine enough, and she would dislike her Diet; so that I should continually have Noise in my Ears about this and that Head-dress which suited her Humour, and that Kickshaws she saw in the Morning at the Market that would be more agreeable to her Palate than Mutton; and the Parson's Wife's sitting above her at Church would be cast in my Teeth perhaps in the Bargain. I would not have her too talkative and

Mop of her Tongue, because she would bring me
 to both Charge and Trouble for Abusing her
 quality Neighbours, and would not be wanting in reflect-
 asking on her Husband whenever her Ladiship is
 not in Ext, and out of Humour. However diverting
 Discourse may be in her Discourse, I would not have
 Husband to be a Wit, because she would then fill my
 I would use with Company; and seek many Occasions
 ne who going abroad, and her Piquancy would in all
 e Town probability light upon my Head. A Scholar and
 give her Linguist I would not have her be, for a Wo-
 nocence requires no more Learning than what goes
 ough the Dressing of her self, and the Affairs of the
 d she Family; and I am positive you will agree with
 o Coach in this, that she needs no more Tongue than
 and that she has already. I would have her be a
 n I know good Workwoman, that I need not go to a Semp-
 pon it sells for my Shirts and Lac'd Night-caps, but
 d, that she all my Linen made at Home by the Hands
 places a Careful, Loving, and Dutiful Wife. Yet, as
 had the said before, I would not always confine her to
 has had me, nor would I have her junket it Abroad,
 e to her Intent to observe Fashions, because she
 use Daughter would then be for giving away her Cloaths be-
 er before they are half worn out to her Waiting-Wo-
 n Impression, or exchanging 'em for *China*, and would
 not take me perhaps out of Conceit with my self,
 s House cause my Suit is not altogether so Modish as
 I did not one of my Neighbours, who can better afford it
 d dislike in my self to humour the Age. I would not
 y have her reading of Plays now and then for her
 head-dress diversion; yet they should be such as I made
 Kickshaws of, and were agreeable to the Rules of
 rket that modesty; otherwise, if she has not Diversion e-
 than Musick enough to resist the Temptation wrapt up in Poe-
 ove her Charms, she will be for practicing what she
 ps in the she reads, and act a Lewd Woman's Character
 ative and the Life both at Home and Abroad. I would
 fre not

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not have her reserv'd, but always free, in unb^u
thening her Mind to her Husband, otherwi
when she sits silent I shall think she is hatchin
Mischief, and has some Intrigue in her Head. Th
is the Woman I could Love with all my Heart
and wish ev'ry honest Man had no worse to h
Wife.

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OCCASIONAL
THOUGHTS
AND
REFLECTIONS
ON
Men and Manners.

I.

A Woman's Tongue is generally more Satirical and Censorious than a Man's, and her Revenge more dangerous; for when she bears a desperate Grudge against one, she will not put to it but she will remove at last the person she hates.

II.

Modio is a very well-bred Gentleman, is very pleasant to the Ladies in the *Park*, makes a very handsome Figure in the Side-Box, but looks very awkwardly in the Parliament-House.

III. *Olivia*

III.

Olivia talks very knowingly about Fashions, and has a very good Fancy in chusing Silks or China; but if you come to discourse with her about the Affairs of a Family, you will find her as ignorant as a Physician when consulted about a Case of Conscience, or a Judge about the Planets.

IV.

It is both Immodesty and Ignorance for any one to praise himself, since among all wise Men 'tis the only Way to be discommended.

V.

'Tis Prudence to put up a Quarrel, however Just, or to Arraign your Adversary at the Bar, rather than to make your self Judge and Executioner, and destroy your self and Friend in a Pet.

VI.

A Lawyer and Physician are the Two worst Persons you can deal with; for between Two Stools you are sure to fall to the Ground.

VII.

To complement another, and do your self Injury, is playing the Fool, and you will get few Thanks for your Pains.

VIII.

Poetry can have no Life or good Effect on the mind, unless there be Probability in it. It may indeed amuse the Vulgar, but not affect the Wise, whom it should be design'd.

IX.

Lucillas makes a very good Justice of the Peace the Country, but a very mean Commissioner of Excise; for to Arithmetick he is as great a stranger as Polemick Divinity, and his Clerk is only Accomptant.

X.

Dorinda is a very great Beauty, and reputed a silent one, tho' Dumb, so that silent Persons very often are for People of great Sense; 'tis no great Unhappiness then that she was Born so, since had she the use of that nimble Engine, her Tongue, 'twere but to One if she made a right use, tho' much use of it, and Sense from a Woman, is little less than a prodigy.

XI.

To ask any one an Impertinent Question not only discovers the Weakness of your Judgment, but lets him know that you desire to be inform'd of that, the Knowledge of which you had better perhaps be without. Nay, you at the same time speak offer an Affront to the Person of whom you ask the Question, and reckon him as foolish as your self.

XII.

XII.

The Tongue of an ill Man is no Slander, and the Person he endeavours to defame gets Credit by his Invectives.

XIII.

Mævius is a much better Physician than a Poet, yet he looks upon himself to be a First rate Writer, and values himself more upon Versifying than Practice, is continually reading Criticisms in his Coach, and always carries Rapine in his Pocket, yet he is laugh'd at ev'rywhere, even by his Patients, but is so blind with Ignorance and Conceit that he is not able to see it.

XIV.

Aurelia, an Old Burley Lady, sits in the Front Box at a New Play in an Old Damask Suit, wears a Gold Watch by her Side as large almost as a Warming-Pan, squints, and is much disfigured with the Small-Pox, yet reckons her self Handsome, notwithstanding these large Imperfections, her Ladiship carries about her.

XV.

'Tis very much to the Discredit of the English Constitution that we should fall so much into the Humours of Foreign Nations, and not admirably, but daily imitate, the Fopperies of France, at a time when we are profess'd Enemies to the French, and are engag'd against 'em in a long expensive War. Ev'ry thing now must be French or 'twill not down with us. The Young Gen

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man must have his *French* Dancing-Master, another perhaps to instruct him in the Language, a third to teach him to handle the Sword, a fourth to learn him the *Alamode de Paris* Dress, when at the same time one would do for all, unless a Man had more Money than he knows what to do with, and had a mind to be chronicl'd for his Extravagancy as well as his Folly. The Fine *English* Lady thinks her self only cover'd, not dress'd, unless her Cut be after the *French* Fashion; she'll sick for a Young *French* Smock-fac'd Doctor, and will not be brought to Bed without a *French* Midwife. In short, *French* Books, *French* Dress, *French* Wine, *French* Dancing, and all must be *French*, even to the *French* Pox, or we are not satisfy'd.

XVI.

Corillus is a General of very good Conduct and foresight, yet wants Courage and Presence of mind, and will not trust himself at the Front of his Army, starts like a Horse at the Discharge of Cannon, and is only to be valu'd for his Wise directions.

XVII.

To quarrel with one's Looking-Glass for truly presenting us as we are, is like censuring and railing our Spleen against a Satyrist for telling us our Faults; to be at Ease then we must never look in the one, or converse with the other.

XVIII.

'Tis as ridiculous to see a Grave Doctor at a dancing, as a Fellow-Commoner at a Divinity; one is as great a Stranger to a Minuet-Step as

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as the other to a Hypothetical and Categorical Syllogism.

XIX.

'Tis by no means prudent to fight with a Man at his own Weapon; and a Civilian would get the worst on't, by holding an Argument with the Son of *Galen*; he may have great Understanding in his own Way, but he is sure to be overfet disputing about that which is so Foreign from his Purpose.

XX.

He who engages his Friend in what he is unwilling to be concern'd himself, puts him on a very ungrateful Office. It shows not only his Cowardice and Fear of meeting with a Repulse but Disrespect and Incivility in putting on another to attempt those Dangers he dares not face himself.

XXI.

To Game at the Groom-Porters, and have a Fortune, puts a Man into a Fret, and engages him sometimes in Company he soon grows weary of; and he finds not only a Decay in his Pocket but a Corruption in his Manners, if a Glass of Wine or Game's Success has not gain'd the Ascendant of his Reason.

XXII.

'Tis a great Piece of ill Management to have our Books in a neat Frame, Gilt and Lettered for we thereby let People know how little we inspect 'em, and how small a Value we have

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Authors themselves. To furnish a Library out
such a rate, is like making a Sumptuous Enter-
tainment where Dishes are carried off untouch'd for
state and Grandure. One then may reasonably con-
jecture without being thought ill of, that too ma-
ny are the worse Scholars for having such large
stocks of Books: And a Beau by his outward
ostentatious Garb is in all Probability but meanly
furnished within. To be a Lover of Learning, and
to have a Veneration for Learned Writers, is without
doubt a wise Man's Character; but to be at a
 continual Expence in procuring those Books one
is not understand, or at least is not able to di-
gest, is a Fool's.

XXIII.

A scolding Wife and a smoaking Chimney are
mainly Two very great Plagues; the one is ve-
ry disagreeable to his Ears, as the other is offensive
to his Eyes. To bear then the Insults of a noisie
Wife requires more Philosophy and Patience
than most Men can pretend to be Masters of.

XXIV.

A Trimmer or lukewarm Christian is like a
sloop, and the Wind of Interest only can blow
the Sails of it. To get into Favour of a Rich Pres-
biterian he will rail at the Common-Prayer, enter
himself into the *Calves-Head Club*, and go to
meetings. Then again if the Weather-cock turns,
he finds an Alteration, he will forsake 'em,
and be as great a Stickler for the Church, as by
himself establish'd, as a Citizen for *Magna Charta*.

XXV.

'Tis by no means Prudence to harangue a Lawyer in *Greek*, or a Country Vicar in *Hebrew*; for although her Learning goes not beyond *French*, nor his above *Latin*. Discourse must always be suited to the Persons we talk to, for 'tis ill Manners to start a Question in Philosophy to a Lieutenant, or one in the Mathematics to a *Cheapside* Cit, because they would neither of 'em be able to apprehend you, and your Labour would be lost for instructing at those Years.

XXVI.

- To contend with an Adversary weaker than yourself is an Argument of great Cowardize; and this is always the fairest Play in a dubious Battel, when both Parties are equal.

XXVII.

We have little Reason to think Precepts should have any considerable Force without Example, and to give a Friend Advice we follow not ourselves, is not only ungenteel but ridiculous, and little or no Good will come of it. *Olivia*, who is very deformed, would never be advis'd to wear an Iron Bodice, yet would have her Sister, who is less Occasion, to make Experience of 'em. *Freemantle*, who is a great Rake, and may be found running from the *Rose* to his Lodgings at Two in the Morning, reads Lectures to his Friend *Eugene* on Sobriety, and rails at Midnight Debauchery, which is the Result of a hot Fit, and a disorder'd Brain.

XXVIII.

When a Person goes both to Church and Meetings, he shews that he is an Occasional Conformist; and that not for Religion or Conscience sake he does either, but he is resolved to side with the strongest Party, and by so doing to keep himself in a whole Skin, and bid Defiance to his Enemies.

XXIX.

'Tis very reasonable to suppose, that a Woman who prides her self in her Cloaths, sets little or no value upon Virtue and Modesty, and is easily gain'd upon. When she dresses her self, she ignorantly lays her self open to Temptations; and her Carb, as well as her Beauty, are the Motives that induce Men to draw her into Sin.

XXX.

To be at Variance with a Person who is wiser than your self, shews that you very much undervalue Learning, and fear lest you should be troubled with the Advice and Reproof of a Judicious and Grave Instructor.

XXXI.

To be lukewarm and indifferent in Matters of Religion, is an Argument that we make our Interest or Inclination a standing Rule of Faith, and are govern'd more by our own weak Reason and Example than the Gospel.

XXV.

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XXXII.

To sing of Conquest before it be won, is like reckoning without our Host, and as great a Piece of Imprudence.

XXXIII.

'Tis as difficult a Matter to convince a Woman of her Error, as to make a profest Atheist believe that there is an All-wise, Independent, and Self-existing Being, which must be a God.

XXXIV.

Loriano and *Corimellus* infest the Town daily with their Plays, while *Mucro*, one of our exact Dramatick Writers, obliges the Town Once only in Two or Three Years; which lets us know, that the ignorantest Persons are the most consulted, while modest Men cautiously and deliberately make themselves Publick.

XXXV.

'Tis as hard a Matter to keep a Woman from speaking ill of her Neighbours, as 'tis a Poet from commending himself; if you attempt to do the one, you must expect a very unwelcome Serenade from Mrs. *Termagant's* Tongue; if the other, a Lampoon will perhaps put you out of Humour; that you will do well to escape the Inconveniences of such a Dilemma.

XXXVI.

An equal Judgment ought to be made in giving Correction, and venturing ones self on Marriage; for by the indiscreet Usage of the one we may ruin our Children, and ill Conduct in the other give our selves Cause to repent.

XXXVII.

'Tis a dangerous Thing to be a Wit, because a Man often meets with many Inconveniencies from his Satyrical Reflections, which however just, are offensive to the Persons they sting, in whose Power perhaps it is to punish those they think their Delinquents and Enemies.

XXXVIII.

If Men follow not Virtue for their own Sakes, which is certainly their greatest Interest to do, yet one would think they should for Virtue's Sake.

XXXIX.

Orazia is a quite different Woman off the Stage from what she is when on it; the Character she represents she performs with all imaginable Decency and Virgin Modesty; yet when the Play is done she is as common as the errantest *Covent-Garden* Crack that is to be found in the *Piazza*.

XLI.

To reflect upon Providence, and to quarrel with our Condition that does not please, is Labour lost,

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Folly, and a great Sin ; for 'tis probable many Evils may attend so ill a Practice.

XLI.

An Author who describes the Virtues and Vices of both Sexes, and the Manners of the Age, is a Looking-glass for every one : For scarce any Man is so vicious but he may be able to see One Virtue at least that is in him ; and if so, he will be sure to take great Notice of this, tho' his Blindness perhaps will not let him see his Faults ; and there is no Man so perfectly good, but he may there behold a Darling Vice or Two of his, which he hugs in his Bosom. The former had rather be without the Book, than have the Commendation of being Master only of One Virtue ; and the other, however Pious, cares not to have those few Vices he nourishes detected.

XLII.

'Tis a great Injustice, and an Argument of a Man's Spleen, as well as Folly, to censure a whole Order of Men for the Miscarriages of a single Person ; yet *Clotho*, tho' he pretends to be a great Church-man, a Lover of those Famous Universities of Learning, the Universities, and says he has a great Esteem and Veneration for the Reverend Clergy, yet because one Summer the Rector of the Parish got somewhat disorder'd at a Christning in the Country, he rails without Measure against the whole Sacred Order, lets his Tongue run at Random, and is become of late a great Upholder of the *Observer*.

XLIII.

'Tis unreasonable for a Man to expect that he is capable of doing those Things at Sixty as he could at Thirty; yet *Roscus*, a most Admirable Tragedian of our Times, prides himself much in his Action, fancies he yet attracts the Eyes of the Fair Circle in the Boxes, and moves the Ladies to Pity.

XLIV.

Jealousie is an inveterate and corroding Humour, which is not easily extinguish'd in the Breast; it lies lurking like some fullen and secret Fire, which burns inwardly, and breaks out at last into dreadful Flames, and Murther only too often is applied as a Remedy.

XLV.

To court Honour at the Expence of a needless Danger, wherein no Praise will be got, is like flattering a Mistress a long while, whose Favours at last perhaps if we gain will end in our Disquiet, and a foul Disease.

XLVI.

Poetry, like Religion, has its Intervals of Encouragement; the one by Subscriptions of late is almost upon its last Legs, and the other was never long upon her Legs.

XLVII.

Affected Pedantry in a Gentleman is not far from Madness, in an Illiterate Man 'tis Conceit, in a Schoolmaster 'tis a common Failing, in a Woman 'tis Ambition to be thought Learned, but in every one downright Folly.

XLVIII.

Intemperance as 'tis inexcusable in all, in the Fair Sex is most so; and a Woman who is too free in taking off her Glass, will not scruple, I fear being a Whore when Reason nodd, and Liquor has got the Ascendant.

XLIX.

I cannot blame a late Ingenious Author, who in his last New Comedy makes an Officer say, "That he always fights with a Man before he makes him his Friend, and if he knows he will fight never quarrels with him after. So that here we see he prudently makes Trial of what the Person can do in case of Necessity, that he is to love

L.

Lucetta likes Gaming extreamly well, is a great Artist at it, and raffles with extraordinary Success at *Epsom* and *Tunbridge*, takes the Air in Church time, is seen in the Evening walking with Two or Three Brace of fluttering Beaus; yet no one is so Religious or Modest in her own Conceit as *Lucetta*, for Money she thinks and a rich Equipage makes Vice fashionable, and put Virtue out of Countenance.

LI.

When we would praise any one we should not
utter 'em; for tho' Vulgar and Unthinking People
look upon the latter as a very fine Thing, and
matter of Reputation, yet Men of Sense always
knowledge that it very much lessens the Merit
of the Person we should commend, and he appears
shameful and despicable thereby.

LII.

If Men would but make themselves sensible, and
consider that 'tis a much easier Matter to find Fault
than to amend, they would not, I am persuaded, be
so censorious, and let fly on every little Occasion
with their utmost Spight and Malice.

LIII.

'Tis a very ridiculous Custom that young Wen-
ches have got in going to Astrologers and Conjurer
to know if they shall have good Husbands, when a
Maidenhead, that troublesome Burden to a spright-
ly Virgin of Fifteen, may be lost between sleeping
and waking, and she may rise lighter in the Morn-
ing than she was when she went to Bed the Night
before. Besides, these cunning pretending Cox-
combs have this Wit only in 'em, as to be able to
pose on Persons as ignorant as themselves; how-
ever, young Wenches always reckon'd it a very
pleasant Amusement, to enquire after kind Sweet-
hearts and Husbands; and all Maids they say are
to be married till they are married.

LIV.

LIV.

He that can play the Fool well they say is a wise Man; and in a Fool's Character on the Stage we discover many notable Truths, which were not safe in the Poet to let a wiser Person speak, 'cause thereby some great Courtiers might be offended.

LV.

'Tis the Part of an Ingenious Poet to keep his Audience awhile in Suspence; not to let us too soon into the Secret, but amuse us with Variety of Circumstances, most of which are subservient to the main Plot of the Play.

LVI.

'Tis not handsome to value one's self too much upon the Honour of our Ancestors, because we have no Hand in their Noble Actions; and the best Way to gain an establish'd Reputation will be by following their Steps, that so on our own Performances we may ground our Name, and have sufficient Reason to set a just Value on our selves.

LVII.

Damme Jack, says my Lord *Lauriano* to my merry Friend *Jack Friendly*, I bilk'd a Whore and a *Hackney* Coachman all in One Night, and had the good Success next Day to win Two Hundred Guineas at the *Groom Porters*. But his Lordship going to play his Old Game, got a Clap, and his Picket was pick'd into the Bargain.

LVIII.

Tis a Question which may well be in Debate, whether there be more *Hackney* Whores, *Hackney* Writers, or *Hackney* Coachmen in Town? But I fear'd the former are more frequent; and keeping of Misses is grown so common a Custom, that young lustful Sparks of the Town will not take it to be a Sin; affirming that 'tis better living with a handsome, kind, plump, good-natur'd Miss, than a cross *Termagant*, and a scolding ill-natur'd *Xantippe*, who neither full nor fasting will let a Man be at quiet, but serenade his Ears by a continual Jargon of Curtain Lectures, and give his Equals at Meals an ill Digestion by her Tongue, which never lyes still; for 'tis reported that a Scold exercises her noisive Faculty in her Sleep, and all her Dreams are about Quarrels with her husband, or her Neighbours, with whom she can never agree. *Hackney* Coachmen are numerous, *Hackney* Writers and Pretenders to Wit more so, and *Hackney* common Women are in every Corner of the Street, and Midnight Debauchees cannot be taken'd up.

LIX.

Unequal Matches are of very ill Consequence; as an Old Rich Curmudgeon, whose Mouth was at a Brisk Young Girl of Fifteen, must expect that he should call himself a Fool for his sins, and repent his Bargain, when the Young Gage has dubb'd his Worship, according to the usual Ceremonies perform'd on such unperforming elderly Husbands, who have a Colt's Tooth in their Heads, will marry a Young Wife whatever

Ever does come of it; or as the Proverb saith
Will have sweet Meat tho' they have soure Sauce

LX.

'Twould make one laugh, and be a good Cure
 against an Imposthume, to observe the ridiculous
 Behaviour of a Parcel of Young Wenches in Con-
 sultation about their Head-dresses, which they
 to put on on *Whitsunday* to go abroad with, that
 they may make themselves agreeable to their Sweet-
 hearts. 'Twould I'm sure puzzle *Littleton*
Goldman, if they were alive, or any Dictionary
 Makers we have now among us, to reckon up the
 Multitude of Names Women have for their Head-
 dresses, which constitute the better Part of their
 Essence; for without these extraordinary He-
 and Improvements the whole Sex would want
 half that Divinity Young Gallants fancy there to
 in their Mistresses. I would by no means have
 Mathematician appear at the *Exchange*, that
 would a Parson at the *Play-house*: Diameters,
 Circles, Triangles, Rectangles, Cylinders, and
 Conick Sections, will in an Instant fly out of
 his Head as an Arrow out of a Bow; and a Logician
 should not be there by any means, for even the
 best of Women acknowledge no Reason better than
 their own; and what *Exchange-Women* can
 any one may be left to guess. An Historian
 would not have been there, because their Tongues
 will set him beside himself, and force him to
 make Mistakes in Chronology; so that in the
 Lives of *Roman* Generals and Famous Men
 will be apt to put one before another, or in other
 Words, the Cart before the Horse; and this is
 the greatest Fault both a Chronologer or Historian
 can be guilty of. An Astrologer should avoid the
 same Places, because perhaps he will be apt to

th for Heav'n, and make the Beauties he sees
Young Sempstresses Eyes to be the Stars in the
firmament; so that he will go Home, sit down
in a Melancholly Posture, break his Cœlestial
pipe, have a less Opinion of the Constellations, so
that in the End we shall have no more of his Al-
lacks. A Poet, in short, in a mean Garb, (and I
think we may seldom see him in a better) is the
poorest Person in the whole World to be here;
he may whip a nice *Billet-deux*, or a handsome
epitaph, into a Young Beautiful Sempstress's
hand from a Spark who makes an Assignment to
meet her in the Evening at the *Rose* or *Fleece* in
the *pleasure-garden*, and the Merceanry Gentleman goes
unrewarded.

LXI.

Liberty is allow'd by all to be a great Diversion,
as well as Refreshment, to wearied Nature; yet
there is great Danger in it, and Women more than
Men generally abuse it.

LXII.

Giving Liberty to an inconsiderable Person, is
like giving a Sword into a Madman's Hand, or
trusting a Prodigal Fool with the Management of
his Estate. The one will be sure to destroy every
thing that comes in his Way, the other will be sure
to run out his Substance; and 'tis no Won-
der if he returns like the Spendthrift in the Gospel.

LXIII.

'Tis very natural for People to set young Chil-
dren on Horseback; and indeed their Nurses or
Maids

126 *Occasional Thoughts, &c.*

Maids had need be near 'em, or else, like Phædra, they will come off but very scurvily.

LXIV.

A Mercer had need be a Man of considerable Patience, he deals so much with Women, for continually harangu'd with such and such a such a Lady bought at such a Price, such a got her a Husband by an agreeable Silk Suit, &c. the like.

LXV.

He who brings Mischief upon his own Head, only blame himself.

LXVI.

A Poet and a Counterfeit are exactly Two Opposites; the one is set in the Pillory for speaking the Truth, the other for falsifying of it.

LXVII.

A Person that makes a very considerable Figure in an Alehouse, looks but despicably when in a Tavern: A Drunken Cocker, or Waggoner, in his Element when in the one; but for either of them to be in a fine Room at the other, suits not with their Quality or Garb; and the Drawer will not be very forward in shewing 'em Respect, unless themselves be pretty well pleas'd with the Fare.

LXVIII.

A Gentleman who goes to Church, Play-house, Park, or Dancing-school, with a Design only to

Phaet
k on the Ladies, has but a very melancholly
me on't; and I fear *Ovid's Remedium Amoris*,
his friendly Bottle in the Evening, will hardly
ford him a good Night's Rest; for he will tum-
e and tofs about like a Man in a Feaver, and his
haps is more violent; or like a restless Miser,
o every Moment expects his House should be
ke open.

LXIX.

Head,
A Self-Praiser ought as little to be steem'd as a
oman who is most damnably proud of her Beau-
and 'tis very hard to persuade 'em that they are
the Wrong.

LXX.

Two C
r speak
To lose any Thing considerable in its self for an
considerable Piece of Money, is a Sign of great
vetousness as well as Folly; and no one can al-
w it to be Prudence to lose a Hog for a Half-
niworth of Tar.

LXXI.

ble Fig
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oner, i
her of
ts not w
will no
unless t
the Fan
A Comedian cannot be said to be an idle Per-
for he is always in Action.

LXXII.

Play-bo
ign only
lo
'Tis very much below a Gentleman to quarrel
th an Inferior; and how awkward a Sight is it
see a Person well rigg'd making Words with a
ook-maid or an Oyfter-wench, I'll leave any
an to judge.

LXXIII.

LXXIII.

Cloe, a Woollen-Draper's Daughter in the City affects very much every Thing the Ladies do in Court, is very chargeable to her Father, who poor Old Gentleman, is ready to drop under the Weight of her Extravagancies, and is going to knock off his Trade, and keep a Coach to please his Heiress, and only Child.

LXXIV.

When Rogues are in Trust, and have the Management of Parish Offices, the Poor have a very hard Time of it; and these commission'd Magistrates never fail to feather their Nests first; for Charity they say, begins at Home.

LXXV.

'Tis very common for Ladies to send Howdies by their Chamber-maids, tho' they can seldom agree, and rail at one another behind their Backs when at a Visiting they are the peaceablest, quietest Persons in the whole World, and profess an imaginable Friendship.

LXXVI.

Fancy is as powerful almost as Habit and Custom, and they are both very often Fatal to those who give Way to 'em. History has afforded many Instances in those who have doated on the former even unto Death; and without consulting Writers the ill Consequences and Fatality of the latter have, and ever will be, apparent.

LXXVII.

'Tis well said indeed of Anger, that 'tis a
sort Madnefs; for a Person who gives a Loose
his Passions, does in Actions discover all
Carriage and Motion of a Raving Luna-
ck. The House he is in is not able to hold
him; he storms and rages like a Conquer'd
Prince; and his Wife, Children and Servants
stand so in fear of him, that they expect ev'ry
moment to be destroy'd by his Merciless Hand.

LXXVIII.

Many People affect in the Afternoon to have a
tooth dangling in their Mouths, even as they
walk the Streets, that Folks may think that they
have been at some great Dinner, and have fed
sumptuously; when perhaps these Sort of Persons
are Poets by their versifying Way of walking, who
are generally as great Strangers to a good Meal,
as an illiterate Peasant to *Don Scotus*, or *Thomas*
quinas.

LXXIX.

Greatness and Numbers make Vice fashionable,
while Virtue in the mean time, like a coy, modest
Maid is asham'd to behold such Indecencies.

LXXX.

Pleasure is very dangerous, and tends to the Ruin
of many. A young raw Country Girl, who has
spent all her Time far enough off from the Smoke
of London, whose Business has been the Wheel,
Spinning, Hay-making, and the like, when once
K she

130 *Occasional Thoughts, &c.*

she comes to Town she will find such a strange Alteration in her self, will be so amus'd at the various lovely Objects and Delights the Town affords, that she will be very unwilling to return *Yorkshire*, or whatever her Place of Residence may be, again,

LXXXI.

A Courtier's Favours are as soon gain'd as a Strumpet's, for they are both Mercenary.

LXXXII.

'Tis very common for us to say when we are in Company we do not like, that it is very dull when alas! a great deal may e'en be learnt from a Fool; and the Conversation of Children very often is not unwelcome to Men of Age and Learning. We neglect frequently to read Men, and are frequently at a Loss how to govern Men ourselves. Books are good Instructors, but Conversation of Men is a better.

LXXXIII.

Money and Honour in some are as useless as Swords, for they will ruin themselves, and fight over others; they will not be satisfy'd till they see ev'ry Farthing of their Estate spent; and to be in a higher Station, and dignify'd with a Title, they will think it their Privilege to abuse ev'ry one that is below 'em. This is a common Failure, and too apparent.

LXXX

LXXXIV.

The most dangerous Person in the Commonwealth is an ill Physician; a Knaveish Lawyer, indeed, may defer your Cause from Term to Term, yet insinuate himself all this while so with his fawning Tongue, as to be able to get a round Sum out of you at the Tip of it, but meets sometimes with Punishment. A notorious Thief seldom escapes the Gibbet, or a Counterfeit the Pillory. In short, Offenders incur the Anger of the Law; but a Physician, who is one of the greatest, his Vices are seldom detected, because they are buried so frequently under Ground.

LXXXV.

An Academick, or meer University-man, will soon find his Reason stagger, and his Philosophy will grow weak at the Sight of a Charming Woman; and the Embellishments of Polite Conversation will refresh his Memory, relating to what he has read in the Ancient Poets and Historians of the Excellencies and Beauties of the Fair Sex.

LXXXVI.

The Triumphs of a Victorious Monarch are to be compar'd to the Glorious Conquests gain'd by the Assistance of Heav'n sometimes over our Passions; when they are subdued to *Triumphe & Soli Deo Gloria* are produced in Songs. This is a Victory some unhappy mortals never can gain through the Course of their Lives; 'tis a Victory that secures Heav'n to us,

132 *Occasional Thoughts, &c.*

and the loss of this Battle makes us Slaves to the Devil.

LXXXVII.

To struggle for a Kiss from an ugly Woman, shows a Person to be more a Beast than Man.

LXXXVIII.

'Tis too true, that most Young Men look up Beauty to be a Divinity; and that a Fine Woman's Face is the Altar they mostly bow to.

LXXXIX.

Conceit in a Man of Parts is Pride, in a Fool Madness.

XC.

No Sufferings can be more glorious or meritorious than those we undergo for the Sake of Religion; the Pains (if any) are soon over, but Reward is lasting.

XCI.

Contentment and a good Conscience are the greatest Riches, and the choicest Blessings any Man can enjoy.

XCII.

To speak a little about Essential Properties 'twill not be amiss to talk thus: Pride is Essential to a Great Man, to a Woman, to a New-risen Beau, to a Young Rich Heir, and a Wealthy Rival Widow. Conceit to a Poet *Imprimis*, &c.

critick who is not one ; and this common Failure seldom escapes a Philosopher, who is stiff in the Opinions he maintains, and will hardly let Reason ever confute him when he is not willing to be oppos'd. Knavery and Impudence to a Lawyer, Bailiff, Press-master, Vintner, Dancing-master, and most Callings and Trades we can reckon upon. Delay to a Designing Mistress, Rogue of an Attorney, and a False Friend. Bragging to an Effeminate, Little, Puny, Despicable, Love-sick Fool ; who having perhaps receiv'd some Favours from the Maid, swears he has lain with her Mistress, tho' he generally throws out of the Window a Brick-bat which he has the good Luck to escape the Weight of) whenever he Serrenades her ; or is sent away with the dreadful Apprehensions of a Blunderbuss uncharg'd. And to a Coward, who is not so ignorant as to must know that it belongs to him. Lying is natural to an Offender in any kind that the Faults committed, less criminal may appear and trivial, swearing to a Rake, Perjury to a Cheat, Drinking, Whoring and Cursing to a Town Huff, *Alfah* Bully, and the more is the Pity, few are innocent.

XCIII.

A Beast is a nobler Creature than a Man when drunk ; Irrationality is natural to the one, but the other forces it on himself.

XCIV.

Unless out of common Civility, and for Custom's sake, 'tis ridiculous to kiss a Woman ; we are hardly so much on our Guard when we salute our Young Relations, but it sets us a longing that we ignorantly call the Extreme Bliss ;

132. *Occasional Thoughts, &c.*

and the loss of this Battle makes us Slaves to the Devil.

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134 *Occasional Thoughts, &c.*

we are charm'd from their warm Lips, and w
linger too often after unlawful Pleasure.

XCIV.

Poverty is a general Complaint ; but I fancy
Young, Tall, Clean-limb'd, Handsome Fellow, I
his Condition be what it will, will be able
make his Way through the World ; and amon
the Ladies if he fails of kind Entertainment and
Reception I'm much mistaken.

XCVI.

The Blessings of a good Friend are inestim
ble ; and they are such as we cannot prize enoug
or too justly pay our Obligations to.

XCVII.

I cannot blame that Person who either laughs
the Mimickry of a *Merry Andrew*, or the Misc
riages of a Neglectful and Foolish Statesman ;
may by the one discover his good Nature,
being pleas'd at something that is divert
by the other Way of Reflection ; his Ridic
and Concern at the same time for the Folly
Miscarriages of this Mighty Man, who is in
great a Post.

XCVIII.

'Tis the Imprudence of many not to know
a good Friend when they have one ; they w
about, and are as inconstant as a Fickle
Designing Mistress ; they are apt, like the C
in the Fable, to despise him, because they kn
not the Value of one. A Jeweller would teach
for

former Reason, if (according to the *Fabulist*) Beasts and Heards had any Art of Reasoning; and a Moral Philosopher would be a good Instructor for the latter.

XCIX.

Innocence may properly be compar'd to a Bud or a Flower, because the Leaves are not open, and as yet blown upon.

C.

Learning is the greatest Endowment one of 'em can be adorn'd with in ev'ry Sex, and all Callings; it shines in Glorious Characters, and none more brightly than when compar'd to that of Virtue.

K 4

LET-

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AMO

To a *F*
an *A*

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LETTERS

AMOROUS and GALLANT.

LETTER I.

*To a Friend at London, giving him
an Account of a Pleasant Journey.*

FAith, *Ned*, I'm generally as good as my Word, and you can testifie I never fail'd you in an Affignation of any kind, whether we were to go and pay our Duty to *acchus*, or shew our Obsequiousness to our Mistresses; Favours from Friends should come unask'd make 'em the more welcome, or at least without Importunity. The Journey I had would, I'm sure, if I know thee, *Ned*, please thy Humour to Tittle, and the Company of Fine Ladies we hold a Maxim renders ev'ry thing agreeable. An honest Recruiting Captain, a Good Merry Fat Carston, and my self, sat backwards, the young Ladies forwards, for fear of being squeamish, or troublesome to the Company in the Coach; tho' I vow to Gad, *Ned*, had any of the young Creatures spew'd in my Lap I could not have taken ill, I should have thought rather by this Accidental

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dental Business (Mischance I will not say) some thing particularly Great was design'd me thereby. What strange Notions we are apt to entertain of a Fine Woman, and always make Constructions to our own Advantage? For you may remember how kindly you took it, and how transported you was when your Dear *Betty's* Nose bled in *Epsom* Walks last Summer upon your Neckcloth; I warrant you esteem'd 'em as so many Drops of your own Blood spilt in Battle, or so many Trophies of War, rather, as so much Ground gain'd in your Mistress's Heart. But to return, I protest, Ne and swear by those dear Flasks of *Burgundy* we drank in Town at parting, if ever I met with a Pleasanter Company, Booner, Heartier Gentlemen or more Facetious and Kind, Obliging Ladies in my Life! My young Son of *Mars*, the Captain who came down on purpose to raise Men, was a Life and Fire, the Smartest Prettiest Fellow you ever laid Eyes on. He had been Three Campaigns and came off in 'em all like a Man of Honour; he gave us a rare Account of *Blenheim* Fight; and swore by his Trusty *Toledo*, which never yet fail'd him an Ace, that he in Person took half a Score Standards himself; was one of the first that forc'd the Lines, and for that Signal Action obtain'd the Commission under his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*. The Jolly Ruby-fac'd Father of the Church was as pleasant and as witty as if we were to be reputed *Terræ Filius*, had a vast Number of old *Cambridge* Puns by Heart, and Repartees he discharg'd in Abundance. Bless me, says your Reverence one would think was never clatter'd up in a College, where Gentlemen are glutted of all the Scraps of Wit they can light of, and are forc'd to take up with the Butler or the Bedmakers for Conversation; you have found nothing in you more Picquaint, something more of a Polite Gentleman than that comes to

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some Ladies express'd abundance of Fine Things in
Praise, (and you know, *Ned*, they can use
their Tongues well enough when they please)
cry'd him up for a compleat Artist at Con-
versation, a Qualification few are Masters of;
which so pleas'd my Doctor, that he was all in
Extasie, and repeated us several Fine Passionate
copies of Verses, which went very near to the
Ladies Hearts; insomuch that in the midst of
their Pleasure they sigh'd and hung down their
heads, which made my Doctor believe that they
were in Love with him. But you must know what
led very much to the Doctor's Facetious Hu-
mour, and pleasant Way of Raillery, was, that he
had buried about Half a Year ago a Rich Wife, and
Ladies was now going down into *Yorkshire* to take Pos-
session of a Fat Living. I tell thee, my Dear *Ned*,
we were as merry as the Day is long; the Do-
ctor was our Chaplain at ev'ry Meal; and I
thought 'twould almost have come to this, that
I must have married one of the Ladies to the
Captain. The Ladies went to Bed Two or Three
Hours before us generally, or at least to their A-
partments, so that the Doctor, our Captain, and
myself, talk'd over the World's Miseries, Wo-
men's Inconstancy, and Physicians Slaughters, over
a Bottle or Two of Rich Wine, smoak'd Three
Four Pipes, and so to rest. The Ladies would
sometimes allow us the Happiness indeed of a
quarter of an Hour's Conversation, made a Shift
to drink Two or Three Glasses of Claret, but *Ne-
ver ultra*. I vow to Gad, *Ned*, they were the
harmingest, Prettiest, little Rogues, and One of
them so like your Dear *Betty* at *Epsom*, that 'tis
impossible Two Sisters should be liker one another;
and was to have a very good Portion, I hear, and
Daughter to an Old Rich Country Justice, who
lives at *Hallifax*. But alas! 'twould have done you
Good

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Good to see the Parson (whom I shall ever have a great Veneration for) take off his Glass; to the Bottom he goes, and if he leaves a Drop he turns it upon his Nail. Our Discourse was not limited to One Subject; no, Love, Politicks, Divinity and Fighting, made up our Entertainment. The Tedioufness of the Journey in short consisted only in the rumbling of the Coach, which so shook my Bones that I am under a dreadful Apprehension that some of 'em are dislocated. Forget not, Dear Ned, to drink the Lady's Health that is so like Betty. We are, I thank Heav'n, safely arriv'd in *Yorkshire*, and in the City. The Captain has had the young Wenches Eyes upon him already; the Ladies those of the Beaus; and the Parson those of the Boys; who fancy he is come down to be a School-master, and so don't value much like his Looks. No more, Ned, but remember me to the *Rummer* Club, and believe that I am in all Sincerity, desiring you not to forget to write to me,

Yours,

Friendly

LET

L E T T E R II.

To a Friend, containing some Adventures very Pleasant and Diverting at a Punch-Bowl, being a Sequel of the former Letter.

Told you in my last (Dear Friend) that we safely got into *York City*, but that some of us, I believe, were a little bruis'd by the rough Ways, and many disorderly Movements of the Coach; I must say that for our honest Coachman he drove as well as he could, but the most experienc'd-driver you know cannot help Jolts in rough Ways; he was very civil, and degenerated far from the rest of his Fellow-drivers, that we could scarce perswade him to take off his Quartern or Two of Brandy. The Ladies you may be sure, Ned, we left with a great deal of Regret and unwillingness; Pleasantness of Conversation, and the Charms of Beautiful Women, leave many Impressions on our Minds, and Continuing ones: After the Happiness of their Company, and drinking a Bottle of Wine with them, we left 'em, but were left in seeing 'em at a Ball Two Nights after. I discover'd at last that they were all Three Sisters, yet the young Gypsies had not the Kindness to tell us they should make some short Stay in *York* before they went Home. We had several happy interviews at the Cathedral, &c. The Reputation of the Captain, and the good Rigging of my own, gain'd us an Interest in the Dancing-master every Publick Night, with whom afterwards we were conversant. Our merry, good-natur'd Parson,

son, whose Company we were unwilling to lose, and who indeed staid a considerable while in Town, and was as fond of ours, went with us, but in an Antiquated Black Coat; besides, his Reverence wanted shav'g, that without our good Word could not be admitted. But I must tell you, Dear Ned, the particular Favour these kind Tits did us in seeing us so often, and they in so short a while were to leave us, thought themselves bound in Conscience to take their Leaves of us, which they did, on which depends the End of my writing this Letter, and Design of diverting you any Way I am able. You may easily imagine we were pleasantly entertain'd with the pretty Chat of These such Beautiful Sisters, but what was a Happiness unexpected, they very kindly invited us over to *Hallifax*; we embrac'd so lucky an Opportunity you may be sure as this, of the Enjoyment of so agreeable Company once more; they engag'd us all in a Promise to come; we told 'em we would not fail; so taking Leave of 'em, with several Kind Salutes, Longing Looks, and Amorous Glances, they mov'd homewards, while we, like a Parcel of Poor Disconsolate Mortals, were left behind to mourn the Absence of the Ladies. The Captain could scarce stir out to raise Recruits, was so thoughtful about these pretty Sisters; indeed could not keep out of my Mind a melancholy Reflection or Two now and then; but my poor Doctor was so over and above Disconsolate that he sigh'd more than at the Burial of his late Wife, and we could hardly reconcile him to a Pipe of Tobacco, or a Bumper of Claret. However, the Time past on, tho' not very agreeable since our Loss. Two Days after we rid over to *Hallifax*, according to our Promise and Appointment we got thither long before Dinner. The Master took our Horses, and desir'd us to walk into the

all, till he acquainted his Master we were come, who, I suppose, was beforehand told of our coming by his Daughter's Two Days since. We knew not what Face, tho' well, to put upon the Matter, how we should at first carry our selves before the Old Justice, the Father, who was now we heard coming down Stairs. The Parson he would have run to have met him at the bottom of the Stairs, but we all of us at last agreed to keep our ground in the Hall. At last the Old Gentleman comes, while we stood Cap in Hand like Three Knights, who waited for the Bounty of some Rich Lord. The Justice bid us welcome, knowing us to be the Three Fellow-Travellers to his Daughter, whom he excus'd, not being dress'd, for that they were up late the Night before a Merry-making with some of their Neighbours. He was exactly the Picture of 41, but had a great deal of good Humour in his Face, sufficient to atone for that Sect or Party he was of. He was very Civil to us, desir'd us to follow him into a great Parlor, which was very Stately, and Richly furnished with Pictures, those in particular of the Ladies, whom we very earnestly look'd upon, and very much admir'd. Soon after we were set down he call'd his Man to bring in a Bottle of Rhenish, which was (as he said) a good Help to Appetite, and Preparative. Having refresh'd our selves with Two or Three Glasses apiece of this, he shew'd us his Fine Gardens, which indeed were extremely pleasant; for the Walks were very neat, and Rows of Trees on each Side from the House look'd very gracefully. His Fish-ponds were well stor'd; nor did he want for Plenty of Wild Fowl, that I begun, Ned, to guess at the Riches of this worthy Old Gentleman, and that we should be very nobly entertain'd, as indeed we were. Having diverted our selves about Two Hours in the Gar-

Gardens, where there were a great many Fine Objects and Curiosities to amuse us, we were told that the Ladies were come down, and desir'd of Companies in the Parlour. This was a kind of Message to us all, and very welcome News. By I vow, *Ned*, you cannot imagine how richly they were dress'd. They had put on their best Looks as well as their best Cloaths to receive us, and their Smiles and Graces contributed to our Delight. We saluted 'em at the Entrance of the Room so tenderly, and so feelingly, that the Old Gentleman, I fear, took Notice of it; but alas! Not you know the Violence of Passion, that of Love especially, will not be smother'd. To make short of my Letter, for I fear I have been troublesome to you, tho' I could my self dwell ever on the Subject, we had a very Noble Dinner, with Plenty of Wine, and all the great Healths you could name went round. In the Afternoon we diverted ourselves at the *Bowling-Green*; but had much rather have staid at Home with the Young Ladies; however, 'twas Manners to give Way to everything the Old Gentleman propos'd. After Supper we had a Noble Bowl of *Diapente*, which last us pretty late at Night. The Old Gentleman related several Stories, and we were all of us acquainted as soon as a Parcel of Strouling Mumpers; but 'twould have made your Sides burst almost had you seen the Passion the Captain and the Person were in about the Management of the Punch; the one swore he had made it for Prince *Eugene* proper Palate, and the other solemnly protested *in verbo Sacerdotis*, that when he was a Student at *Cambridge* no one could come near him for his most agreeable Way of Mixture. However, Costs they went, which I was ashamed of in a Stranger's House, and in the middle of the Frolic down comes the Gallon of Brandy; so that he

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the Old Gentleman been very free to pardon
that was past on their Reconciliation, and had a
considerable Quantity of delicate Brandy by him,
which he had paid no Custom for, all the Fat had
been in the Fire. and we must have gone without a
Punch. However, the Captain did at last give
way to the Doctor, who made us an Admirable
owl, which we all of us highly approv'd of, and
the Ladies very kindly made shift to rip off Three
Four Dishes. The sprightly Juice had made
Captain and the Doctor lay aside their Resent-
ments; the Justice was a true hearty Old Cock,
the Ladies kind and obliging, and all of us, in
short, were highly pleas'd, and in a very merry

Designing to be going early the next Morning,
the Old Gentleman desir'd our Stay a Day or Two
longer, professing no Persons should be more wel-
come on his Daughters Account; who backt the
Gentleman, and were very urgent for our lon-
g Continuance, which with a few idle Excuses
I easily consented to, as not knowing where we
could live better. Our Living here was One con-
tinual Scene of Pleasure; we wanted nothing that
might add to our Enjoyments; only, Dear Ned,
believe me, your Company would not only be ve-
ry agreeable to my Humour, and must need be so
to the Ladies. No more, but believe that I am

Your Hearty Companion,

FRIENDLY.

L

LETTER

LETTER. III.

*A Young Lady to an Old Miser, who
Court'd her.*

UPON my Word, Old Fellow, I was more surpriz'd in my Life than the reading of several of your Letters you have lately sent me, wherein you say over and over that you are violently in Love, and your Pretensions to me are sincere and honourable. You are very Rich, Sir, I hear, and I shall have a good Portion my self. However, I wonder so silly as to give my self the Trouble of Writing to you; and indeed I had not done it, but that I mean hereby to desire you to leave off your foolish Addresses, which are less pleasing to me than pretty Tricks my Monkey plays; and to tell once for all, that if you write an Hundred Thousand your Letters shall meet with no Reception; if they do, a very insignificant one shall be their Reward, and like a poor Scribler's Performances they shall be doom'd to be put under Minc'd-Pies or Apples, and they will most conveniently be adapted to the Service of the Close-stool. I never can or will love you. In the first Place your Years are by any Means agreeable to my Humour; and your Old Man is my Aversion; and I'm resolv'd I'll never be your Maid, but some Young Handsome Fellow shall be my Husband before I'm a Year older. Besides, your Neighbours give you such a Character, that the Devil would not live with you; you are as detestable as the foremention'd ill Father can be to his son. I should have a very comfortable Life

you no Doubt, to be almost starv'd ; and tho' I brought a considerable Portion, go like a Beggar to Boot. I should be awak'd every Night out of my Sleep, not on the Account of your good Nature, but your foolish Apprehensions of Thieves. I'd have you to know I was not Born a Fool, Old Cuff, like most of our Sex ; I know how to set a just Value on my self, and will not be bilk'd by an Old Man, whatever come on't. No, no, Old Gentleman, you are not a Man for my Money. If you come near our House the Porter shall send you away with a Blunderbuss, or set our great dog at you. I'm to be better dispos'd of. No more:

Adieu,

SYLVIA.

LETTER IV.

*From a City Apprentice to his Mistress
at Hampstead.*

Pretty Mrs. BETTY,

YOU are not able to conceive the Troubles I have been under since I took my leave of you at the Green, and all for my Dear Self ; Rest has been a Stranger to me, my Bed has been my Uneasiness, and my Eyes could hardly ever admit of any Slumbers. Love has plaid its Part too powerfully, and with irresistible Force your Bright Charms have invaded my heart. Business is an insufferable Plague, 'cause it puts a Stop a while to our soft Endearments and

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delightful Interviews; and Absence from a Person we dearly love is a Torture inexpressible. One Night indeed, Dear *Betty*, and indeed 'twas pleasant Night, than which nothing but your Lovely Self could have render'd it more delightful. Lovers would die to be so blest with such a Dream. O I printed Kisses on your Sweet Tender Cheeks, prest your Soft Swelling Bubbies, held you fast in my Arms in close and kind Embraces; you were all over Softness, I all over Love; you like blushing *Venus* would have hid your Charms, I like *Mars* did like some Conquerour come: But being almost away with Excess of Transport and Raptasie, I awak'd, and found you gone. O short-lived Stay of fickle Fortune! O Delusion! But 'tis your Breast, my Dear, to make what I have related real; kind Smiles from you can crown my Wishes, and make a short Dream a lively and continuing Joy. You know, Dear *Betty*, and I hope you believe it too, that 'tis my greatest Misfortune that I am not able to bless my Eyes with the Sight of you as often as I would. I will leave for to make a Stay with you for Two or Three Days next Week; till then kind Heaven support me, and protect you. Believe, my Dear, that I am, in all Sincerity, your most loving and admiring Servant,

RICH. WHISKI

N. B. This was written by a Yorkshire Parson who married his Wife from High-gate, and perhaps with some Variation made this Letter serve his own Turn.

LETTER

LETTER. V.

From an Old Justice of the Peace to a Young Miss he kept privately in the Country.

YOU writ me Word, my Dear, in your last that you wanted New Rigging, which you shall have: I have spoke to Mr. *Thipping* the Taylor, who is making up with all haste the Silks I last Week bought for you on *Bridge-Hill*: Mrs. *Swift-tongue* the Sempstress *Pater-noster-row* has promis'd me to take great care in your Head-dresses, and will send you down the most fashionable Knots which are now worn. You complain that the Place you are now in is a little too solitary, and suits not with your Humour: I will ease, I beg of you; I know no more proper private Place to keep you in; for you are where you are your self secure from any unwelcome Approaches, and I free from the Jealousies of my Wife and Neighbours. Besides, my Dear, you ought to hold it as a standing Maxim, that too much Company is not convenient; and the Conversation of Men I would have you more particularly to avoid. I have my self of my own a lovely Flower, so I would not have it blown upon by any one's breath than my own. As I have purchas'd a Precious Jewel, I would not have any Man's Hands touch it but mine. No, my Child, I love thee better and better, and value my Reputation more than to have it lessen'd by any remarkable Blot; I am not like young raw Sparks, who value nothing

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thing so they can but obtain their Mistresses Favours, though after that they will fly and forsake^{em}.

The most unwelcome News is that of your being with Child, and that your Reckoning is almost up. Next Week the Assizes are at *Maidstone*, that I shall have Time to come over then to you and relieve you in your Necessity. I hope you will much about that Time receive your Cloaths, which I will see shall carefully be packt up, and sent by an honest Carrier. Believe me, I fancy my *Beldam* at Home is not a little jealous of me; and if she serves me in my own Kind I cannot much blame her: The best on it is she is Old, and her Antiquated Face is Proof against Temptations I should think.

I have, to divert your Melancholly, sent you Two or Three pleasant Books this Day by *Will* Coachman, and hope you will have them to Morrow. Believe me, Child, you shall not want any Thing while I am in a Condition to supply your Wants; and as you are kind to me, you may expect the same Return of Favour. Excuse me, my Dear, that 'tis not my own Hand-writing; my Indisposition occasion'd me to get my Clerk *D* *man* to write my Words. Till I see you, God bless you, and be easie.

Yours,

CLODPAT

LETTER

LETTER VI.

From a Gentleman in Town to his
Friend at Cambridge.

Have, Dear *Harry*, ever since you parted with me at *London* been Courting that Coy, Inflexible, Young Widow that I told you I was a Suitor to. I find, I must tell you, twice the Hardship in gaining upon a Rich Young Widow than half a Score Maids; she is like an Old experienc'd Officer, while the other are unacquainted with the Service, and venture upon easier terms, as not knowing well what they are going out. However, I fancy I gain Ground; she begins a little to come over; and we are this Evening to go over the Water to *Barn-Elms*. I shall be in my next, I hope, to give you an Account with what Kindness and Civility, Haughtiness or disdain, she receiv'd me.

I was last Night Drinking with several of our honest Tackers at the *Mitre* over-against *St. Dun-*
stons; we drank your Health, as well as Prospe-
city to the next Election. I cannot blame you for your reasonable Suspicion of *Pegg the Sempstress's* honesty; and I am afraid she will lay the Child to my Friend *Charles*, tho' we can both of us justify his Innocence in the Matter; for you know we never found him false to his Word, and he was ever too much a Man of Honour as to endeavour to hide a Fault by a Lie. But you well know, *Harry*, how Sempstresses in *Cambridge*, as well as in other Places, must raise their Fortunes. They do not by selling Gentlemen Gloves and Handkerchiefs

chiefs only, no, they have a readier Way to thrive in. Fellow Commoners have much Money and little Learning, Sophisters much Learning and little Money. The former are easily drawn in with an attractive Air and bewitching Smile, the other have more Sense generally than to set much Value on a Woman; and a Glass of good Wine, or palatable Beer, they esteem I'm sure beyond Measure. Pray write me Word if our Old Friend *Francis Hartley* be in the University, or yet keeps his Fellowship; because I hear he has taken up with Smock Simony, and has got a Wife and Livelihood in *Lincolnshire*. Pray let me know how it goes with him; and if he be married, whether he be the same Person that he us'd to be with us, when we had our constant Meetings at the *Rose*. Though my Restraint and Confinement is not like that of the Lawyers, I shall be able I hope to be at leisure to come and see you in the Vacation. Having not seen *Stir bitch Fair*, I believe I shall come much about that Time. Pray be not backward in your Writings, for I am always very forward in giving you any Intelligence that I think may be either diverting or satisfactory to you.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours

LETTE

LETTER VII.

*From an Old Alderman in the City to
a Country Justice.*

BROTHER,

THE kind Reception that I met with at the Ancient Seat of your Family in *Essex* justly requires a return of Thanks, tho' comes far short of the Noble Entertainment you give me. But at the same Time that I am shewing my Gratitude, I cannot forbear chiding you for making a Stranger of an Old Familiar Friend and Schoolfellow. The World grows prodigal; let me tell you, and Times are not as they have been; our Lord Mayors grow yearly more and more frugal; and Aldermen willing to follow the Head of the City, are more sparing in their Tavern Expences. And tho' I am an Alderman myself, this Truth I'm not ashamed to own to you: At our Affize Dinner, whereat a Man might formerly swim in Custard, is dwindl'd almost to nothing; and the Sword-bearer, though I seldom lose my share, complains of a short Allowance. Come, 'tis Prudence, Brother, to be more frugal; and to treat a Friend and an Old Acquaintance to extravagancy makes me angry. But we will not dwell on this Subject. I would not willingly upbraid any Man with Weaknesses and Infirmities; 'tis whisper'd at some Coffee-houses, at which I was with you when last in Town, that your Lady (with whom you had a considerable Fortune, and I, and all the World, are Witnesses of her Beauty) declares open War against you, sues you

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Vi & Armis, Legibus & Statutis, and has daily a whole *Posse* of Lawyers at her *Levee* every Morning before she is up; for that your Aged Worship is troubl'd with that most vexatious Defect call'd Impotence. Nay, the Parson of the Parish, and several of the Reverend Black Tribe, have been with her, 'tis said, and have communicated to her the Judgment of the Fathers of the Church on that Matter. I don't know, I hope the Report is false; but if it be true it cannot be helpt; for Impotent or Vigorous, in our City Women love Change of Diet; One Man won't serve their Turn and Cuckolds here sprout out like Mushrooms in a Night.

I think it not Prudence to give Credit to every flying Report; the Truth of your Lady's Usage to you I shall take as truest from your own Mouth. I cannot be satisfied with a Letter or Two, I must see you, and look upon it to be the Part of a Friend to give his Advice to one under Sufferance and Trouble. I will come over and see you, and shall not fear your Wife, however turbulent and noisy. I suppose she is very much Vext, and out of Humour, and nothing I believe but a younger Man than your self can make her easie. But pray when I come into *Essex*, (which I do as really intend as I do to attend on my Lord Mayor to Morrow on extraordinary Matters at *Guild-Hall*) do not be extravagant, as if you were entertaining the Lord Lieutenant of the County, or making a Feast for your Daughter's Wedding. I hope to find all Things better than they are reported to be; and I can make 'em easier it shall be my utmost Endeavour. God comfort you, and give you quiet Mind.

YOURS.

LETTE

LETTER VIII.

*from a Chambermaid at Epfom to
a Mercer's 'Prentice in Cornhil,
London.*

Most Dear JOHNNY,

THO' I have suffer'd all the Disgrace imaginable, the Abuses, Checks and Affronts from my Mistress and Friends, yet, Fool I am, I cannot forbear telling you still I love you. I will not fly out with the usual Rashness and Fury of our Sex, but must tell you that I lay claim to your Promise of Marrying me. I never found Bitterness in Love till now I am with Child; and were your Sex sensible of the Pangs ours endure, you would seldomer betray our Innocence, and your Love after Marriage would be more durable. My Mistress, tho' ever before my worthy Friend, is now become my Enemy, wonders that I should so soon believe false Man's Promises, and be at once made a Fool and a Sinner of. My friends almost abandon and forsake me; and my Grandmother, who is a strong Dissenter, on whom I had a great Dependence, tells me I am an unrighteous Child, a Lover of unlawful Fruit, a most corrupt Daughter of *Eve*, and a most eager Follower of Satan's Devices. I am of the Opinion that you Love, nay, that you will Marry me, tho' that to marry be a very frightful Word. Our Circumstances are not much unequal; I have refus'd twice a Chaplain's Addresses and a Lawyer's; and since it has so hapned, that I surrender'd all to you

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you on Promise of Marriage, I hope the Gentleman-like Marks of Breeding which you carry about you, and the present Juncture of Affairs, will make you seriously consult your Pillow, and believe me that Way I now beg of you to do, and that you may never Love me less than once you do. I am persuaded you cannot have so soon forgot those tender Expressions of Love you mentioned those Vows you made me, and those many solemn Protestations which Heaven was Witness to. Pray remember to meet me on *Thursday* next *Three Miles* on this Side *Epsom*, and you will there be satisfied of the Truth I disconsolately relate. I cannot think but that you still Love me; I have no other Reason to think so than that I most dearly Love you.

Adieu.

BETT

LETTER IX.

*From a Gentleman in the Country
to his Friend at London, giving
him an Account of several very Pleasant
and Comical Adventures in
Oxfordshire.*

YOU know, Dear Sir, I left you at my Departure very disconsolate for the Decease of your Brother, of which you had Notice by Letters from *Aleppo*. I endeavour'd to comfort you as much as I could, but soon found that the Decease had touch'd you in the most sensible Part.

Howeve

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However, I promis'd to divert you; and had not
gent Occasions call'd me into the Country, I had
left you to be prey'd upon by Melancholy and
content. The choicest of Diversions, of which
fordshire affords Variety sufficient, should never
ve taken me from a worthy Friend in *Re incerta*,
der such unfortunate Circumstances. The Com-
ny I had from *London* on the Road, excepting
e pleasant Honest Gentleman, whom we took up
xbridge, are not worthy Paper and Ink. They
re all fullen and melancholly, and carried them-
es with that Sullenness and Moroseness, as if
y were sick of the World, or the World sick of
m. And indeed most of 'em had liv'd a confi-
able Time in it, and were fitter for a Chimney-
ner, half a Dozen warm Night-caps, and a Spit-
g-pot, than the Fatigue of a Two Days Jour-

You know, Sir, I love to moisten my Clay
ere-ever I go, especially on the Road; and tho'
irs, by Reason of their Old Ages Infirmities,
s in all Probability drier than mine, I could no
ore persuade 'em to taste a Glass of the enliven-
Juice, than I could almost bring One single
mudgeon to discharge the whole Reckoning.
ey ate indeed as well as their weak Stomachs
ould allow 'em, but they drank nothing but
ck, foggy, warm'd Ale, which the proud Carr-
en and Porters in your City would make a Face
when at the same Time a moderate Glass of
ine or Two would have done them far more
ood, and would very much have forwarded Di-
stion. But either Covetousness, or a Stiffness
Humour, hinder Old Age from pursuing those
things that are for their Advantage.
But I have I think said too much upon 'em, and
all therefore proceed to a more pleasant Subject,
a Hunting-match, at which several Gentle-
men

men of the County were present, and the young Scholars left their dear *Alma Mater* and their Studies to follow the Hare, and Musick of the House. 'Twas to them, I warrant, more agreeable than the *Principia* of *Cartes*, or a Metaphysical Harangue about Innate Idea's, pronounc'd by an Old Fellow with a dirty Band in one of their Schools. We had extraordinary Diversion, and the Hare yielded us a long Pursuit; tho' I had like to have foundered my Horse, if not my self, by leaping a Hedge, and that I believe would have been very unwelcome News to you. But while we were in Pursuit of the Hare, out started from a Wood an Old Fox, which gave us a fair Chase about Three Hours; soon after which the Dogs caught him, and we were not long after before some of our Pack subdu'd the Courage of Puss. For my Part I was pretty well tir'd, and hungry to boot, and I believe most of the Gentlemen were; so that Three or Four of us, among whom was a Merry *Oxonian*, resolv'd to go see how a neighbouring Farmer was provided, in order to take up with what his House afforded. This Farmer we found a very hearty honest Fellow, his Wife tolerable, and his Daughters, of which he had a Brace, Handsome, and his House afforded better Commons than we expected with a Cup of good nappy Ale, which we drank off in great Glasses; so that my young Scholar thought himself better on't, than if he had gone Home to College to have fed on rotten Legs of Mutton, and soure Small Beer. In short we were all of us wonderfully pleas'd, shew'd Civility to the good Woman of the House, who was Big-bellied, and to the Young Tits her Daughters, who the *Oxonian* found were tenderer Meat than the cleanliest Bed-maker in the University. We had a great deal of very pleasant Discourse, with the which Farmers, and such harmless Country Peo-

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are generally well furnish'd; and the good
ame of the House made her youngest Daughter
ng, which was to me more harmonious, and
ore taking, than all the much-priz'd Sonata's at
e Theatres. She had so Modest a Carriage, so
weet a Face, so Delicate a Voice, and with all
ch an agreeable Air, that I was almost persuaded
take up with a harmless Cottage, where their
oys are so innocent, and their Contentment so

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We had been here now about Three or Four
ours, sufficient Time you imagine for People to
fresh themselves in, when on the sudden we
ard an Out-cry in the Yard, and by the Shril-
els of the Voice we concluded it presently a Wo-
an's; so all of us coming out, we found the
oor Servant-wench had been taking a Nap over
er Washing-tub, and had a little scalded her
ace by falling over it. The good Dame she ap-
y'd presently some wet Brown Paper to the Part
fected; I advis'd Soap, the *Oxonian* one Thing,
other Gentleman another, so that we all of us
ade Physicians of our selves; and this Disaster
id not much disturb our Mirth; and who should
ome in soon after but the Clerk, who taught the
oungest Daughter to sing, so that we had One
dded to our Number; the more the merrier.
his *Amen-Curler* did not make Psalm-singing his
nly Business, he had as many Old Catches, and
acchanalian Songs, at his Tongue's End, as would
urnish a Sophister's Club over a Sovereign and
ligh and Mighty Bowl of *Diapente*: Nay, by
hat Time he had taken off half a Score Bumpers,
e laid open the Imperfections of the Old Hag his
Wife, as he call'd her, and would have People no
onger Married than they could agree. But the
ood Woman diverted this Discourse, which gra-
ed her Ears more than smutty Language does those
of

of a nice squeamish Lady, who seldom calls a Thing by its right Name. She highly commended the Dutifulness of her Children, and the Love of her Husband, and all before their Faces, for which I reckon her indiscreet. She thank'd God she said, she should never be weary of Child-bearing, so long as she produc'd always so hopeful Off spring.

We staid here in short so long preaching our Liquor, that we were ready for another Measure. The Old Father excus'd the Meanness of our Refreshment, and would have knock'd on the Head for us some Chickens, which we would by all Means allow of. But the Good Dame came and spread the Table-cloth, and forc'd upon us a haire some cold Leg of Pork, and a Custard of her own cleanly making; which we fed heartily on, and wash'd down with the same good Liquor we had been drinking of. And indeed I thought her Handy-work exceeded the Pastry-cooks in London, or 'twas because we had pretty good Stomachs, and the poor Farmer, however good-natur'd, had better have been without such hungry Cormorant Scholars you know seldom want Stomachs abroad, and Sports-men feed heartily with the Allowance of *Robin Hood*.

Our hearty Old Farmer was so taken with our Company, and we with his, that the Night came on apace, and it begun to be duskish; he would not yet leave us, but call'd for the other Flaggon, which might hold I believe about a Gallon; and the Clerk had a Song ready to entertain Glafs he drunk.

But we begun now to be a little uneasie, not caring to abide in the Dark, especially through some dangerous Places; and the young Scholar, which I wonder'd at, mov'd to be going; and he up and told us the Reason, for that he the Day before

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fore he had very much disoblig'd his Tutor, who was an Old crazy Fellow, by abusing his Cat, whom he so lov'd, that he continually, excepting the Hall, fed it in his Lap, went sometimes to the Coffee-house with it, and, if it could speak, would make Interest to have it brought in Fellow the House; so that he expected the Old Gentleman would be watching his Waters, and enquiring of him of his Chum, who was a meer Book-mortal, a studious Drone, who was always poring, scarce knew a Rat from a Wheeze, or a Dog from a Bitch, without nicely prying into their Gossips: So that our Reasons took at last Effect, prevail'd with the Farmer to let us be going, the Flaggon was out, and our Horses there were presently order'd to be got ready. At Parting we had as much Ceremonies almost as a parcel of foolish Ladies make use of on a Visiting night, and the Farmer vow'd he parted with us unwillingly: We invited, for their kind Civility towards us, the Farmer and his Family over to Oxford, with a Promise that not one of his Daughters should enter a College unless they had consented to it. Puh, puh, says the Old Man, what should the Girls be afraid of? They see Colleges full of Scholars too every Saturday when they go to Market. Don't you trouble your Heads with that, I'll take Care to defend their Tails. But no more, away we came, and rode pretty briskly, to avoid the Insults Travellers often meet with by the way. We got into Oxford indeed sooner than we expected; and tho' we had drank at the Farmer's an Inundation of strong Ale, yet we could yet be satisfied; but having set up our Horses at their proper Home, and they were as true to us as a Man would desire to meet with in an emergency, we went to the *King's-Head-Tavern*, the Master whereof, tho' much about Five and Fifty,

M

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Fifty, had lately married a Young Pretty Creature about Sixteen, who kept the Bar, and brought more Custom to the House by her bewitching Face than the most flourishing Bush or Sign-Post in the Kingdom, from the gaudy Nobleman and sprightly Fellow-Commoner, to the Man in Black, a Master of Arts; from the Batchelour in his Prudy Gown, to the genteel Pensioner, who would incur the Punishment of the Proctor by an irregular Habit. But Oh, says the poor Servitor, I must meddle, *quæ supra nos nihil ad nos*. Here accidentally, as we were inform'd by one of the Drawers, a Gentleman had waited above an Hour, who came that Night in a Coach from *London* for a Young *Oxonian*, who made us free with his Friend who had brought down with him several considerable Tokens, some of which were to be drawn. So that with our Relation of our Adventures that Day a Hunting, and at the Farmer's House, and the Gentleman's diverting us with some surprising Stories, we drill'd on the Time, Pipe after Pipe and Bottle after Bottle, till Morning. The University Constable, *alias* the Proctor, having Information that there had been a Riot, by some extravagant Gentlemen, for Two or Three Nights last past, found us in the Streets as he was going Rounds with his Black Tribe at his Heels, and with his Dark-lanthorn discover'd our Scholar, where he examin'd where he had been, to which he answered; so that he being of the same House soon discharg'd him; so we went to his College. Two of us, the rest to their proper Habitation with a Promise to meet one another the next Day at the Gentleman's, where we were to Dine exactly at One.

For my Part I could hardly sleep; one of the Fumes of the Liquors I had drunk would enter into my Head, and when they were a little quiet

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could not forbear reflecting on the Farmer's
generosity, the Pleasantness of the Psalm-singer,
and the Occurrences of the Day. Our Gentleman's
Humour, whether out of Modesty, in not caring to
be with a Stranger, or any Inclination that he had
to Study, sat up all the while in his Closet; and
when I lay awake, (as often I did) I could hear
him cry, O *Cartesie*, O Divine *Aristoteles*, and was
Zealous with the Philosophers as an Old Monk
when counting over his Beads. After this I took a
nap, and found it Break of Day. Soon after came
the Servitor, and told 'em 'twas almost Chapel-
time; but I reckon our Spark, who was fast
asleep, had as little Inclinations to go to Prayers,
as he had to be Nonplust, for fear his Tutor
should see him, and give him a Lecture.

But I fear, Sir, what I have design'd as your
entertainment will prove disagreeable to you by
length: Desiring you therefore to be com-
mended, and to take all in good part, I beg Leave to
subscribe my self

Your most Affectionate Friend,

JOHN TRUE-LOVE.

M 2

LETTER

LETTER X.

To SYLVIA.

Fair Cruel One,

I was inform'd last Night by *Betty*, your Maid, that I was your utter Averfion, and that you hated me above all Men living; the Reason of it I cannot tell; my Person is no Ways despicable; my Family, Education and Merits, are, I think, no ways inferior to yours; and tho' our Sex do naturally pay a Veneration to the Beauty of you 'tis on Terms; and a haughty Fair One with a considerable Fortune ought less to be valued than a good-natur'd quiet Damsel in her Smock. There are more Women in the World than One, than God, and Thousands kinder and more deserving than you; and the less you value me, more I would have you to know I prize my self.

Adieu, Proud One:

Go to Bed,

Knaw the Sheets and

LE

LETTER XI.

*From a Dancing-Master to One of
his Scholars at the Ivy-house,
at Hackney.*

Dear MISS,

IF you have not forgot at your last Ball I
talk'd to you pretty earnestly of Love, and
the Remembrance of Love should never slip
of the Minds of tender Maids, but should be
in'd, the better to gain its Ground, and get
Ascendant of Virgin Scruples. Your Steps
your Graces I think you are pretty well Mi-
s of, you Dance to my Reputation as well as
own; and I am perswaded, that without ma-
instructions you would be the Charmingest
fellow in the Universe, and make the most a-
ble Wife a Man would desire to be blest with-
and far be it from me that I should ever at-
pt to make you any other: And by those ma-
Years Experience that I have taught you, I
confess I have ever found you of a very easie,
et, obliging and submissive Temper. My chi-
you sometimes, and rapping your Fingers
my Fiddle-stick, for not giving Attention to
Tune, I hope you will excuse; and that tho'
then thought me an unkind Master for my
l-meaning, and frown'd upon me, you will
now, I hope, whenever I talk of Love. Your
ty is too strong and powerful an Argument a-
st your not Marrying; and tho' I say you de-
a Prince's Bed, yet no one can or shall love
you

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you more than I now do or will. Each Touch of your soft Hand has inflam'd me, and your Dearest bewitching Eyes have stol'n away my Heart. I am lost, I am ruin'd and undone for ever, unless you do redress my Grievance. To you 'tis I complain, and you alone 'tis can relieve. Think then what Wounds your Eyes have made, think on the Pains that I endure, and the most exquisite Pangs I suffer for loving you. Think on my Tears that are most Honourable, and of the good Intentions of

Your Dearest LOVE

LETTER XII.

*From one of Her Majesties Players
Drury-Lane to a Stroler at Nottingham, giving him some Account of the present State of the Stage.*

I Am glad, Brother in Iniquity, to hear you thrive so well in your Performances which you are, and that you give a general Satisfaction. Your Actresses you tell me are handsome which is a great Matter, and without Doubt you some Pence extraordinary. The Place which you have pitcht your Tent, (as I may call it) is commodious enough for your Purpose, and well peopl'd. Tho' there several of the Gentry will encourage your Acting, at the same Time that they know your Custom in murdering of a Play; (for

forgive me) yet to the Common Sort of People you can't Act bad enough, so that you appear gay, and make 'em laugh a little. They are taken with Shews, and are not able to distinguish the Comedy from Farce, or Nonsense from sense.

But as I promis'd you I think my self oblig'd to be true to my Word, and will therefore proceed to give you an Account of our Stage as it now stands; and I must tell you 'tis but in a very indifferent Condition; for there has been a very fierce Combat between the *Hay-Market* and *Drury-lane*; and the Two Sisters, Musick and Poetry, warrel like Two Fish-wives at *Billingsgate*; and then comes a whole Battalion of Subscribers, who promise to stand by the former, and inviolably maintain her Right against all intruding Tragick, Comick, Tragi-comick, and Farcical Writers. Among the latter, tho' *F-----har* meets with Success, and has the entire Happiness of pleasing the Upper Gallery, *Betterton* and *Wilks*, *Ben. Johnson*, and the best of 'em, now must give Place to a Bawling Italian Woman, whose Voice to me is less pleasing than *Merry-Andrew's* playing on the Gridiron. The *Mourning Bride*, *Plain Dealer*, *Volpone*, or *Camelane*, will hardly fetch us a tolerable Audience, unless we stuff the Bills with long Entertainments of Dances, Songs, Scaramouches, Entries, and what not.

Thus the Case stands, *Ned*; and what Encouragement have we then, think you, to take in a new Play? Or to what Purpose does an Author set about to write, since even our best Authors, and our most skilful Actors, can hardly support the Stage, and keep it in a tolerable Condition? For my Part, tho' I have heard my Acting commended, and look upon my self to be not One of the meanest of the House, yet I know not what

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to think of it; I by no means like the State of Affairs, and I am almost persuaded to take a Journey to *Nottingham*, and accordingly as I am there approved of by the Gentry, to enter into your Company. Besides, I am almost weary for Want of Pay. There are hardly any of us but may complain of Old R---b's Stinginess: And then these Musical Opera's, which are play'd Once or Twice a Week are the Devil all over. To tell you truly, I am as melancholly as a *Covent-Garden Crack*, and as humble as a Lawyer in the Long Vacation. Having you know some small Knack at the Violin, sometimes I'm thinking to turn Fidler, strole through Market-Towns, visit Fairs, and play at Country Weddings: Sometimes I'm going to enter into the Service of some Mountebank; for you know they us'd to call me *Scarroon*, and I fancy that my Comical Phiz, with the many merry Gestures I usually have, sufficiently qualifie me for a *Zany*.

Pray let me hear how your Intrigue goes on with the Maltster's Daughter, for I am informed you very vigorously attack her with Fine Expressions, which a Player you know is never without, and likewise that she makes but weak Resistance. Inform Mr. ----- of my Design in coming down, tell him I will play the Part of the Squire of *satia* the first Night, and as the Nobility and Gentry at *Nottingham* give their Opinions of me, I will enter into the Company.

Farewell

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

From a Gentleman to his Friend, discovering to him what he saw at an Inn on the Road to Bath through a Crevice.

Dear Ned,

YOU know some while since I wrote you Word of my safe Arrival into these Parts, and had only Time to do that when I wrote to you, and therefore could not furnish you with any thing worthy of your Notice. I do now acquaint you that the Waters have much benefitted me, and almost rid me of my Indisposition. I must now divert you, and tell of what happen'd One Night on the Road hither. You must know then that at the Inn I lay in a Chamber next to a Young Lady's, nothing but a thin Deal parted us, so that I could have almost bor'd my self thorough; and I could discover all her Motions, and saw more of the Sex than many that are twice our Ages. I saw her undress, pray, and go to Bed. But you would have wondred to have seen, had you been there, the Ceremony that she us'd in disrobing her self. She proceeded regularly too withal, *A Capite ad Calcem*, from Top to Toe; for first off went her Head-dress, and I soon spy'd out that she had Red Hair, tho' Women usually so Powder that they often blind our Eyes; and a Man may be married a considerable while before he discovers what Colour his Wife's Hair is of, if she always takes Care to dress or undress out of her Husband's Sight. Then out came Three or Four Artificial Teeth, which she

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she carefully put into a little Box, but first rubb'd them with her Handkerchief. After that she pluck'd off her Mantua, unlac'd her Stays, and then from her Arm-pits brought out Two Sweet Bags, and from each Hip a Plumper to make her Ladiship look with Jolly Sides, which will bear a good Thrumming on Occasion. Then rubb'd her Breasts with a Fine wet Linen Cloth, and looking in the Glass, smil'd to her self, which was as much as to say, O how do these Bubbles bewitch Men, and drive 'em almost to a Madness. So after all those Troublesome Oppurtenances Petticoats, Lac'd Shooes, Scarlet Stockins, &c. which half make up the Essence of a Woman were well off, she flipt her Morning Gown over her Smock, kneel'd by the Bed-side, and implor'd of God Almighty, I suppose, to send her a good Night's Rest, and a pleasant Dream of Marriage. I being sleepy my self, stented my Curiosity, and intruded no farther on her Secrecy. Thus far indeed my Fancy led me to do, and I have learn'd Experience by it, but I was unwilling to pre upon Modesty, or disturb my Repose, by beholding perhaps those Beauties which would create me a Disquiet in Ruminating upon. Thus, Dear Ned, in a Moment we sometimes learn more than in Twenty Years. 'Tis true, I slept pretty heartily; but whenever I wak'd I could not but reflect on what I had seen, and consider'd on the Deceitfulness of that Sex, who daily by their Wiles and subtle Artifices are too hard for us, tho' we lay Claim to the Three Parts of all the Sense and Reason in *Christendom*. I protest, as Matters are (were it so decent) a Man should examine a Woman before he marries her, as a Butcher does an Ox or a Sheep, or a Horse-Market Man a Pad at *Smithfield*, that he may the better be satisfy'd that they are sound both Wind and Limb, and have

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ave the less Occasion of complaining afterwards.
nd tho' 'tis probable that we may, and some
Men daily do meet with Women that make very
ood Wives, yet, would modestly allow it, this
ustom were not amiss; and in some Countries
ere is a more than ordinary Care about Mar-
ages, and there is all Inspection made into the
ate of the Woman's Body, as well as her Mind,
hat the Male Party is to marry. And this
s indeed a great Piece of Prudence. But
am apt to believe, *Ned*, that Foreign Women
re not altogether so us'd to the many Fallacies
ur *English* Ladies daily practice, and should
v'ry one act as the Woman I have been speaking of
oes, 'twould almost make me loath the whole
ex; and you know 'tis not ev'ry little Matter
hat can draw me from the Love of a Woman.
You may thank God you have you Heart's Con-
ent, and art blest with a most Virtuous and Beau-
tiful Wife. When I shall make an Attempt to-
wards one I cannot tell; that such Blessings are
scarce the World sufficiently knows; and the
onger a Man is waiting for a good Wife, the
better in all Probability he will meet with at
last. I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours.

LETTER

LETTER XIV..

From a Lawyer during the Time of the Circuit to his Friend at London, giving him an Account of some pleasant Intrigues that he had with a Maid, a Wife, and a Widow.

S I R,

Chelmsford, Two a Clock
in the Afternoon.

THE Judges now are at Chelmsford, and you may then easily conclude that I am there too. But we have scarce Business enough here that is worth the Charge and Trouble of a Journey. The High-Sheriff is gone to the Bowling-Green, and the Judges after Dinner design to follow him, having little or nothing to do after Dinner. The Young Attorneys are quite wild after ev'ry Young Fresh-colour'd Wench they meet with in the Streets; and as for their Green Bags they might almost as well have left 'em behind 'em, so few and inconsiderable Matters are stirring in the *Nisi Prius* Court. The Counsellors they spend their Money at the Tavern, and quarrel with the Recorder of the Town for taking the Wall of 'em when they come Home to their Lodgings reeling through the Streets. For my Part I believe I have had more Diversion than the whole *Caterva Togata* put together; and being pleas'd with the Town, and some agreeable Company which I found in it, and not being altogether so great a Searcher after Money as the rest of my Profession, I resolv'd to stay here about a Month. Here it was I got particularly acquaint-

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with the Rector of the Parish, who was a good School-master, an Officer of Note, and several Gentlemen of Repute in the Town. There was Two or Three Clubs in Town, at which my company was always desir'd; and I had a great deal of Civility and Respect shewn me from the best of the Inhabitants; I soon gain'd the Character of a very Polite, Civiliz'd, Good-natur'd Gentleman; I fail'd not going constantly to Church on Sundays, or as often as there were Prayers on the Week-Days; I omitted not the Publick Dancing Nights; so that the Ladies as well as the Men by this Time learnt my Name; and I was inform'd by those who would not flatter me, that most of 'em took me for a pretty Gentleman, so that I was now grown as Publick as a Man's Disgrace when Hang'd, or a Strumper's Wickedness, by her beating Hemp at *Bridewell*, and her being whipt at the Cart's Arse. And being pretty well acquainted with the Men, and as forward almost with the Women, I thought it now high Time to bestir myself, and see how the Ladies stand affected. There was a pretty Young Lady, Tall, Slender, and with black Rowling Eyes, that I had Twice or Thrice particularly observ'd at Church, the Dancing-school, and other Publick Places, to have her Eyes very often on me. Thought I to my self, she either takes a great Liking to my Person, and would Marry me, or else belies her Character of being a Modest Maid, and would secure me to herself another Way. And on my Conscience I was a Conjuror sure to guess so well; for I had soon after sent me, before I was up One Morning, a Billet-doux from her, which her Footman brought. I shall not trouble you with all the Contents and Fine Things she said of my Person, &c. but the Substance in short was this: That she strangely admir'd me, and not only admir'd, but lov'd me

me almost to Madness. However, there was not one Word of Marriage in the whole Letter but told me where she liv'd, and that I might with Privacy see her at her Lodgings, which she desir'd I would be so kind as to do that Day. Accordingly I went as soon as I could handsomely tumble the Cloaths on my Back. I found her and her Maid, which I understood it was afterwards, at Breakfast, drinking of Chocolate. I excus'd myself for intruding at this Time. To which she turn'd a Complement, which I have forgot, and order'd her Woman to set a Chair, and then bid her withdraw. When I was seated, Sir, says she, pray do as I do, and be pleas'd to take a Dish of Chocolate with me. You wonder, Sir, perhaps, at my Rudeness, or rather Impudence, in disturbing a Gentleman, and one a Stranger to me, before he was up, by an impertinent Billet-deux. Said Madam, 'tis a Favour certainly, tho' your Meaning is a little mysterious to me. Mysterious! says the Lady, smiling, I thought you Gentlemen had been more quick at Apprehension, and then, blushing, told me she lov'd me better than her Eyes open'd a Door which led to a Chamber, in which was a Rich Bed, Stately Pictures, a Noble Structure, Fine Chairs, and ev'ry thing, in short, was agreeable to the Blushing Beauties of the Fair One, whose Meaning I began to construe. Being in her Morning Dress, she would now and then put her Gown aside, as if she would tempt me with the Sight of her Breasts, and yet never design'd it. Sometimes she complain'd her Shoes pinch'd her, and then, forsooth, she must sit down on the Couch, and not only shew me her Lac'd Shoes, but Part of her Legs, which were grac'd with Scarlet Stockings. What to think of this Business well I could not tell; but the Case was plain, I found that she was one of your Ladies

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of Pleasure, and wanted a Stallion more than a Husband. In short, I told her I was not the Person she suspected me to be, nor did I take her at her Word for what she was. Which Words very much anger'd her, the Colour came into her Face, and in a Passion she bid her Maid kick the Fool out of Doors. I smil'd at her Fury, and shall ever put it into my *Litany*, that I may be deliver'd from such a Maid. Thank Heav'n, I heard no more of her Letters, tho' I did daily of her Fame, and could not avoid very often seeing her Impudent Madamship. 'Twas a Vexation to me that she was a Lewd Woman, and a greater one that she was so Handsome. But no more of her. Now for the Wife, not much better you will find than this Imaginary Maid. There lodg'd, you must know, a Wife to an Eminent Merchant in the City, not many Doors from the Church, who was reported she had stood out several Years vigorously, tho' she was attack'd by Spruce Inns Court Gentlemen, Commission Officers, Sea Captains, School-masters, and what not, yet was never known to yeild or quit her Post, which she resolutely defended against all Opposers. One Night over a Bottle 'twas agreed upon that I should address my self the next Day to this Merchant's Wife, which Agreement was confirm'd by several Wagers for and against me; I went accordingly the next Day after I had din'd to the house, enquir'd for Madam—— who I said I was inform'd lodg'd there. The People of the house they call'd down Mrs. Betty; Mrs. Betty came down, ask'd me my Business, what was my Name, and what I would have with her Mistress. I said I, Sweetheart, I suppose you are her Maid, are you not? Yes, Sir, (says she) shall I acquaint my Mistress what your Name is? She generally requires that at my Hands before I admit any one into

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into her Presence. Says I, Sweetheart, that will be to no Purpose, for she knows me not. How Sir, answer'd the Maid, much surpriz'd, know you not? On my Word, Sir, my Lady speaks with no Strangers; I assure you, Sir, she does not give her Husband any Occasion to be jealous, but loves him most dearly; and tho', Sir, she has been very powerfully assaulted, oftner God knows than I have many a Score Times, yet she gave ev'ry one a Repulse, and lookt on no Man the more for his Rich Suit, White Perukes, and Purse of Guineas, than she would on an Old Serjeant with short Botty'd with Black Ribbon. However, prithee Sweetheart, tell your Mistress that the Gentleman who has lodg'd in Town about a Fortnight desires to have a little Discourse with her. The Maid accordingly did so, and I was then desir'd to walk up Stairs. She told me she believ'd she could well guess what brought me hither; I told her she might easily conclude 'twas Love; and that Beauty, like hers, is more attractive than the Loadstone. She smil'd at my Complement, and, fighting, said, she was married. Can that trouble you, Madam, said I? You are blest I hear with a most Loving Husband; and Ladies will not, unless they will, be under Restraint; but will fly out, maugre all Ties and Obligations. Forgive me my Freedom, Sir, tho' a married Woman I could quit all Obligations for you, and cannot forbear telling you, that tho' many attempted to Enjoy I never admir'd any so much as your Sweet Self. She shew'd me some very Fine Orange-Trees which she had in a most Pleasant Garden. Here she says she, like a Turtle-Dove, I set and moan the Absence of my Mate. Sometimes I fancy my House an Enchanted Place, my self a Poor Distress'd Melancholly Lady, and wish for some Kind Tender-hearted Knight-Errant to relieve me

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had by this Time Hints enough giv'n me that I
d a sufficient Promise of a Victory. I told her
at a Counsellor of *London* might be by this Time
me down, who waited for me, so I begg'd to
going, on a Promise to wait on her again when
Devil grows blind, that is. For tho' I might
ry Day Debauch as many Women as I have
ails on my Feet, yet you know I only love to make
ort with such Sort of Women, and afterwards
rove 'em for their Impieties. In short, I gain'd
Point, and the Gentlemen at our next Meeting
the Tavern agreed that I had won the Wager ;
that I never troubled my self to go see her af-
wards, which I was inform'd by several Hands
very much resent'd, and look'd upon me to
a Woman-Spy, and that I deserv'd to have my
s pist out for my Pains, which made me laugh
rtily, and we never forgot Mrs. *Termagant* in
Cups. Now *Thirdly* and *Lastly*, as the Par-
says, for a Touch at the Widow, who was as
dest almost as a Vestal Virgin, or a Young
n ; tho' Modesty in Widows is no more than
st ; and he that can catch the Fox with the
tings at her Tail, is as sure of her as one is
Maid who has had her by the Smock. She
s very inquisitive after what Principal Estate
d, besides my Practice in the Law ; and if I
ever married, and had had any Children ; and a
at many other Questions she ask'd me, which
de me almost astonish'd ; but you know there
generally a great deal to do before a Man can
er into a Widow's Lifts: However, having sa-
y'd her in several Particulars, I found her at
pretty flexible ; but being that Afternoon
ceive some Ladies, she begg'd my Excuse till
ht, at which Time she said she should be ex-
mly glad of my Company, and invited me to
ish of Chickens and Asparagus, and a Dish of
N Mac;

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Mackarel. Accordingly I promis'd her to come and did so; but to make short of my Letter, I told her before we parted that I was myself engag'd to a pretty Young Lady of 1000 l. Portion. She reply'd then very angrily, that I might have had more Manners than to have cheapen'd myself. I had a Design to buy; and that I should not have troubled her thus long for nothing. Thus, you see how for my own Diversion I have been engag'd, and thereby perhaps found out more of the Cunning and Policy of the Sex than I can imagine. You know the Lady I above all the World admire, love, and am to marry. You are sensible of my Sincerity to my Friends, and are sensible that I can most heartily love her on whom my Heart is fixt. Pray forget not my Services all about you, and believe that I am,

Dear Sir,

Your very Oblig'd Friend,

and Humble Servant

LETTER XV.

Philander to Sylvia, lately recover'd from Sickness.

Dearest Charmer of my Soul,

IF you heartily lov'd me, lov'd me but so well as I do you, I need not make use of many Words to express my Joy by your most Happy Restauration. Nay, Words are but

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le use in this Case, for 'tis a Joy inexpressible,
such a one as no one knows so well as my
self, yet glad should I be would my *Sylvia* be-
lieve it. The tormenting Agonies which my Soul
suffer'd during your Illness were more grievous
than those Pains you suffer'd in the Body. My
Heart sunk lower than any Misfortune, excepting
your Illness or Death, could render it. But 'tis
chiefly my Unhappiness that *Sylvia* will not be-
lieve me sincere, tho' like her I have yet recover'd
my former chearful and lively Colours, which on
my Account faded. 'Tis my greatest Misfortune
that she, whom I love as dear as my Soul, will
not credit what I have endur'd for her Sake; that
she, who is more valuable in my Eyes than the
brightest Gem that the whole World affords, re-
jects my Love, and flights all my Honourable
addresses; that she, whom only 'tis in my Power
to love, should contemn me, tho' no Ways inferiour
to her. O 'tis Cruel, wondrous Cruel and Se-
vere, and beyond Expression Sharp. Such Unkind-
ness damps all my rising Hopes, and makes me
most unhappy. It kills me almost with Despair;
Heav'n, that was your Restorer, can only
grieve me. Ah *Sylvia*, do but see those
wounds your Eyes have made; think on my pen-
sive Looks and Sighs, that sure might move any
Heart but *Sylvia's*. If she is set against my undo-
ing I am of all Men most miserable. If she re-
jects my Love, I am utterly lost, and by her
means I die. Go on, Cruel Tyrant, and Kill;
Life you would have I know, and 'tis what
I shall have, if 'tis so burthensome to you,
unpleasing in your Sight. To me my Life's
torment if you love me not, since all that my
Life can be serviceable in is the obeying Heav'n
for you. Think, Dearest *Sylvia*, on what I en-
deavour, believe my inexpressible Satisfaction that I
have

have for your Recovery, and above all, let me beg you to believe that I am the greatest Admirer and the sincerest Lover of *Sylvia*,

PHILANDER

LETTER XVI.

A Letter of Condoleance to a Lady on the Death of her much-lov'd Lap-dog and Squirrel both in One Day.

Monsieur Scarroon, Madam, has said a great many Fine Things in Praise of his Sister's little Bitch; and since I am an Honourable Servant of your Ladyships, I reckon my self under an Obligation of writing to you on the melancholy Subject of the untimely Deaths of those lately deceas'd Creatures, which your Ladyships much admir'd; that 'twas an impardonable Crime to reckon'd for your Husband to be offended at the Dog's laying his Tail at Dinner next his Plate, and your Chamber-maid to be angry for the Squirrel scratching her. Alas, tho' little Dory was by your lovely Hands, Comb'd, Wash'd, Laid to Sleep, tho' he had the charmingest Creature in the World for his Bedfellow, and is no more, grieve not, I beseech you, no more his Death than you would for that of your hand, and your Sorrow I fancy will soon be at an End; for there are more Men in the World may be made Fools of, and more little Puppies be dandl'd, and made much of in your Lap, I must confess 'twas something hard to lose

og and your Squirrel at once; 'twas a desp'rate
roke of Fate indeed, and such a one as I shall
while remember. Yet we are all mortal you
now, and the Grave expects our coming at one
me or other. Dear Madam, be comforted, cast off
our Mourning, and not only that, but your Sa-
e, Cloudy Looks. I will wait on you in the
evening, and divert you with a Game or Two at
ffer, till then Heav'n assist.

Dear Madam Farewel.

LETTER XVII.

*from an Officer at Barcelona to his
Mistress at London.*

Thank God, my Dear, we are in Hopes of
raising the Siege, and Sir *John Leake's* Fleet is
hourly expected to our Assistance. We Sol-
ers, you know, have great Temptations abroad as
well as at home; and Women. I know not what
Reason of it is, are generally very fond of a
d Coat, especially if it be Lac'd, and Dignify'd
the Wearer's Person, who is a Captain, a Colo-
nel, or some Officer of Note; yet believe me I
will not defil'd my Flesh with any of the *Spanish*
Women, tho' they are as Courteous to the *English*
Soldiers as can be, and care not I believe how soon
Lord *Galloway* enters *Madrid*. They are as Com-
mon too as a Pipe of Tobacco sticking in the
mouth of a Fat Greasie Serjeant, whose Wife is
a Whore, and wathes likewise the Shirts of those
in the Company who have any. No, my dear

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Molly, I think on you oftner than you imagine and as I am pretty well perswaded that the chiefest of our Business is over, so I am in great Hopes that I shall shortly be able to come and see you, and further satisfy you of my Hearty Affection, which I desire you to confirm no other Way than by Marriage. Our Ensign has had Two chopping Boys laid to him, and all in a Fortnight Time, by a *Spanish Trull*, who pretends that she first knew him in *England*. The Poor Ensign storms and raves like a Mad-man, solemnly swearing he never saw the Woman in his Life before, and knows not what to do in so perplexing and troublesome a Case. And indeed 'tis Vexation enough in all Reason to pay for what one never had, and be accus'd of a false Thing. I will marry thee, my Dear, and so shall the better secure thee from the Insults and Attempts of Wicked Men, and preserve unspotted my own Reputation. I hope you love me, as more than once or twice I have told me you did; 'tis those Hopes that alone support me in Heat of Battle, and they alone give me Quiet of Mind in Time of Peace. Your Sex I know is too apt to believe ours false, and oftentimes your Suspicions are groundless, and your vain Doubts unreasonable. They are the Result frequently of an Over-concern for themselves, and an inconsiderate Head-piece. My Love is too strong ever to be oppos'd, too violent to be overcome, and too sincere in its self ever to be falsify'd, or brought under question. 'Tis for your Sake more than my own I am thus Continent, I refrain not only Drinking, but the Pleasure of the Liberty which our Profession generally allows themselves of Fine Women. You are the *Venus* in my Eyes, and I care not who calls me Blinded, Love-sick, or Impartial Fool, since to Love

Honour you and the Queen is the utmost
ambition of

Your very Humble Servant.

LETTER XVIII.

*From a Gentleman in London to his
Friend in the Country, giving him an
Account of some Ill Wine which he
had lately drank. With a Short
Curse on the Vintners in Verse.*

Dear SAM,

Little thought I should have been in a Con-
dition so soon of writing to you; for as sure
as I now think my self past the worst, I nar-
ely escap'd being poyson'd by some of the Vint-
s damn'd Ingredients, which they now so fre-
quently put into their Wines. Two or Three
Gentlemen and my self, you must know, had been
walking in the *Park* in the Cool of the Evening,
being tir'd a little, we resolv'd to refresh our
selves with a Glasse of Wine, that Sovereign Re-
medy against all Cases, *Sam*, if it be good. After
a short Debate we at length pitch'd upon our
Governer; but had I known what the Consequence
should be of my going in, I would have enter'd
the Stews with as much Regret, and have run my
self as soon into the Mouth of the Devil, the House
of an ill Woman. We all of us commended the
Wine very highly, and had the Master to keep
Company, for his Honesty and Civility, as we
thought,

thought, in accommodating us with such a Choice Blessing. We were extreamly pleas'd with both our Wine and our Company, and made much of both while we had 'em, for the Glass and our Tongues seldom stood still. Ev'ry Gentleman in the Company, excepting my self, had a particular Happiness in shewing his Parts, and expressing himself; the one was good at Repartee, Jokes and Puns, another at pleasantly wording a Story, the third at lucky Thoughts in Poetry, and here you know well enough; 'tis the very same that I told you once put up for the Poet-Laureate's Place. As for my self 'tis not proper for me to draw my own Character, nor is there any Occasion of doing it to you, who know me so well. We sat so long, in short, drinking down our Destruction, that the Gentlemen of the Night with their loud Throats bawl'd out, that 'twas past One o'Clock, and a Cloudy Morning, when Pox on 'em cries one of our Company, What a Parcel of Blind Idle Blockheads they are, 'tis as Clear Moon-light as in Noon-day, or else I see double. This I may say for my self, Reason still kept its Throne, though in others I could perceive it would nod; and 'tis our Misfortune, that in Pleasant Sociable Company and over Liquor that we like, we seldom have the Discretion as to know when to part. The next Day we all violently broke out in Spots, and look'd so terrible to our selves by the Impartial Representation of our Looking Glass, that we stirr'd not out of our Chambers, and we sent our merriment to one another on Howdees, than the Ladies do when they have taken Physick to Remove some old Grudge that they bear against some Body, or a Vomit for the Spleen and Vapours. But thank Heav'n, my Friend Sam, our Looks were better daily, our Stomachs stronger, and we could discover that we did gradually gain Strength

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a Choice d tho' notwithstanding the Danger which I had
with both lately escap'd, I could not forbear going to a
much o vern; but one Night before I went to Bed I
s and ou nted these Curses against Vintners in general,
leman i us drest in Metre.

MAY those Rogues that debauch the good Sovereign
[Liquor,
which when drank makes our Senses grow quicker and
[quicker,
for ever debarr'd from the Blessings of Bacchus,
and unable to sing that 'tis he merry makes us;
may each Glass that they drink prove their Poyson and
[Death,
and so freely to all they Quietus bequeath.
may their Wives without shame follow the City Charter,
and by Cuckoldom show Rules for those that come after.
may their Horns hang before 'em, and stand in their Light
the Day, tho' in Pockets they keep 'em at Night.
may the Raskals who act without Care or 'out Fear,
polluting Rich Florence with Vile Bar-a-bar,
for ever accurst, unless by Repentance
they revoke the Severity of the last Sentence.
may their Drawers in this World never cease to abuse 'em.
and for all thrir great Chink may the Whores never use 'em.
may they one Day be drown'd in their Cellars, and blush
for their Crimes, tho' they're bang'd at their Door for a Bush.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours Affectionately.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

From a Lady to her Acquaintance at Hertford.

I Told you, my Dear, before you parted with me at my Lodgings, that 'twas as difficult to keep Love from young Women of our Years and Complexion, as 'tis Knavery from an Attorney or Stock-jobber. The Men will never leave Addressing us, and telling us the Finest Things in the World in Praise of our Beauty; tho' so many are so false-hearted and deceitful, that a Lady runs great Risque whenever she countenances an Address, tho' gilded over with the specious Pretence of Marriage. Yet these Reflections will not hold good, and in vain we often pretend to Philosophize against Love; since the utmost Strength of our Reason, which alas you know, my Dear, at the best is but weak, has little or no Force in opposing Love. When that has got the Ascendant like Wine, it governs, Reason is banish'd, and nothing is entertain'd in our Minds but the most desirable Objects of our Love: All Virgin Scruples fall off, Modesty forsakes us, Conscience sleeps, and with furious and impetuous Haste we rush into the Arms of the Man we love, then melt away in softening Pleasures; which when over, make us uneasy, and involve us in Ten Thousand Troubles. Tho' vainly, my Dear, many who are Enemies to our Sex, and such who when they've robb'd will fly, would insinuate that Honour is nothing, or at best but an idle Amusement for I am sure a Woman's Honour is something, and when that's gone she's worse than nothing.

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our Honour which we chiefly preserve, that makes our very Enemies admire us, and our Friends love us too well ever to deprive us of it, unless by Marriage.

These Considerations should make us stand upon our Guard, and be always watching; they should make us, my Dear, subtle, tho' harmless in an Amour, cautious how soon we are taken with the Gentlemen who entertain us with Plays, Balls, and Country Divertisements at *Epsom* or *Tunbridge*.

I did chiefly write this, my Dear, because as you are yet very young, and your Education has not been very great, I fear you will be too easily seduc'd by the Justice's Eldest Son; who, I am inform'd, has no Design to marry you, but has often been heard jeeringly to say, *The Wench will make a good Bedfellow for a Night, or so*. Pray take use of this Advice, which, as your sincerest friend, I have imparted to you. He, I hear, is to marry a Lady of *Oxfordshire* with a considerable fortune; so that you may little depend upon his flattering Words and Promises, which are as light and airy as his Brains; and tho' his Money 'tis thought supplies his Want of Wit, yet I hope you will have the Sense as to marry a wiser Man, and one that will make you a better Husband than a young Rattle-headed Heir.

I am, Dearest,

Your Sincere Friend,

CORINNA.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

From a Jilt at London to a Reverend Old Bard at Epsom with some few Rhimes on the Deadness of Trade by Reason of the long Vacation.

Venerable MOTHER,

With all the Obsequiousness and Love of my most dutiful Daughter I address my self to you; for I know no one who would sooner be concern'd for the Calamities I endure and no one will more earnestly endeavour to relieve me of 'em. It has been the Care and constant Study of your whole Life to instruct raw Girls in the *Adamite* Rules, and those Principles that *Father Rock* taught the Nuns. You have had more Principles than ever he had in the Cloyster, and your Doctrine was ever so easie, and withal so pleasant that she must be a very stubborn Baggage sure who could refuse to follow so indulgent a Mother's instructions.

Tho' the Theory of Love be very entertaining and the practical Part more so, yet our Trade is dead, and a lucky Hit is as uncertain as News of the Weather. 'Tis not I am sure full Two Years ago since I was courted as a Lady, handed to the *Play-house*, *Barn-Elms* and *Spring-garden*, by a Gentleman of no mean Quality; and the Aldermen of the City sometimes *Incognito* were at my *Levee* before I was up. Sometimes when my best Custom

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fail'd me, 'twas but going to some of the Inns of Court and my Grievances were soon redress'd; I had in 'em a general Acquaintance; and a Lawyer could be known almost by being in my Company. I made at one Time pretty sure of Two *Yorkshire* Rich Boobies, whose Pockets I was Mistress of; and if I did but Frown, or seem out of Humour, I had presently Two or Three Guineas put into my Gift. Several Rich Mercers on *Ludgate-hill* came frequently to my House, and if I were not enough for 'em, my Sister, who is as fresh as any Country Market-woman of 'em all, made the Second Act of the Play:

But now, God knows, if I can muster up Six Shillings *per Week* for my Lodgings, and keep my self tolerably clean in Linen, I reckon it a great thing: And whereas before the Aldermen stood my Friends, and the Best Men in the Parish up to hold me, I am now in fear of every informing Rogue, and hate the Sight of a Constable as much as a Miser does an Orphan's Ghost: I am under dreadful Apprehensions of the Lash; and to Fee the Beadles, as they expect, to escape Punishment, more than I am well able to do. And you well enough know, Mother, that your poor Whores on suffer, while Rich-kept Mistresses, and others who find daily Money coming in, ride about in their Coaches from *Exchange* to *Exchange*, and are as secure from any Fear of *Bridewel*, as she who has yielded her Favours to the Master of it. Whereas then alas, it makes me weep to think upon it, I wore my Silks, and had my rich Broades half a Yard deep upon my Petticoat, and went every Day as Fine as a Goldsmith's Wife, but now the Times are sufficiently alter'd, and I am glad if I can get now a plain Stuff Mantua, and any Thing mean that is suitable to it. A Curious *Indian* Couch I have been forc'd to part with for my

my Subſiſtance, and ſeveral Rich Goods are gone to procure Smocks to my Back. I have for the Two Months been ill, kept my Chamber, and inſtead of bringing in Money, have been at a great Expence; and the Apothecary brought me ſuch a terrible long Bill, I thought it would have brought a Fit of an Ague upon me, for 'twas real enough to have made the Hair of my Head ſtand up an end. 'Tis now that much dreaded Time called a Long Vacation; and 'tis very obſervable that the Lawyers and we are then both of us ſufficiently idle; when they are buſie, we work and when they have nothing to do, we play. The Play-houſes too they are ſhut up; and they may as well put up an Inſcription, intimating that they are to be let, ſince both the Fiddlers and the Poets there are as mute as a Fiſh; the one have removed their Airs and Crotchets to the Country, and the other their Wit to *Bartholomew Fair*; wherefore the Deadneſs of Trade, and the Poorness of my Condition, made me turn Rhimer; and one Morning it was that I wrote theſe following Lines on the preſent unhappy Juncture of Affairs, which I hope your Reverence will vouchſafe to peruſe, and coming from a very diſconſolate Daughter.

MY *unfortunate Caſe, deareſt Mother, is ſuch,*
That enough I can't ſay, or yet grieve too much
My great Customers now and good Friends do forſake

And if I know what to do may the Devil e'en take me.
One while of Informers I ſtand in great Fear,
And how to eſcape the Cart's Arſe is my Care.
Vacation is come, the Time that we dread ſo,
Since it keeps our Minds low, and our Purſes ſo too
The Lawyers, the Beaux, and fine Sparks are all gone
And for Country Diversions have left us in Town.

Nay

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ay, the Fiddlers and Poets, who follow a Throng,
to amuse some fond Fool with a Dance or a Song,
have to Tunbridge or Epsom all taken their Course,
While distrest we are left here to starve, or do worse.
To Smithfield the Drury-lane Players repair,
and I think it a Blessing if once in the Fair
can pick up a Spark, or Old leach'rous Curmudgeon,
for whom Baits I have laid to catch each silly Gudgeon.
But Money I find and good Nature's as scarce
as a good Holland Smock to a Bridewel Whore's A--
for Two or Three Weeks I have run now in Debt,
and Non-payment of't makes my House-Dame in a
[Pet.

She tells me her Rent she expects she should have,
or else she will see I'm us'd worse than a Slave.
This alas is my Case, and I'm sure 'tis a hard one,
as ever to Mother from Daughter was known.

Pray Mother send me some comfortable Advice
in this my Necessity; give me Directions how best
to steer my Course; tell me what Measures to
take, and believe that I am

Your most Obedient Daughter,

SARAH HOLDUP.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

*From a Lady to a Gentleman, who
was very disconsolate for the Death
of his Wife.*

SIR,

SINCE you so much lay to Heart your Lady's Death, who was without Dispute a most good Woman, I begin now to believe for Men honest in the World; those I mean who sincerely Love after Marriage, and be heartily sorry for their Wives Deaths: But indeed I must tell you 'twas a great while before I could bring it to be any Article of my Faith; and I had still remain'd incredulous, had you not given the Word sufficient Testimonies of your Affection to your Lady when Living, and of your Concern now Dead. Feigned Grief, Sir, was ever in Fashion, tho' it will never be just in its Practice.

'Tis a small Commendation to a Woman to bury her Husband one Day, receive Visits and play *Basset* the next. 'Tis to any Man's Discredit whose Wife is yet hardly cold in her Grave, to be seen at the Tavern like a *Bacchanalian*, when for Decency sake he had more need act the Part of a *Stoick*.

I speak not this, Sir, to you; your Prudence has prevented all Advice, and your Concern (which is real) is a sufficient Token of your Integrity. Your Lady's Accomplishments were so Noble and so Singular, that they cannot easily be forgotten by one who has any Value for Piety, good Nature

ature, or good Manners. Her Person was so
lovely, and particularly Beautiful, that one of
your Temper could not but Love her; and one so
every way Accomplisht and well Bred, could not
be heartily troubl'd at her Decease.

But yet, Sir, as Heaven, as Decency, and the
common Custom of your Country do exact a reason-
able Concern from you for such a Loss, yet grieve
not too violently, and let not your melancholly
thoughts which your Mind entertains of that Dear
creature gain too much Ground upon your Spirits.
If that it shall be any ways your Fortune or
Choice to Marry again, I wish you may (if
there is one there is) meet with as Good and Vir-
tuous a Woman. Her own Virtue is a standing
argument, and your more than ordinary Grief
in no ways add to her Praises, or make her Me-
mory more durable.

Leave then, Sir, your extravagant Grief; there
are more Women in the World, and Virtuous too,
to be had; and such as will make you happy, if
you again pitch upon that Honourable State you
late been in; which is the hearty Desire of

Your most Affectionate Kinswoman,

And very Humble Servant.

O LETTER

LETTER XXII.

*From Hodge the Miller's Son, to Pre-
ty Mrs. Lucy the Farmer's Daugh-
ter.*

I Vow, Sweetheart, I think you a most Dainty Creature, and I really think that all our Ladies who appear at Church on a Sunday are inferior to you. You run so strangely in my Mind that my Plow, over which I us'd so often to whiff, grows burthensome to me, and I can hardly be merry at a Wake or a Wrestling-Bout. I know you reflect on me often for Kissing Joan in the Dairy; but really, Mrs. Lucy, I do not know how to flatter; I have never been at Court and my innocent Familiarity with her was never I hope, taken by any one but as harmless as I myself thought it. 'Tis you alone have quite overcome me, and your Eyes have struck me down flat as I have lain a Man down when a Boxer with him. I love well enough, my Dear; and in short, if you like me as well as I do you, the Matter is made up, and our Parson shall Marry us as soon as you please: Therefore do not let us stand Higglings thus, like Two Chaps at a Mark. Your Father you know is acquainted with the Lord, I bear you, and I come not to you by Stealth. No, heartily I Love, and I will ever as earnestly Defend you when you are my Wife. I hope you think that I am true to you, and that I little regard or value other Women. No, Mrs. Lucy, I never see you but I am in a Flame; whereas I see all the Young Lasses in the Parish in the

Holyday

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Holy-day Cloaths, and not be at all mov'd at their
finery or Beauty. You have more of both than
they can pretend to; and tho' the latter may one
day decay, yet while you are mine you shall ne-
ver be without the former. Believe me, 'tis no
my Design to deceive you, and 'twill be no
small Misfortune to me if you think I have. I
love not dearer my Cattle, my Grounds, or my
Mill, in which I have thought my self more hap-
py than a Prince. 'Tis you alone, *Lucy*, that I
admire of all our Lasses, and your Marrying
will be the best Token of your Love. And
when we are once happily made One, (as they
Man and Wife are when they are Married) I
doubt not but our Friends will be extremely satis-
fied on both Sides. I tell you once more I Love
you as my Life.

Farewel,

And think well.

LETTER XXIII.

*From a Cantabridgian to his Friend
at London, with some pleasant
Occurrences, and the Character
of a University Sempstress.*

S I R,

YOU think it strange perhaps that I have not wrote to you of late; but tho' I do not heartily make an Excuse for my Writing, yet so soon as I have inform'd you of some Matters your Wonder will abate, and you are sensible at the same Time that I am one who bears you a very great Respect.

'Tis now Term Time with us, and Acts flourish about as thick as Granadoes at the Siege of Lisbon Town. A Proctor's Man looks as terrible to us as a Dun: nay, indeed he is more so, for we give him Money for bringing a Trouble upon us. The Office of a Proctor, when we are carouzing over Bowls, and helter-skelter drinking Confusion to the Devil, is as unpleasing to us as a Constable's Staff to a poor Whore, or the Sight of a *Spaniard* to a Frenchman in *Paris*. In short, when our Pockets are tolerably well lin'd, and we have a Mind to be merry, we get half a Score or more of us in Company, and get Ten or a Dozen Miles out of Town, where we are sure we are out of any Proctor's, or any other troublesome Fellow's Jurisdiction, and so can we enjoy *Old Rose*, *The Juice of the Grape*, and enjoy

elves from Sun-set to Sun-rise without any Con-
 oulance.

Net long since you must know some Gentlemen
 ent with me to *New-Market*, it being the usual
 time at which the Nobility and Gentry, for the
 diversifications of the Place, resorted thither. We
 ere mounted, I'll assure you, on Naggs above
 e Degree of University Hacks, by Reason that
 e had some Relations in *Cambridge*, who came
 o see us, who had so well furnisht us. They
 ose rather to enjoy themselves at the *Rose*, while
 e, like a Parcel of unmannerly People, left 'em
 ere, for the Lucre of Riding *gratis*, and not be-
 g at the Charge of paying at the Rate of Six or
 even Shillings a Horse. It was the Misfortune of
 e of our Company to fall from his Horse before
 e got half Way to our Journey's End; 'tis true,
 e being an unexperienc'd Rider, we did not confi-
 er him as we ought; for when once you know
 e get on a Horse's Back, we have no Respect to
 ersons, and there goes an Old Proverb in the
 World, that *Scholars and Butchers always ride the
 hardest*. Tho' indeed his Fall was no ways dange-
 ous, yet he retarded our Course, and we staid till
 is Temples were rubb'd with some Spirits, and
 e had taken a Nap. We were a little concern'd;
 ut since the Gentleman came by this Accident,
 e could not but in Civility wait his Recovery,
 d subdue Humour out of Necessity. The Gentle-
 an he took a hearty Sleep, while we enjoy'd our
 elves over Two or Three Flasks of Claret, the
 est that the House would afford.

One of our Company perceiving our Landlady's
 daughter very handsome, embrac'd and kiss'd her,
 ore heartily I believe than he ever did his Bed-
 maker, and he walk'd with her a considerable
 while in a Green behind the House. I went Once
 ut my self, after Twice or Thrice sending for him,

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to see what detain'd him thus; and this I must say that the Maid I found very Beautiful, and both of 'em at last condescended to come in and drink with us; but since his New Mistress would drink no other Liquor than Sack, we made him be at the Charge of a Bottle, and wonder'd, but that he was not at *London*, that he did not present her with a New Pair of Gloves.

By this Time our disabl'd Spark had in a great Measure recover'd his Fall, wak'd, and as was much surpriz'd at the Sight of this Young *Philosopher* as if the Sun had glar'd in his Face. Being now full wak'd, he fancy'd it an Innkeeper's Daughter who had so far pursu'd him on the Account that he believ'd he had got her with Child; which Secret at which we laugh heartily, had he never told us we should not have known.

Since our Friend was so well recover'd, we stay'd not long here; but after we had drank a Stirring cup or Two, *More Majorum*, we pursu'd our Journey, and lost no Time in Riding; at which our Gentleman grew more expert, took a greater fancy to, and could make a shift to ride the Six Miles Course on the Heath without falling. We got to *New-Market* much sooner indeed than we expected, considering all Circumstances; and 'twas a very good Fancy that we met there some of our Tutors, wretchedly mounted; and we could hardly forbear laughing in their Faces, that at the same Time we knew that we should have gone to Lectures in Philosophy; tho' it had been to little Purpose, since they attended as little as we, and were almost on the same Projects. The Races we beheld with Pleasure, the Concourse of People with Regret, and the Nobles bedeckt with Stars and Garters with Envy. We reflected sometimes on our College Chops, and dry Legs of Mutton, our crabbed Small beer and soure-fac'd Head

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and the dull insipid Conversation of an Old contented Butler, instead of a Young, Witty, Facetious Gentleman and Chaplain, that the Ladies so much admire.

However, we are seldom prouder any longer than our Money lasts; and when we have that in our Pockets we care not for a Secretary of State, a haughty Vice-Chancellor, or a troublesome Professor. If we have enough of the Precious Coin we know well enough how to be rid of 'em: And who can be merrier than we when our Purses cry Think?

After we had pretty well satisfy'd our Curiosities in seeing the Race, we went into the Town, put up our Horses at the *White Swan*, and refresh'd our selves with what the House afforded; and we were then so full of Money amongst us, that we refus'd not to pay Three Shillings for a Flask of damag'd Wine, tho' we could have better for Twen-pence at *Cambridge*. But considering the Place, and our own present Plenty, we did not much insist upon our Landlord's Demands, but spent as freely as if we had been all of us Archdeacons, or Vicars of great Profit; when, God knows, 'twas then our highest Ambition to be in Company with a Batchelor of Arts; and the Conversation of a Master was reckon'd amongst us a most singular favour. And tho' a little of this we like well enough for a while, yet you know, Sir, that young people are never better satisfy'd than when in Company with their Equals, with whom they may enjoy the Freedom of saying any Thing without Offence; or their Inferiors, who can hardly take any Thing ill.

We here, like rash Youth, who never consider rightly the Consequences of Things in their Jollity, laid so late, that we thought it adviseable to stay where we were, tho' we knew well enough 'twas

a confounded Money-sucking Place ; yet being better equipp'd at this Time than usually we are, we enjoy'd our selves the best Part of the Night over our Flasks, and had the *Lynn* Musick to play to us considerable Time. Our Harmony so alarm'd some of the Young Wenches, who were madding about the Town thus late, that truly we had them upon us on the suddain ; and tho' they heard we were *Cambridge* Scholars, yet they would gladly (they said) spend a Penny with us, and have a Dance. We thought this indeed a little odd sort of Liberty that they took with Strangers ; yet they were more of them so Pretty that we could not find in our Hearts to deny them their Requests : Admitted they were, and were roundly kiss'd I'll assure you for take a Scholar that does not love a Woman and you may hang him. 'Tis only Want of Time and Opportunity that hinders the Young Philosopher from showing his Breeding to the Fair Sex and the *Platonist* I am perswaded takes more Delight in the Practice than in the Theory of Love.

Excuse this Digression, Sir, from the Merry Career I was in ; but really I wonder we had so much Discretion as not to storm those weak Towns that lay so before us. As far as Kissing and Toying went we had our Satisfaction ; and I very often fancy that I yet feel their Lovely Kisses on my Lips ; and I was really glad that we had Philosophy enough to refrain from all Indecencies. The Lasses they drank off the Wine pretty plentifully, yet there were too many of 'em to be treated ; and indeed at the end they were so generous that they would have treated us, which we would by no means allow of. We knockt off about Three in the Morning, went to Bed, and came to *Cambridge* before Dinner that Day.

Our Friends thought they had lost us and their Horses too: The Relation of our Frolick excus'd us, and the Afternoon was spent in all the Mirth imaginable.

Discourfing upon feveral Topicks, one of the Gentlemen at laft told us of a Sempftrefs in the Strand, who had given the Pox to no lefs than half a Score Gentlemen of the Temple; with that (the related, with the Leave of the Company, the Thoughts I had of a University Sempftrefs. She (faid I) in fhort, a Woman, a meer Woman, and fuch a one that can put a good Face on any Thing. She here learns the Grounds of Natural Philofophy, and has as many Teachers as fhe has Followers. When an Old Doctor, or Senior Fellow, reforts to her Shop for fome warm Night-gaps, Flannel Shirts, or the like, fhe puts on the Gravity of a Precifian; and you may as well expect a Smile from a Man who is troubl'd with a Fit of the Cholick, as from her at that Time. When a Smock-fac'd Fellow-Commoner comes to buy fome of her Finest Handkerchiefs and Gloves, or a Rich Snuff-box, fhe puts on her beft Looks, and the moft genteeleft Airs, believing that before he goes out of the Shop he will have the Manners as to invite her to his Chamber; but when a Young Raw Freshman, juft comes out of the Country, brings a Note from his Tutor, fhe has her own Price, treating him perhaps with a Dish or Two of Tea in her Back-Room; at which the Young Man is fo pleas'd, that he runs fimpering to the College, and tells his Collegiates he is grown very intimate with Mrs. *Trinket* the Sempftrefs. She pretends a fmall Stock of Learning; and Mafters of Arts need not (fhe fays, carry their Heads fo high as to difpife her Company; when 'tis well known feveral young Gentlemen that are much their Superiors have play'd at Cards with her a whole Night. If fhe

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she be to appear in the Vice-Chancellor's Court for any Misdemeanour, she makes most of the Head of her Friends; and if she be Pretty, the Judge himself is softened, and has little or nothing to say to her. A *Yorkshire* Sharper she can never endure, because he stands higgling about a small a Matter as a Shilling; in short, because he has more Wit than to be cheated; whereas others care not how they fling away their Money, and value not a Crown for looking in her Face, or having the Favour perhaps of handing her in the Walks of an Evening. At Church you would take her for a Saint, when at Home, and in her Shop, she is a Devil, one that ought not to come into Civil Society, or to pollute the Purity of a Student's Mind, or lessen the Credit of so Venerable a Body as an University is.

Thus, Sir, I have inform'd you of what I thought worthiest your Notice; and hope that *London* is not so barren a Place, but it may afford me from your Hands, and in your Stile, sufficient Diversion. You may send me Word what Cuckold in the City designs to petition the Parliament for a Divorce, who beats who at the *Groom-Porters*; and what Alderman's Wife is generally Chair-woman on Visiting-Night at a Female Committee; what Story of Ghosts, Murders, Robberies and Catechising the *Grub-Street* Hawkers affright you withal; what cheating Tradesman is going to knock up Trade, Marry his Eldest Daughter to a Doctor of Laws, and keep his Coach in the Country, in order to be made a Justice of the Peace; what Young Academick just dignified is going to take with Smock-Simony, in order to rub thro' the World with a Pretty Wife and good Living into the Bag of gain; what Plays are on the Stocks; and what the Products of the Poets Brains are, and in what Case at this Juncture are the Two Rival Stages.

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May, there are Twenty other Things you might divert me with, provided they be closely writ in good long Letter, which would in a great Measure for a while ease me of my Hypochondriack Distemper, which I assure you, Sir, is very pre-dominant in those Parts; and indeed my Spirits are never lower than when my Pockets are so. Thus, Sir, I say you may easily discharge the Part of a Friend, and intirely oblige him who

S I R,

Your very Humble Servant,

H. D.

LETTER XXIV.

To a Gentleman who was going to Marry.

S I R,

YOU are engaged in a Matter of that vast Moment that no less than the Happiness of your Life depends upon it: 'Tis a thing too serious to be jested withal, and an Or-nance you are sensible too Sacred to be ridicul'd by Libertines. Peace of Mind is without Dispute an inestimable Blessing, but can never be had unless Parties agree; and Unity of Opinion is what makes a Marriage State most comfortable. 'Tis

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a Matter that requires Thought, and Care, and Circumspection, and is not lightly to be run over. The ill Consequences of hasty and precipitate Matches are too frequent and too apparent in the World; and the Inconsiderateness of Parents is very often the Ruin of their Children, which they indiscreetly put together, without consulting the different Humours and Constitutions of both Man and Woman, and without deliberately reflecting on the Circumstances of each: Tho' your Matters, Sir, I am sensible, are so very considerable and you are withal of so sweet a Nature, that I believe you will scarce ever abuse an honest Woman, especially since she's your Wife, unless when Wine unfortunately has got the Ascendant of your Reason; and I am fully persuaded it must be the Woman's Fault if she proves worse than she ought to be.

That Man is worse than a Brute, who, bare of a Principle of Conscience, and an Obligation he thinks himself under of following the Law of his Country, Marries a Woman without right considering, and thinks he is able to perform what is requir'd on his Part, in being True and Constant to that Woman alone, which he has made his Wife, and weighing rightly the Charge of Children which will come upon him, which as they grow up will require Expences towards their Education and Subsistence in the World. The Man that does thus, and after some few Heats of Love and Affection forsakes his Wife, is not only Unnatural, but Unchristian. Weigh rightly all Circumstances; let not Beauty drown your Reason, or the Love of her you think to Marry make you a Fool at that Time you ought to be Wisest, and most Thinking. Repentance in such a Case will be Unseasonable, and be of as little Use as a Remedy apply'd to a Man too far gone in his Disorder.

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temper. The Quarrels and Feuds betwixt you
when Married will hardly end but with your
Lives; and Grievances of this Nature are not ea-
sily redress'd. In short, Sir, Salvation and Marri-
age are the Two Things of the greatest Mo-
ment that ought to employ our Care and
Time here below; and though the one is
sooner compleated by many Degrees than the
other, yet the former requires our most earnest
Thoughts and Endeavours, and Strivings with
the Temptations of the World. This is a
Work, which if ever done, or well perform'd,
takes up our whole Life in all its Stages;
whereas the other, though in it self a very
serious Thing, may more easily be brought to
an end.

Wherefore I desire, Sir, you would serious-
ly meditate on my Thoughts, and beg you
to be sensible that they are all of them the
good Intentions of,

S I R,

Your very Humble Servant.

LETTER.

LETTER XXV.

*From a Recruiting Officer in York
to a Gentleman of the Guard
in Town, with some very Plea-
sant Relations.*

Brother Squib,

I Came down you must know with a Couple of School-masters, and to tell you the Truth the Coach and their Company was very burdensome to me. But I wonder very much they should prove such ill Company, since I have met in my Time with as Merry Parsons as a Man would desire to crack a Bottle with; and the Chaplain to our Regiment is as pleasant and facetious a Gentleman, as if he had been Breasted all his Life-time with the Ladies; and was particularly conversant with some Person of Quality's Gentleman-Usher. He will make you an Anagram, or an Acrostick, on your Mistress's Name with as much Ease as he explains a Text in Scripture, and is as well vers'd in the Poets and Wits of the Age as the Fathers of the Church. But these austere frowning Pedants thought themselves fun among their Boys, or had a Mind perhaps to practice some rigid terrible Looks before they came to their respective Schools. I could hardly get a Word from 'em in Three or Four Hours Time and Ay or No was most of the Comfort I could get from them. Therefore seeing them

starch

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March, I at every Baiting dieted my self, or
got my Landlord and his Handsome Daughter
to partake of a Glas of Wine with me. They
being Two to One, People at every Inn we
came to said that I was to blame; but I
sufficiently satisfied them that they were in an
error; and tho' I respected the Gown more
generally than we Soldiers do, yet I could no
ways make them Agreeable Company on the
road.

My Landlady at *Huntington* pity'd my Case,
(she was a brisk, jolly, burly Dame) and with
an Air of Coquetry told me there should
have been Two Young Ladies in their Room;
for which Peice of Civility I complemented
her on the Account of her Beauty, and wish'd,
she said, that she had been one of them: At
which my greasie Hostess smil'd, and look'd
greater, if possible, than an Alderman's Lady
with her Gold Chain on a Lord-Mayor's Day.
However, I bore my Grievance with as much
patience as possibly I could, and safely arri-
ved at Two Days end at *York*; which you
need not think I very much rejoic'd at, not
on the Account of a Coach, which is
most my Aversion, but such Rude Company,
I may say, which a Man doth not often
meet withal.

When I parted with 'em you may be sure willing-
enough, found my Sergeant at the Inn wait-
ing for my coming, who acquainted me he
had very good Success, and Listed that
Three Jolly Fellows, each of which was
Six Foot high; for which good News I
kiss'd him with a Crown Piece, and also
treated him with a Glas of Wine, which I
stood in need of, to wash down the
st which was in my Throat, and drive away
the

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the unwelcome Ideas that my Mind entertain'd of my Fellow Travellers.

I had not been with my Serjeant above half an Hour, but Word was brought me that an Ancient Gentlewoman at the Door desired to speak with me. One while I thought it *Molly's* Mother, whom I had left in the Straw in my last Progress at *Aylesbury*: Another while I thought it that troublesome Old Teemagant, who made such a Work with one of my Soldiers, who was the Death of several of her Hens; but who should it prove but last but an Old *Beldam*, who was her Son's greatest Enemy, because he was upon Marriage, and so thought by what was given away on the Son's Account, for the better Provision of his Wife and Children after his Decease that she should infallibly starve, and die a Beggar as soon as her Husband's Head is laid in the ground and therefore would have her Son Lister Madam, said I, what sort of a Young Man is he? Oh, says she, he is an Able, Stout, Tall Young Rogue, and is accounted the best Wrestler and Cudgel-player in the County; he will do you excellent Service I warrant you, and promote the Interest of King *Charles III.* as much as any Soldier under my Lord *Galloway's* Command. I told her I would consider of it, and so parted with her, went up again to my honest Sergeant, and was afterwards inform'd by my Landlord and others that the Woman was craz'd, and had always borne a more than ordinary Malice against this Son; so that I easily quitted all Hopes of having a Man more in my Company and was very unwilling, as you must needs think, to take any One on such unreasonable Terms.

My Sergeant laugh'd heartily at the Old Gentlewoman's Spleen, and we drank a bumper or Two to our good Success in the City.

We had not been long discoursing together in my unpleasant Journey, but I was again inform'd by *Broughton*, the honest Drawer, that Two Gentlemen enquir'd for me at the Old Tavern; so that I thought my self as full of business as an Attorney in Term-time, or a revenger about *London* Streets in dirty Weather.

I went down Stairs to see who they were, and who should they be but the Two very same Gentlemen that I went down with once in the *Oxford* Coach, whose Civility to me at the University I could not easily forget. They caress'd one another with as much Kindness as meeting Lovers after a long Absence; I presently concluded that no less than a Man of light was cut out for each other's Enjoyment, indeed it was; but still I was resolv'd my Sergeant should not leave us, since he was so industrious and careful in my Absence, and the Son of a Clergyman as well as my

We found Matter enough for Discourse, more, thank Heaven, than my dull School-masters furnish'd us with upon the Road. We were not with our Fingers in our Mouths, but Age was the Word with us, and we were intent enough on what we were about. Towards Two a Clock in the Morning in the City Waits, seeing a Light in the House, but they made Noise enough to have disturb'd a whole Street by their Knocking; the Drawer, who sat up on our Account, was fallen asleep in the Bar; and had they come in as they did, the Two Candles

that were there burning had in all Probability done no small Damage to the House. As being almost sleepy our selves, we had them up into our Room, wherein they diverted us with some of their newest Tunes, and told us what particular ones pleas'd such and such Persons in the Town. We detain'd them not above an Hour, and paid them handsomely for their Pains.

I was indeed extremely pleas'd with one of them, who was a Tall Young Man, and promised him an Halbert on Condition that he would ter'd himself; he told me that he was willing to serve the Queen as any Man that wore a Head, but that he was both a Married Person, and an Officer of the City by Profession. I was well enough satisfied with his Civil Answer, and they were all of 'em dismiss'd with Content.

I was so sleepy the next Day, that I was almost asham'd to appear in the Market-place, and left my Sergeant to do his best in finding Recruits, who was not so fatigu'd as myself with a tiresome Journey the Day before. In the Afternoon I recover'd my self, and went about the Town, encouraging those Straggling Young Fellows my Sergeant had rais'd with a Pot or Two of good Drink, and they seem'd to be extremely well pleas'd with me to the Captain.

I found very good Success in these Particulars, and I had a more than ordinary Respect shewn me by Persons of both Sexes. The Women they lik'd me for my Person, and the Men for my Bravery and Behaviour at *Bleinheim*, which they had heard Accounts enough of.

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I went in the Evening to see some Horses, which I was told were to be sold at a Village about Three Miles from the City: There were likewise Races on the Downs, and there was a great Concourse of People.

Being very Dry, I resorted to the First House that bore a Sign, and refresh'd my self with a Mugg or Two of the strongest Ale. It hapned that a Rich Old Grafier was the Landlord, who seeing me an Officer, and knowing well enough on what Account I came down, would by all Means put his Son up to me, and said that he was fittest for the Army, since he could no longer suffer with Disobedience at Home.

We drank several Pitchers of his Liquor, and I agreed to go with him to any Justice of the Peace, or responsible Inhabitant of the Parish, that I might be better assur'd of his Irregularities. And though, Sir, we use very unjust Means sometimes on this Account, yet the worst that I shall ever meet with will be the Gaining of some Young Girls under a hidden head, in Hopes of securing to her self a Brother or her Sweetheart; for when we have gain'd the Handsome Lasses our's, we are pretty sure of their Young Loves, and managing Matters at this Rate acting to the Purpose.

But when we had been before a Worshipful Justice in the Town, he severely reprimanded the Grafier for the Dislike he had for his Son, and the Grudge he bore him, and his Incivility in putting me upon an unnecessary Trouble. Nay, he was doubly Civil to us, gave us a Bottle or Two of Ale of his own Brewing, and shew'd us his Gardens, which indeed had in them those Curiosities

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that might for a considerable while entertain
Virtuoso.

We left the Justice with Ten Thousand
Thanks for his unmerited Civility to us, and
we made as many Excuses for the unnecessary
Trouble that we had put them to.

On the Downs I hapned of Two Stupid
Young Fellows, who came voluntarily to me
and told me they were desirous to pull down
the *French King*: Well said, Brave Boys,
says I, there are Two Guineas a Piece for you
and follow me, I'll make you drink the Queen's
Health lustily at my Quarters.

It being now almost Dark, I came back
to *Tork*, and thought my Time was not
spent in going, since I had brought with me
such a Booty. Our Sergeant had the good
Luck of it too to get Two more; so that
with those he had rais'd before I came down
and those which we muster'd up since, the
Number amounted up to Thirty, and upward
all of them Young, Handsome, Strong-backed
Fellows, that are a Grace to a Pike wherever
they go.

You have not, Brother, been so kind as to
write me Word how Matters stand with you
at *Windsor*, and how the Corporal's Wife
that I beat so when I was fuddl'd. But if
you continue in your Neglect, I shall either
think that our Friendship is broke off, or
you are Dead, or most damnably out of my
mour.

I think to stay not above a Fortnight longer
here, and when I come to Town I'll oblige
you rub up your Intellects with a Glass of
good *Bourdeaux* or *Florence*; 'tis that will
put Life and Soul in you, and make you
forget that Dear Bitch which you left

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kind you last Summer at *Shrewsbury*. I'll make
you turn over a New Leaf I promise you, and
rid you of your Hypochondriack as willingly as
would a Young Girl of the Green-sickness, or
an Old Miser of some Pounds that he knows not
what to do with. Pray write to me; I'll say no
more to you now, but forget not

Your Old Friend

DRAGON.

P 3

MISCEL-

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MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS
AND
Translations.

On Sylvia Bathing her self.

Orgive, Bright Charmer, since it is decreed
That *Phaon* must for Cruel *Sylvia* bleed ;
These Lines forgive, which do my Passion
[vent ;

you forgive Death's less a Punishment.

Waters chide when'er my Love you blame,

you they cool'd, in me they wrought a Flame :

Oh how could I then refuse to Love,

when on 'em I beheld your Body move !

when you did there your Lovely Limbs display,

how could I not admire if I had Power to see ?

Yes, Lovely Fair One, I your Charms beheld,
 And by your Beauties was with Wonder fill'd :
 I longing gaz'd, then sigh'd and gaz'd again,
 But Death 'tis almost to recite my Pain.
 Where are we safe? Or where the most secure?
 If thus in gentle Streams we Fire endure?
 If cooling Waters have such Powers to burn,
 And *Neptune's* Profelites do *Vulcan's* turn,
 To BATHS and WELLS we vainly then repa
 Since they the Causes of our Illness are ;
 And he in whose Breast *Cupid's* Torches reign,
 Seeks vainly for a Flood to cool his scorching Pa

*To a Friend, desiring him to write
 me Word of his Amours.*

Pray tell me, *Harry*, tell me true,
 Is *Phillis* yet as kind to you
 As once Dear *Sylvia* said she was,
 When thro' the Grove your Loves did pass;
 And little Birds transported were,
 To see th' Embraces of the Pair?
 Has *Cloe Corydon* forsaken,
 And you into her Favour taken?
 Or has she pitcht upon the Farmer,
 Believing he will keep her warmer?
 Pray how go Matters with the Widow?
 Think you your Eloquence will do?
 Or want you some Poetick Flight,
 That best may hit your Aim aright?
 Tell me, and I'll procure a Poet
 Who I'll engage, I'd have you know it,
 Shall with his Verses so beset her,
 She soon will send you a Love-Letter;

And tell you plain she knows not what,
But her poor Heart goes pit-a-pat.
A Line or Two in Charming Metre,
Subdues oft-times a pretty Creature;
And sprightly Numbers please the Sex,
While whining Letters often vex:
For he that has a Mind to woo,
Must Lover be and Poet too.
Two Weapons sometimes to prepare,
Is counted Policy in War;
For if the one proves of no Use,
The other Execution does.
And write me word what good Success
You had with pretty little *Cifs*;
Who, let me tell you, I thought mad,
For that quick nimble Tongue she had,
Which ne'er stood still, but always was
As swift as Sand in Hour-glass.
But I could ne'er since Mother bore
Me, love a scolding Whore before;
And tho' her Beauties do inflame me,
Her Tongue does Hatred raise, don't blame me.
And as I am your hearty Friend,
Pray put to Love of her an end.
Let not then Love your Reason blind,
But be as sensible as kind;
And when you go about to Marry,
Take mighty Care lest you miscarry;
For Marriage a most Sacred Thing is,
And should not manag'd be amiss:
For dread Misfortunes do attend some,
And hard's the Fate of Cuckoldom.
O may you chance never to hit
On those same Rocks others have split.
May Health and Happiness attend you,
And may a Virtuous Wife befriend you:
But good now, *Harry*, don't forget
To give me some Account, but write.

T H E
Cunning Sir:
 O R, T H E
Politick Contrivance.

A Rich Old Cuff who had in Store
 Full Twenty Thousand Pounds and more,
 Then liv'd as if he e'er did lack,
 And scarce had Shirts unto his Back;
 Whose Servants too could not dispence
 With such a share of Sustenance
 As he allow'd, and could not brook
 The stingy Measures that he took.
 But mark the Cunning of the Elf,
 Who midst of Plenty starv'd himself;
 Some Thieves one Night his House beset,
 Resolving what they could to get;
 A Servant strait ran to his Master,
 T' acquaint him with this sad Disaster;
 Told him how Matters stood, and that
 The Rogues his Money would be at.
 Bless me, is't true? Quoth Gripe, I'll go,
 Speak fair, and see what I can do.
 To 'em he went, and thus he said,
 Upon the Honour of my Head,
 Some one has misinform'd you, and
 Has not dealt with you like a Friend;
 I'm poor enough, God knows; I scarce
 Have Doe-skin Breeches to my Arse:

Since

Since it is so, I wonder then,
Most tender-hearted Gentlemen,
You thus should wander in the Night,
In Search of Gold and Silver's Sight,
Since in the Day I vow and swear
I scarce can see One Farthing here.
Over the Way go to the Justice,
You there perhaps may get a Prize,
And if you don't succeed 'tis hard,
Since Night Surprise he never fear'd,
Defies all Thieves, and says they should
Enter his House when e'er they could ;
I will be a Joke then once to try,
What is the Justice Bravery.
And lest you should think me your Foe,
I'll make ye drink before ye go.
Here, Sirrah, bring Three Flasks of Red,
When they're drank off I'll go to Bed ;
I'll drink the Gentlemens Success,
Hoping they will not do amiss ;
Gold in Abundance they will have,
And Fortune then will be their Slave :
Come honest Blades, here's to ye, come,
With you may go laden Home ;
But ne'er again mistake a House,
Or come where scarce you get a Louse.

To

*To a Lady, desiring her to give me
her Heart for a New-Years-Gift.*

THE *Indian* Mines some eagerly explore,
In search of the enticing glitt'ring Ore;
Which the fond Miser does embrace, and lyes
Down at his Feet a constant Sacrifice.
These *Persian* Silks in gaudy Colours wrought,
The Workmanship of some Young Maiden

[Thought
Admire in hopes the Fair they soon shall charm,
And each Bright Nymph of Virgin Fears disarm,
These move not me, who have a Thought above
What they so meanly do Admire and Love.
And sure it is if that *Maramia's* Eyes
Challenge our longing Wonder and Surprise.
What are the Pageant Glories of a Crown,
And those Mock-honours that attend a Throne?
What are they all? When once compar'd to you
They lose their Lustre and their Greatness too.
Give me your Heart, Bright Maid, your Heart
[d' ye hear

And be not proudly coy because y'are Fair.
And tho' I'm what I am, a Gift like this,
Might crown the Majesty of Monarchies;
A Gift so Noble, in it self so fair
And prosp'rous Omen to the ensuing Year,
That blest with it I could not fear Success,
Or doubt in any Case of Happiness.
'Tis all I ask, and if you grant me it,
You never will betray your Want of Wit;
To one that Loves, to one that Loves like me,
To condescend is Christian Charity.
'Tis now a joyful Time, and Gifts shou'd fly
Swift as the dartning Lightning thro' the Sky,

Th

That we may each good-natur'd Temper see;
And Oh, I hope as such you'll prove to me.
Think, Dear *Maramia*, what I crave, your Heart;
And as I friendly act, play you your Part.
Think not I can, or ever will, deceive
Her in whom all my rising Glories live;
Whose Beauties can bestow on me such State,
As far exceeds the greatest Potentate.
Your Heart whene'er you give, you give me all
That I below my Paradise can call:
You give your Eyes, your self, and all your
[Charms,
And rush a willing Bride into my Arms.
You give alone what Mortals can desire,
You give those Beauties set 'em all on Fire.
Give it then, Dearest, let your Heart be shown
To me, and by the Gift to me alone.

T H E

T H E
Night Adventure
O R, T H E
Country Intrigue.

Written and sent to a Friend in the City of
L O N D O N.

SOon as the Mists began to rise,
And gloomy Clouds obscur'd the Skies,
When *Luna* scarce did show her Head,
And all the Stars were gone to Bed,
Except a few, which now and then
Peep't out, and soon popt in again,
Like dying Candle in a Socket,
At House of *Pontack*, or of *Locket*,
When burly Cook-wench tir'd is
With Sweat, with Business, and with Grease,
And hardly knowing, takes a Nap,
By Fire-side in Drawer's Lap,
Thus did the Moon and Stars appear
In the dark gloomy Hemisphere;

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To Neighbouring Hovel then I went,
 With Honest Souls, and full Intent
 With cheerful Ale to be as merry
 As they who *Lisbon* drink, or *Sherry*,
 Or what they Wine think, tho' amiss,
 Which Cyder mixt with Raisins is;
 If Red, they use another Cheat,
 And with the Elder colour it.
 A *London* Tavern we abhorr'd,
 And 'twas the Pastime of our Board.
 The Vintners we wish'd Cuckold's all,
 Longing to see 'em at *Guild-hall*,
 Like Judges plac'd, with Tokens there
 Of an inferior Character.
 And 'twere not much amiss if they
 Stood near the Giants, since they say
 Giants and Cuckolds Bugbears are,
 Which Men as well as Children scare.
 In good Black George our Ale we quaff'd,
 And at such pleasant Tale we laugh'd,
 And were as merry, I may so say,
 As Maids round *May-pole* on a *May-day*.
Will's Coffee-house I'm sure could not
 Furnish us with Wit more than w' had got;
 And tho' in Country, yet our Breeding
 Than Country Putts was far exceeding.
Boccace and *Scarron* we had read,
 With Novels that make Virgin's bleed;
 At Home too we had seen enough
 To make us Rustick Folly Proof;
 And without Help of Strength'ning Liquor
 We fail'd not to confute the Vicar,
 Who a Low-Church-man grew of late,
 For Reasons that he knew in State;
 He friendly smok'd his Pipe, and told us
 What was just he would uphold us,
 But did as much e'er hate Division,
 As fearful *Welchman* does Incision;

Who

Who can't endure to see his Blood,
Altho' it be for th' *British* Good;
For *Cæsar* he in Town of *Hertford*
Voted he said on his Accord,
And made his Reader to be one
Who should help at the Election.
This Subject o'er our Host came in,
Who feeding of his Hogs had been,
A Pleasure he said he always took,
More than those who do pore on Book;
For true it is, he ne'er could Read,
Set Hand to a Receipt or Deed,
Altho' he once was chose Church-warden,
And gave his Mark for ev'ry Farthing;
Yet tho' he had not Education,
He well enough knew in his Station
To carry himself, and could behave
Himself like a *Jamaica* Slave
To any that he thought Superior,
And knew what 'twas to be Inferior.
He said the Clergy he respected,
And wonder'd they were so neglected;
He for his Part did oft invite
Parson on *Sunday*, and delight
To hear him tell a Merry Tale
Over a Glass of humming Ale.
But this indeed I told the Vicar,
I lov'd not Preaching over Liquor;
That Wit would never flow at Will
As long as e'er the Glass stood still;
Therefore advis'd him as a Priest,
To pardon this my well-meant Jest.
He follow'd soon what I had hinted,
And with the Thought was well contented.
In short, our Host had pretty Daughter,
Which made in Faith my Mouth to water.
Her Waste I'm sure was scarce a Span,
The loveliest little Rogue for Man

As I e'er in my Life beheld
 On *Easter-Monday* in the Field,
 When Lasses meet to play at Ball,
 And Youngsters do for Kisses call,
 There was in each Eye such a Dart,
 As without Mercy pierc'd my Heart;
 Her pretty Bubbies, that did swell
 Like Swans, when sporting in Canal,
 Bewitch'd me so I know not how
 To Sleep, or Drink, or what to do;
 The Pretty Maid, when I look'd on her,
 Strait Blush'd, and went away the sooner;
 My Quick-set Eyes she could not bear,
 Nor could I without Flames see her.
 Her Father not well knew the Matter,
 Her saw Disorder in his Daughter;
 He lik'd not me too, or my Looks,
 But put me soon out of his Books;
 To me he said, Sir, what you mean
 With half an Eye may soon be seen;
 And tho' like some I am not learn'd,
 My Living still I ever earn'd
 With Credit and good Reputation,
 Tho' mean enough, God knows, my Station.
 My Daughter, tho' not Rich, is pretty,
 As any Lady in your City;
 Those who in Fine Cloaths resort
 To Park, the Play-House, or the Court;
 And is more honest I believe
 Than they who in great Houses live;
 I'll ne'er turn Whore, I'm sure of that,
 As sure as Dog does hate a Cat:
 Therefore Good Gentlemen depart,
 My Daughter has reserv'd her Heart;
 To come and Drink I grant is Civil,
 But Daughter-stealing is the Devil.

On the Death of a Lady's Monkey.

LET *Lesbia's* Sparrow be no more the Theme
 Of Fond Reciting Poets, since the Name
 Of *Cloe's* Monkey, which deserv'd our Praise,
 Will more our Wonder, and our Numbers raise.
 Oh how the Pretty Creature oft would creep,
 And hug his Mistress as she lay asleep,
 And hold her to him in a kind Embrace,
 Now with her Bubbles play, now stroke her Face
 Ten Thousand little taking Tricks he'd play,
 And please his gen'rous Mistress Night and Day
 Charming in Mischief 'twas, and when he e'er
 By angry Looks shew that some Storm was near
 Or when he ever broke a Looking-Glass,
 Or *China* Dishes, strait by some Grimace,
 And Smiles his Lady lik'd, he could soon appease.
 While Blame sometimes was laid upon the Maid
 Who tho' she saw how Matter stood, yet said
 She very sorry was for the Mischance,
 And often too alledg'd her Innocence.
 Cunning it was, and like a subtle Knave,
 On Visitings his Secret Place he'd have;
 He knew what Ladies gave his Mistress Spleen,
 And if he could would make her well again;
 Save her th' Expende of Purge, or letting Blood,
 Which sometimes Fancy does, tho' to no Good
 But, Ah! his little Tricks and Sports are done,
 He's dead, no more is seen, and quite is gone
 His Smiles are o'er, and his Bewitching Face,
 (For so indeed it to his Mistress was)
 From our admiring Eyes is hid, and lyes
 As all One Day must cold Death's Sacrifice.
 Altho' he be, let not your Grief exceed,
 Or more for him than for your Husband bleed

Tho' he perhaps did more Diversion give,
 Than he who does a Dotard-like survive,
 Let well consider that a Monkey is
 No Christian, and can have no Happiness.
 Consider Marriage Sacred all allow,
 Fear, and yet I hope you do so too :
 Concern is mean then in so small a Case,
 And Tears upon a Calf betray an Ass ;
 O Madam (you forgive that thus I'm free,
 And deal with you with plain Simplicity)
 Be much to blame, than Monkeys more unwise,
 For their Deaths Tears fall from your Bright
 Eyes.

Monkeys w'ave enough in any Shape,
 And ev'ry Bush-wigg'd Beau is sure an Ape ;
 As Tricks too which I fancy can't but please,
 When on your Downy Bed you lye at Ease.
 Asses, Monkeys, make up all Mankind,
 Men be not for the Love of one so Blind,
 Where soe'er you go, in ev'ry Street,
 Any time you'll fail not these to meet.

On an Infant Sleeping on a Couch.

Vainly do Poets sing *Astrea* Fled,
 In you she Lives, tho' seemingly you're Dead ;
 Sleep Death's Image is, and w' almost mourn
 All freed from *Morpheus's* Arms you do return,
 And prove by all those pretty Signs in you,
 That Innocence and Love are still below.

On our Glorious Successes in War under
the Reign of Her Majesty Queen
A N N E.

AT Anna's Call the British Troops Advance
While Marlborough points 'em out the Way
to France;

Shews 'em the Mischiefs which they must remove
While they obey with all the Soldier's Love;
Through Danger's rush, and in a Warlike Heat
Resolve they'll nobly Die, or else be Beat;
But Vict'ry tends their Arms, and Wars Success
Will force the Gallick Monarch to a Peace.

'Tis A N N A's Right to triumph in the War,
And Jove is now no longer Thunderer.

She Thunders all, her Ecchoing Trumpets sound
A N N A and Churchill shake the Trembling
Ground:

Her Thund'ring Drums their Dreadful Noise
repeat,

And A N N A, tho' a Queen, is in her Majesty
rough Great,

For Conquests upon Conquests crowd so fast,
Proud Lewis's Kingdom has not long to last;
His Head must stoop, his Glories all fall down
And Victims lye at A N N A's Awful Throne
And tho' he proudly often does prepare
Fierce Engines, and Loud Instruments of War,
He dares not meet the Fatal Thunder there.

To a Friend, desiring his Company to
Supper. In Imitation of Catullus
Epistle to Fabullus, Lib. I.

If Business will my Friend permit
You to forsake your Rural Seat,
And sup a Night or Two with me,
You'll be convinc'd I do not Lie,
But mean to treat you as a Friend,
And if you'll come, why there's an End;
But prithee don't forget to bring
My Wife, that does so sweetly sing,
And is so witty too, 'tis said,
That Wagers I am told are laid,
The Wits at *Will's* she will o'ercome
Soon as Fair *Nymph* in *Christendom*:
And bid her bring her Softning Lute,
While you divert me with your Flute.
Thus we'll the tedious Minutes pass,
And I've at Home a nimble Lass;
Who, tho' I say it, Sir, can Dance
As well as Lady come from *France*.
When tir'd with this, we will sit down,
And drink a Health to *ANNA's* Crown:
To *ANNA*, our most Gracious Queen,
To Conqu'ring *Churchill* and *Eugene*;
And Bumpers quaff to *Galloway*,
Wishing King *Charles* may get the Day.
While he Sole Monarch rules *Madrid*,
And *Anjou's* forc'd his Head to hide.
The Earl of *Peterborough* too
We'll not pass by as some Men do;
Who tho' our Conquests do surprize,
Are always *ENGLAND's* Enemies.

Come, come for Shame, I know you'll do it,
 You have good Nature, and will shew it;
 Ye're welcome I have told you, and
 I can e'er my Friend command,
 He'll come, and will his Friendship shew,
 And bring along his Lady too.
 Nay, more, an Ancient Ointment I will give ye,
 Which on my Word you may believe me
 So wondrous sweet is, that 'tis thought
 The like by no one can be bought;
 The Graces who do shew their Duty,
 And wait upon the Queen of Beauty,
 Gave it my Mistress, and I ne'er
 Can smell it, but I think on her,
 Tho' she, God knows, Sir, dy'd long since
 In all her Youth and Innocence:
 So sweet it is, I dare to say
 You'll wish to smell it Night and Day,
 When once it to your Nose has come,
 And felt th' Effects of the Perfume.
 When this is done, you'll beg I'm sure
 Of *Jove* you Noses had all o'er.
 Pray then, my Friend, do not forget
 To come and bring thy Wife and Wit;
 And tho' I've nam'd her oft, ben't jealous,
 For if you do, you blow the Bellows
 To Passion, which unruly is,
 And always ends in what's amiss;
 Come therefore, and be not afraid,
 Your Wife for me shall be a Maid.

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*On a Miser, who by his Servants was
found Dead in a Chest half full of
Gold.*

A H Hapless Slave! Didst think thy Gold
could save
Thy Wretched Ling'ring Carcass from the Grave?
No, Fool, altho' your Pray'rs you often said,
And to your Gold strict Adoration paid,
Cold Death surpriz'd you with his Icy Hands,
And made your Money's quit for his Commands;
But pleasanter I'm sure you ne'er could die,
Than in th' Embraces of your Deity;
A Sweeter Fate you could not undergo,
Than to die for him, in his Temple too.

On the Death of an Infant.

Its EPITAPH.

H E R E lyes an Infant, who could never guess
What 'twas to be to Death a Sacrifice;
Tho' born into a sinful World, yet dy'd
Without the Tincture of its Lust or Pride.
Who therefore treads hereon let him take heed
He don't disturb the Ashes of the Dead,
Since Innocence, when once departed hence
In Quiet, loves to lye like Innocence.

*On an Old Gentleman who having long
us'd himself to tie his Shooes with
Tape, did presently after his Knight-
hood wear Silver Buckles.*

AV'rice we say is such a Vice, we ne'er
Can truly draw a Miser's Character;
So wretched 'tis, we cannot well descry
The Sufferer's Slavery, and his Misery.
Honour we see sometimes, altho' on Force,
Can make the Miser quit his Sordid Course;
Our Gracious Queen can never do amiss,
If Knighthood she confers on such as these,
Since like Ambitious Slaves the Fools will fall,
And 'stead of Miser act the Prodigal.
Their Nature's Change; for Honour alters Mind
And has Effect on Men in several kinds.
On him I'm sure a Miracle it wrought,
Had he not knighted been, he ne'er had bought
The Buckles, who so stingy was before,
He sometimes did not tie his Shooes; nay, more,
If that by Chance he did, 'twas with Regret,
And grudg'd the Charge in Tape that he was at.

*On Two Young Wenches, who ran stark
Naked for a Smock.*

Women mysterious are, and when we take
A Wife, we Marry e'en for Marrying Sake
With Artful Dress they gazing Fools deceive,
Who are so fond they easily believe;

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Their Cloaths admire, and in a Gawdy Dress,
Think ev'ry Woman has an Angel's Face ;
But here's no Cheat, the Lovely Scene is clear,
Our Longing Eyes convince us they are Fair:
The Bright Contending Maids so briskly move,
Tho' but One gains the Smock, they Both gain
[Love.

*The Quack-Doctor's Speech, deliver'd
from his Publick Stage in the Mar-
ket-Place.*

Soon as his Worship well had set
His Wig in Order, and in State,
On Stage had taken a Turn or Two,
As Galen's Bastards always do,
And given Orders to his Zany
To shew his Wit if he had any ;
After he had harrang'd the Croud,
And told 'em what was for their Good,
Then with a screw'd up Grinning Face,
Much like the Picture of an Ass,
Began : Believe me, Gentlemen,
As I am here, not One in Ten
Is able, like me, to Relieve ye,
However other Men Deceive ye :
My Business here in coming is,
To bring you Health and Happiness,
Which is contain'd within this Packet
For each sick Mortal that does lack it ;
I think him happy who has Sence
To purchase it at small Expence ;
And small indeed it is, since here
The Treasures of the Antients are ;

Whose

Whose wise Directions I thank Heav'n
 Have me sufficient Knowledge giv'n;
 A pretty Way I now can see
 In Physick, and in Chirurgery;
 Know ev'ry Sinew, ev'ry Bone,
 Even from the Head unto the Groin.
 All Ills I readily can cure too,
 That thro' the Mass of Blood do flow.
 Diseases in the Young or Old,
 Howe'er malignant, I dare hold
 My Life, I cure 'em in a Trice,
 By Purging of you Once or Twice;
 Or in some Cases letting Blood,
 Which *Paracelsus* holds as good:
 Or if these fail, I have a Charm,
 Which tye about your Neck or Arm,
 Will make you almost other Creatures,
 Your Constitutions change, and Natures;
 But for the better all I'm sure on't,
 Or else Egad there's nothing in't.
 This Pacquet here, which oft I've sold
 At *Venice* for a Piece of Gold,
 In *England* often for a Crown,
 Sure as Five Shillings make up One,
 I give away I now may say
 For Charity, and not for Pay.
 I ask but Sixpence, 'cause the Poor
 Can't well afford to give much more;
 Tho' here Six several Medicines are
 Which I with Cost and Pains prepare;
 Yet knowing that 'tis Charity
 T'affist Folks in Necessity,
 I sell 'em cheap, nay, give 'em almost,
 So small and trivial is the Cost.
 First then my Pills I here present ye,
 And do not doubt but they'll content ye:
 In Head or Stomach, if y'are ill,
 My Pills give present Ease, and will

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Your sickly Appetites enable
To play their Parts at Landlord's Table,
And you'll so hungry grow o'the suddain,
You'll have no Mercy on his Pudding.
Who then would be without 'em, since
He have 'em may at small Expence?
The next in Order is my Box
Of Sovereign Powder for the Pox,
Clap, and all sharp Venereal Pains,
Such as the Running of the Reins,
And Twenty more which wreck the Head
And Back when up, or when in Bed,
This Powder strait will make you sound
As any Virgin can be found;
Take it in Wine, in Ale, or Cream,
The Operation's still the same:
Each of you then of either Sex,
May without Danger intermix.
Next is my Oyntment so renown'd
For healing Bruise, or Cut, or Wound,
Whether by Fall, or Sword, or Hatchet,
You chanc'd unluckily to catch it:
The Place affected this will heal,
And in an Instant all is well.
Next here's a Water for the Eye,
Gripes too will cure both wet and dry;
The Cholick and the painful Gout
As soon as well apply'd 'twill rout,
Will give the Patient present Ease,
And turn his Torments into Peace.
Next is my strengthning Plaister, which
Has never fail'd to cure the Itch,
Altho' you ha't to that Degree
You scratch your selves perpetually;
This when apply'd will with a Jirk
Perform the Cure, and do your Work:
Nay more, other Virtues belong
To it, it makes an Old Man Young,

A weak Man strong, and shews him how
He may like sturdy *Sampson* do.
You then who Weakness often get,
By lab'ring early or when late,
Should never be without it, when
'Tis of such Use to Working Men.
The last a Noble Present is,
The Value's great, tho' small the Price,
A Necklace 'tis for Wives and Daughters,
To keep th' unruly from their Quarters ;
A Present which if to 'em given
Will make 'em spotless go to Heaven.
Can you then grudge to buy it, since
It will preserve their Innocence ?
Ben't your own Enemies, I'm sure
You ne'er met with the like before ;
Buy cheerfully, and let me see
You do respect my Charity.

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Martial Redivivus:
OR, THE
English Epigrammatist.

Quid rides ?

Mutato Nomine de te Fabula narratur. Hor.

EPIGRAM I.

On the many Glorious Successes in
QUEEN ANNE's Reign.

W HEN ANNA frowns some dread-
[ful Storm is near,
As when by Clouds in gloomy He-
[misphere,

We strait conclude the watry Element
Like struggling Infants labours to have Vent;
Her Stern Majestick Looks at once declare
With *France* a Conflict, and Success in War.
Triumphs

238 Martial Redivivus : Or,
Triumphs on Triumphs do attend her Throne,
And all agree the Thunder is her own.
What Subject then can be an Enemy
To Her, since thus we live by ANARCHY.

EPIGR. II.

*On a Knife-Grinder who died Two Days after he
was Married to one Mrs. Stone.*

Wonder, or wonder, not it is all one,
Poor *Thomas* made his *Exit* at the *Stone*.
Tho' he had Two, he yet must have One more,
Then she will like him better than before.
Since such blunt Weapons he had of his own,
They were by no Means fit for such a *Stone*.

EPIGR. III.

The DISPUTANTS.

TO no Purpose we talk, and in nothing agree,
Followers indeed of Sophistry!

EPIGR. IV.

On a Young Lady whose Name was WILLING

IF Smiles be any Sign of your Good Will,
I find, kind Fair One, you are *Willing* still.
If good or bad at any Time I put
To you, and ask you to turn Whore or Slut,
Y'are *Willing* then you say, and when in Bed
You are, without, or with your Maidenhead,
Y'are *Willing* when I take it, and when gone
You can't but say you are a *Willing* One.

EPIGR

The English Epigrammatist. 239

EPIGR. V.

*On the Motto upon Her Majesty's Coronation Medals,
viz. Vicem gerit Illa Tonantis.*

IF Mighty Jove's Auspicious Reign be o'er,
To thunder is alone in Anna's Pow'r:
Proud Ruling Tyrants her fierce Arms subdue;
Thunder she sends as well as Lightning too;
While 'twixt 'em both a dire Eclipse is seen,
And Albion views a Goddess in a QUEEN,
Which causes Gallia's Sun to disappear,
And ANNA's Arms proclaim the Thunderer.

EPIGR. VI.

*On a Taylor who died of a Surfeit he got by Eating
of a Goose.*

THIS wondrous strange, though true, that he
[should meet
With Death from that with which he was so great.
Friends fall out, what must we think of Foes?
That no one ever thought it of the Goose;
Tho' Heav'n perhaps determin'd and design'd
This, for long Bills, should one Day prove his End.

EPIGR. VII.

*On a Lady who broke her Glass after she had lookt
in it.*

WELL knowing before the true state of her Face,
She had the less Reason to look in her Glass;
Unless she believ'd that 'twould silently show,
Every Time that she lookt, more Charms than she
[knew:
But

240 Martial Redivivus: Or,

But seeing at last that her Glass would not flatter,
No more than the Men who knew more of the Matter,
In a Passion she broke it, and so did discover
That she thought her ill Face was no Bait for a
[Lover.

EPIGR. VIII.

*On an Ugly Lady who had a Sweet Voice and Skill
in Musick.*

'TIS Pity Art and Nature disagree,
And Sylvia's Face make less her Harmony;
If then she would Admiring Lovers warm,
Her Musick, not her Presence, 'tis must charm.

EPIGR. IX.

On a Sexton who complain'd of Physicians.

NE'er fear, honest Soul, your Vocation will speed
Since not by the Living you live, but the Dead
For Physicians I'm sure kill more than they save
And then y'ave no more to do than make their Grave

EPIGR. X.

Written on a great Scold's Tomb by her Husband.

T Read gently, Passenger, whoe'er you are,
And what I once did, I'd have you to fear;
For if you should disturb her in her Rest,
You'd soon discover how I once was blest;
Her nimble Tongue will ring you such a Peel,
'Twill make you stare, and with Confusion reel.
Nay more, she will so serenade your Ears,
You'll hardly hear the Bells that ring to Prayers.
Rouze not the Lionness then if you'd be
In a whole Skin, and from all Clamour free.

EPIGR

The English Epigrammatist. 241

EPIGR. XI.

*On the Death of Madam Tempest, who dy'd on
the Day of the late most Dreadful Storm.*

THE Jarring Seas a Dire Commotion have,
And each Wave for another makes a Grave ;
No Wonder then that Angry Winds should know
The feircest Lightning was in *Tempest's* Brow ;
Beauty, like hers, with ev'ry Frown could kill,
And she was wanting to obey their will,
That through the Globe they might in Triumph ride
With greater Fury, and with greater Pride.
And tho' no brighter Beauty could Surpize,
Yet from her Death Ten Thousand Tempests rise.

EPIGR. XII.

*On a Fury of Matrons, which was empanell'd to
find out if a Woman who was Sentenc'd to Die
was quick with Child or not.*

THE Sentence o'er, confid'rate Matrons meet,
As Politicians 'bout Affairs of State,
Who do their Matter to Conclusion bring,
And after some Debates agree the Thing ;
But what they search, whatever they intend,
They cannot Fathom, since it has no end.

EPIGR. XIII.

*On a Butcher who Married a Quaker, who made
him a Cuckold.*

Told thee *Harry* what would be thy Lot
When first you did invade the Petticoat ;
Then blame your self since Matters then prove so
As heretofore I told you they would do :

R

In

242 Martial Redivivus: Or,

In such a Wedding where's the Harmony,
Since Flesh and Spirit never can agree?

EPIGR. XIV.

On the Death of a Lawyer.

Here Lyes that once litigious Man, who ne'er
Tho' Law he practis'd, stood of Law in fear,
Death summon'd him at last unto the Court,
Where all Men one Day in their Turns Resort;
By *Habeas Corpus* he is sent to Jail,
And Death, his Bailiff, never does take Bail.

EPIGR. XV.

*On a Ladies Misfortune of having her Smock
burnt. .*

THE Diff'ring Elements do always jarr,
And wage like adverse Parties doubtful War,
Yet Fire with Fire, Water with Water find
Agreement, as they sympathize in kind;
No Wonder then the Flames did come so near
That Beauteous Frame, where Thousand Fires are

EPIGR. XVI.

On a Clergyman whose Name was Battle.

HIS Callings Peace, and yet his Name found
What does his Name and his Profession jarr?
He Fights 'gainst *Satan*, let the Wonder cease,
For such a War becomes a Man of Peace.

EPIGR

E P I G R. XVII.

On the Two Glorious Battles at Blenheim and Ramillies.

AS when the Swan a mournful Dirge does sing,
Which like some Messenger its End does bring,
So *Blenheim's* Trophies did foretel the Fall
Of *Lewis*, and Proud *Gallia's* Funeral.
And that we might not fail of wish'd Success,
The Ruins we behold in *Ramillies*.

E P I G R. XVIII.

On our Saviour on the Cross between Two Thieves.

IF Virtue in a *Medium* does consist,
And he who Virtue follows so is best,
We can't but own if ever we agree,
A *Medium* makes in Virtue Harmony;
But that it then, as it must be confest,
If e'er it did, in *Medio* consist.

E P I G R. XIX.

On HORNS.

WHene'er the vicious Wife defiles the Bed,
What makes the Man wear Horns? Be-
[cause he's Head.

E P I G R. XX.

*Written under a Young Lady's Picture whose Name
was Hill.*

NOT *Ida's* Top was e'er so Bright a Place,
Altho' Three Goddesses that Hill did grace,
R 2 When

244 Martial Redivivus: Or,

When judging *Paris* gave away the Prize,
As he their naked Charms best lik'd, and killing Eyes.
Had you been there the Apple you had gain'd,
And *Paris's* Judgment soon had been your Friend;
Th' admiring Swain would gladly ever dwell
With you, most Proud to feast on such a *HILL*.

EPIGR. XXI.

To a LADY.

M Adam, you cannot tell how great's my Flame,
My Love is honest, *Honest* is my Name:
Your Eyes give Death, your Lips do Life restore;
So would I gladly die to live the more.

EPIGR. XXII.

On Pallas's his seeing Venus in Armour.

Pallas the Beauteous Goddess arm'd beheld,
As if prepar'd for Combat in the Field,
To fight with *Mars*, the furious God of War,
Since bloody War and Beauty always jar.
The Goddess she beheld but with Surprise,
And saw unusual Fury in her Eyes.
Now for the Prize we will contend, (says she)
And *Paris* shall be Judge and Stander-by.
T' whom *Venus* thus reply'd, Vain Thing give o'er,
I naked was when thee I beat before;
My Armour laid aside I shall be she
Who will again from you gain Victory;
Ten Thousand Judges will give me Applause,
And if th'ave Eyes I'm sure to gain the Cause.

EPIGR.

EPIGR. XXIII.

On a Lady who tho' unskill'd in Swimming, was miraculously sav'd in a Storm at Sea, and carried to Shore.

NO Wonder, Fairest, that each conscious Wave
At last contended which of 'em should save
Your precious Life, since *Thetis*, which beheld
Your Brightness, knew that *Phæbus's* Rays must
[yield

To you ; and tho' on her at Night he lays
His Head, after h'has run his Course a Days,
To *Phæbus* strait her Fondness she gave o'er,
And out of pitying Love brought you to Shore.

EPIGR. XXIV.

On the Marriage of Mr. Congreve to Mrs. Bracegirdle.

HERE Wit and Beauty join, and who can say
There is a Couple Prettier, or more Gay ?
She with her Charms and Voice ensnares the Pit,
While he's applauded for his Lines and Wit.
They cannot fail most Fortunate to prove,
Since as they Pity move they both should Love.

EPIGR. XXV.

To a MISER.

WHAT dost thou hug thy self, and think to find
'Midst all thy Riches any Peace of Mind ?
Thou canst not: Notwithstanding all your Store
You are not Rich, but Wretched still and Poor.

246 Martial Redivivus: Or,

EPIGR. XXVI.

M^{Auris} kills more than all the College can,
And yet he passes for an honest Man.
Nor Law nor Punishment he need to fear,
Law is the least of a Physician's Care,
Because his Murthers are not always found,
They are so often bury'd under Ground.

EPIGR. XXVII.

On a great Drunkard who died of a violent Fever.

Here lyes the Man whose vicious Life did pass
From Morn till Night between the Pipe and
[Glas;

Such mighty Draughts he drunk, as if he knew
He could devour his Grave, and Death subdue:
But the grim Messenger, who soon or late
Brings all Men to inevitable Fate,
Knowing the Devil to be adry, and Hell
A Place where burning thirsty Mortals dwell,
Convey'd him thither, that he there might be
Vintner in chief to Satan and his Fry.

EPIGR. XXVIII.

On Gripe the Usurer.

HE wisely gave away all from his Heir,
That so he might not shed one feigned Tear.

EPIGR.

EPIGR. XXIX

On this Expression of Horace ;

Quid rides ?

Mutato Domine de te Fabula narratur.

AND why so wondrous pleas'd I pray ? I guess
You think that in your self there's nought
[amiss ;

Mistake me not, then view the Glass once more,
You'll spy out Faults you never did before :
Read well a Book, and soon you will find there
Your Picture lively drawn, and Character.

EPIGR. XXX.

*On Mr. Farquhar's Ingenious Comedy, called,
The Recruiting Officer.*

WONDROUS your Art in this New Play is shewn,
For Poets Wit y've rais'd, for Criticks
[none.

Recruits like yours will e'er unquestion'd pass,
And look for Wit or War *France* in the Face.
A double Conquest we seem to gain there,
Their Wits are silent, and their Soldiers fear.

EPIGR. XXXI.

*On an honest Yorkshire Innkeeper who died at
Cambridge.*

SHED a Tear Scholars all on his Tomb since he's
(gone,
Who so oft with a plentiful Glass
Would

248 Martial Redivivus: Or,

Would say come let us drink since the Time is our
 And a Fig for the Temperate Afs. (own,
 He knew nothing like it enliven'd your Parts,
 And made your Wit the quicker,
 And therefore he soon gain'd the Love of your Hearts
 By drawing you always good Liquor.
 Tho' he knew that sometimes no Money you had,
 He never refused to trust,
 And therefore I think you are drunk or mad
 If you pay not Respect to his Dust.
 The *Yorkshire* good Soul lov'd his Bottle and Friend
 As long as he ever was able,
 Till Death told him 'twas Time to make an End,
 And bad him knock under the Table.
 Since his Company then you no longer can have,
 And those pleasant Moments are past,
 Shed Tears, or pour some good Beer on his Grave,
 And remember your Friend to the last.

EPIGR. XXXII.

*On a Miser's inviting a Gentleman to Supper, who
 said he was come too late; the Gentleman made
 this Answer.*

YOU mistake, Sir, I think, I'm come not too late,
 Since I nothing can see but an empty Plate;
 And therefore do see the Pretence of your Feast
 Was more to shew that you would make me a Jest.
 Since nothing y've got too soon I am come,
 Tho' empty and vex'd I return too late Home.

EPIGR. XXXIII.

To a Lady who pretended to be over Modest.

PRoud of your Killing Eyes and Virgin Charms,
 You shun the Thoughts of any Lover's Arms;
 You

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You would not for the World be lewd you say,
Altho' like Twenty more you know you may :
Give then these modest idle Scruples o'er,
You would be lewd but 'tis not in your Power :
Yet to determine if or no you will
Accept the Tempter's Offer, or do well;
When y'ave been askt a while the World will see
The Truth or Falshood of your Chastity.

E P I G R. XXXIV.

A Lady's Answer to a Fop who Courted her.

I Must confess, Sir, you are very Fine,
But you must ne'er a Husband be of mine:
Your Wigg and Sword are both Genteel enough,
But when one well reflects they're silly Stuff;
And tho' with them you something do appear,
Yet naked I do not know what you are.

E P I G R. XXXV.

On Death and Marriage.

N O Wonder Death we do so often fear,
Since a dark Passage 'tis to God knows where;
And when Man takes a Wife he knows not what
He Marries, I am satisfied of that.

E P I G R. XXXVI.

To the Duke of Marlborough.

W Hat may we not expect, Great Sir, from you,
Who as you say the Word so you subdue?
Your Conduct's great, your Courage is no less,
Both which do *Albion* in a General blefs.

May

250 Martial Redivivus : Or,

May Conquests then attend your Warlike Flame,
Since Gallia's Terrors lye in Marlborough's Name,

EPIGR. XXXVII.

On a Lady who could sleep when she would.

IS't true, Young Lady, what I've often heard
Abroad of you from some repeating Bird?
If it be true you sleep whene'er you will,
You need no other Med'cine when y'are Ill;
Since Learn'd Physicians hold it ever true,
Sleep sometimes does more Good than they can do,
Nor do I wonder, since they often cast
Men into such a Sleep as proves their last.

EPIGR. XXXVIII.

On seeing a Lady bathe her self at Tunbridge.

COld Nature the refreshing Water flies,
And wond'rous Warmth receives from you
[white Thighs
Then wretched is the Lover who comes here,
Thinking to shun the Flames, he comes more near

EPIGR. XXXIX.

*On the King of France's Singing Te Deum's for
Victories lost.*

Lies speak false so often, scarce we know
When Lies they tell, or really speak true :
Thus for lost Battels France Te Deum's sings,
And puts a Mock upon the KING OF KINGS.

EPIGR

EPIGR. XL.

To a Lady who told me that she knew not what Love was.

TIS strange indeed that you should ign'rant be
Of Potent Love, or Love's Felicity.

Let me persuade you to look in your Glafs,
View there your Lovely Eyes and Beauteous Face,
And when the Sun its Brightness does display,
In your loose Garments your Fine Breast's survey:
Nay more, at Night when you are quite undrest,
And going to lay down your self to rest,
Behold your **Secret Charms**, which none e'er
[knew,

And only, only are reveal'd to you;

Then tell me (if you can) you know not Love,
Which of so Bright a Frame in ev'ry Charm does
[move.

EPIGR. XLI.

*On a Merry Cobler who died as he was Celebrating
with his Brethren the Memory of St. Crispin.*

Y E Sons of rotten Leather, who in Stall

Repair weak Soals with End and searching Awl,

Let fall a Tear or Two on the last End

Of him who did as many Souls as Priests amend;

You knew him true and trusty to his Cup,

Who would not set it by till all was up;

He was a constant Member to your Club,

And lov'd his Friend as heartily as Bub;

Jocose he was, and often Witty too,

And that is more than I can say of you.

His Wife 'midst all his Pastimes he ne'er fear'd,

But was at last by Death to purpose fear'd:

Mourn

252 **Martial Redivivus : Or,**

Mourn then for *Crispin's* sake as well as his,
And own y've lost a Part of Happiness,
Since he you well know was your trusty Friend,
And persever'd so to the very End.

E P I G R. XLII.

On a Lady who 'twas said died for Love.

FOR Love she could not die she was so Fair,
Of Beauty most Men the Admirers are ;
Of Pride she dy'd I guess, and of Conceit,
And Death we may conclude took Pet at that.

E P I G R. XLIII.

On the Duke of Anjou.

IT is Presumption in you to contend
For *Spain*, since *ANNA* stands King *Charles*
[Friend
And Warlike *Churchill* with Victorious Arms
Defends his Right, and *France* with Fear Allarms
Return, return, if that your Life you'd save,
Unless you'd have your fancy'd Throne your Grave
Madrid's not safe, since *Marlb'rough's* Fiat says
Who *Albion's* Queen resists shall end his Days.
To *France* then soon retire, 'tis for your Good,
Since *Albion's* Force will find Way to your Blood
Ne'er think then of Ruling the Kingdom of *Spain*
King, or no King, Old *Lewis* will take you again
And as Matters are, as I do believe,
Te Deum will sing that you are alive :
Quit *Spain* then soon, unless your Head you
[lost
And wisely yield, as did to *Leake Tholouse*.

EPIGR. XLIV.

To a Lady.

Sometimes you say you Love, and then again
You won't be troubl'd with that idle Pain;
Tell me at once, or else I shall conclude,
You are not only Foolish, but are Rude;
Resolve my Question, and pray tell me true,
That I may show my Love or Hate to you.

EPIGR. XLV.

On seeing a Blackamoor kiss my Pretty Cousin.

H Old Varlet, dost thou know on what you
(dare?)
You see she is, and do you know she's Fair?
Can you inttude then on so Bright a Face?
Is it a Sign you ne'er consult your Glafs;
For if you did you'd find her matchless Charms
Can ne'er be fully'd by such Foreign Arms;
Foreign indeed, when Black and White do join!
But you shall never kiss the Fair again,
Or one to me (if known) so near a Kin.

EPIGR. XLVI.

On CELYMENE.

HOW great ye Swains is *Celymene's* Pow'r?
Who with her Charms enslaves you every
[Hour,
and captivates your Hearts where-e'er you are,
so many Beauties you can see in her.

But

254 **Martial Redivivus, &c.**

But chuse your Safety, and your Danger fly,
Which cannot but be great when you come nigh
The Charmer, whose bewitching Smiles are sure
To Wound, and 'gainst her Frowns not Art it self
[is Cure.

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Martial Redivivus:

OR, THE

English Epigrammatist.

PART II.

*Ridentem dicere Verum
Quid vetat? Hor.*

EPIGRAM I.

On the University of Franckfort.

IN Arts and Arms the *Prussian* Monarch reigns,
Here Muses triumph, here the warlike Swains,
Ambitious Heroes of their Vict'ries ring,
And friendly Muses loud *Pæana's* sing;
In solemn Grandeur Learned Graduates meet
The Favourite of Arts, to celebrate

His

256 **Martial Redivivus: Or,**

His Princely Actions with their Lawrels Crown,
And pay due Praises at his awful Throne;
But sure 'tis hard his Honours to rehearse,
To whom *MINERVA*'s kind and greater *MARS*.

EPIGR. II.

On the Keys of Antwerp.

To the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

WHat *Parma*'s Duke after a Twelve-months
[Siege] Procur'd, so strongly your Bright Troops engage;
Th'are proud at last you should their Strength sub-
[due] Owning King *Charles* their King, their Conq'rour
[You] T'whom as they did to that Great Duke before,
Deliver up the Keys, they now adore
Great *Charles*'s Right, but Greater *ANNA*'s
[Pow'r.] Who as by you She did Commission send,
Her Warlike and Disinterested Friend,
As soon as you appear'd, wide Gates were seen,
Which gladly let their Peaceful Conq'rour in;
As if the sturdy Gates themselves well knew,
You could both Force 'em and Unlock 'em too.

EPIGR. III.

*On the Death of the late Famous Auctioneer,
Mr. Edward Millington.*

HE's gone, 'tis true, who oft did spend his
[Breath] And spent it so at last it brought him Death.
Tho' Books he lov'd, he sold 'em, and yet e'er
Retain'd a Learned Noble Character.

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At Auction weary, fond to go to Bed
One Night he on the Muses laid his Head;
And since he lov'd 'em, cou'd he better die
Than where he did, i'th' University?

E P I G R. IV.

On a Contented Cuckold in Cheapside.

ON my Word you do well since it happens so
[ill,
Not to be concern'd for the Matter,
Since Lewd Women, who are the Off-spring of Hell,
Will bring it about, tho' they flatter.
Nay, Flatt'ry's a Blind, and when they're more kind
You may think there is something a Brewing,
And then 'twill not be long e'er Horns you do find
By Young Gallant's Courting and Wooing.
But I have been told, tho' I hope its not true,
Your Deficiency is the Cause,
And if it be so, you very well know
Necessity has no Laws:
Your Wife however then she does complain
You cannot give her her Due,
To suffer, and yet be content, shews a Man,
And that I can say of you.
But perhaps, Sir, you will not think me your Friend,
Since on Serious Matter I jest,
As well as your Wife have now made an end,
And to be content is the best.

E P I G R. V.

On the Long Vacation.

IF Lawyers and Strumpets do ever repent
'Tis now, since *Vacation* is their Time of Lent;

S

Others

258 **Martial Redivivus: Or,**

Others as the Church appoints Weeds put on,
But these have a Singular Way of their own:
As to Matter of Sin their *Lent's* but a Farce,
And they only keep *Lent* because Money is scarce.

EPIGR. VI.

On the Jubilee at Rome.

WHat Crowds, and what officious Throngs we
Bowling their Heads to Papal Sanctity;
Whose Rev'rend Toe they kiss, and so adore,
As if the Pope, not Heaven, had any Pow'r
Mens Souls to save, this fickle Life once o'er!
Salvation vainly there we seek to find,
By Rules absurd, and by a Saviour blind:
Can he with Pardon then Petitions crown,
Who wants a Pardon for Sins of his own?

EPIGR. VII.

On Democritus and Heraclitus.

THis laughs, the other weeps, but ask me why
They do so? Easie's the Enquiry,
But hard's the Answer, since all I can say
Is, that one's Sad, and that the other's Gay;
For inbred Passions Reasons can't be giv'n,
Nor for the Ways Men take to go to Heav'n:
Wisely I think *Democritus* appear'd,
While *Heraclitus* all Afflictions fear'd:
In different Ways they carried on their Cause,
Philosopher the one, the other Woman was.

EPIGR.

EPIGR. VIII.

To a Young Lady in a Nunnery at Bruffels.

When Beauty's hid, and under such a Cloud,
As does its Lovely Charms and Graces
[shroud,

We can't but grieve to think *Melinda's* there,
Who is at once both Merciful and Fair;
Cruel is Fate to send you to that Place,
Where gloomy Cloyster hides your Beauteous
[Face;

Where lustful Priests on Virgins do encroach,
And will absolve when suffer'd to debauch.
You, like the Radiant Sun, should show your
[Light;

Than it more Charming, and than it more Bright,
Now y'are Ecclips'd, and many do contend,
Disputing about what will be the End
Of this great Change; but if they will with me
Agree, they'll find Ten Thousand Lovers die.

EPIGR. IX.

On Gripe the Usurer.

G*ripe's* a good Churchman, but he keeps his
[Bed
On *Sundays* always when the Briefs are read;
He's vex'd he can't sleep there whene'er he would
Gratis, without a Force of doing Good.

EPIGR. X.

On a Tinker who whipp'd his Wife for Whoredom.

THE Honest Tinker whips his leach'rous Trull;
 For that abroad she'll have her Belly full;
 Tho' Holes he stops, he cannot hers she cries;
 And to the Horn-mad Cuckold thus replies,
 Do not severely Husband thus lay on,
 My A-se I'm sure's no Drum to play upon;
 Or do you think y'are mending of a Kettle?
 If so, 'tis not, I think, with proper Mettle:
 Behind then in my Skinmake Cuts no more,
 Adultr'y enters by **One Slit Before.**

EPIGR. XI.

Cupid stung by a Bee.

CARELESS one while as little *Cupid* lay
 On Rosie Beds, on which the Rogue did play,
 An envious Bee the little Knave came by,
 And with his Sting disturb'd his Jollity:
 Strait to his Mother *Venus* he complains,
 And shedding Tears acquaints her with his Pains:
 Alas, my Wag, says she, if you now grieve,
 What must they do who by you Wounds receive?

EPIGR. XII.

To a CRITICK.

I Ask you oft what Poets you like best,
 You tell me *Cowley*, *Waller*, and the rest,
 Who Cold and Speechless lye in Death's dark
 [Womb]
 Whose lasting Worth is now their only Tomb.

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We all must die, Death one Day me will have,
Then me you'll like, or envy in the Grave.

EPIGR. XIII.

To a FRIEND.

ONce I could sing, but now my sickly Voice
Is like my Mistress, Silent, out of Choice:
Once with soft Numbers I could tune my Lyre,
But when *Corinna's* Cold my Musick has no Fire.

EPIGR. XIV.

To a Crooked Lady.

Y'Are crooked, what then? *Cupid's* Bow is so,
And it was that, I'm told, that wounded
[you:
Where Virgins should be, if you are but Strait,
Be Crooked still and you shall be my Mate.

EPIGR. XV.

To a Lady.

Y'Are Handsome, I am told, in some Mens
[Eyes,
Who daily fall to you a Sacrifice;
The Painter they, and not your Charms, admire;
And studied Art, not Nature, gets Desire.
If you should say then you the Painter was,
The Paint we'll praise, but not the Painter's Face.

262 Martial Redivivus: Or,

EPIGR. XVI.

Upon CRASSUS.

CRassus complains his Stomach can't bear Meat,
The Reason's plain, because h'as none to eat;
But set before him a Sir-loin of Beef,
He'll eat as if he ne'er eat in his Life.

EPIGR. XVII.

*To a Lady who long'd to Kiss a Gentleman, tho'
she had a stinking Breath.*

HE thinks you kind you think of him so well,
But can't approach what worse he hates than
[Hell:
Sweet balmy Lips complete a Sovereign Kiss,
But if he kisses you he that must miss.

EPIGR. XVIII.

On Mr. SHIFT.

Shift lives by his Shifts, yet cannot for his Life
His lousie Cloaths shift as h'as done his Wife,
Who Thousands of Pounds the Varlet has left,
Who says that now to live he'll make a shift.

EPIGR. XIX.

To SYLVIA.

OF Sylvia I begg'd that she would permit
That I her soft Cheeks should kiss;
No, no, cries the Fair, I will not suffer it,
It is too substantial a Bliss.

How

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How ill then judge you I should have sped,
Since this she does deny me,
If I had requested her Maidenhead,
And askt her to lye by me?

E P I G R. XX.

On the Reader of my Epigrams:

Whoſo theſe Leaves of Epigrams turns
[o'er,
That Carps, and yet to mend them has no Pow'r,
By all the Muſes, I ſay, let him be
Anathema unto my Book and Me.

E P I G R. XXI.

The unwary Pedlar.

To Wakes and Market-towns *Slouch* does re-
[pair,
And finds good Cuſtom for his homely Ware.
His Wife at Home proceeds with equal Haſte,
And for ~~her~~ *Ware* has Cuſtom to as faſt ;
So that 'twixt Two Trades he need never fear,
At *Guild-Hall* e'er a Bankrupt to appear.

E P I G R. XXII.

*On the Letter lately ſent to Mr. Prior, on the Duke
of Marlborough's Glorious Succeſſes at Ramillies
and in Brabant.*

Wiſely you ſpeak, whoe'er you are that writ
That Letter, fraught with Fancy and with
[Wit ;
Wiſely you judge, and wiſely too decree,
That loſty *Prior* ſing the Victory.

264 **Martial Redivivus: Or,**

Prior! whose Lines Triumphant Lawrels crown,
And makes Success he sings almost his own.
Prior! in whose Majestick Numbers shine
Victorious *Nassau*, *Namur*, and the *Boyne*;
Loud as fierce Cannon his great *Genius* speaks,
Which brings about whate'er it undertakes.
First then let him at Muses Head appear,
As daring *Churchill* always at the War.
Well then the Prince and Poet do agree,
Both he who got, and he who writes the Victory.

E P I G R. XXIII.

To Dr. Garth and Mr. Congreve on the same Occasion.

WHile Brother *Prior* in his Numbers sings
The Glorious Acts of Princes and of Kings,
Of Conquest writes, and haughty *Gallia's* Fear,
Glitt'ring in Arms when *Churchill* does appear,
You in a softer Sphere Great Bards may move,
And sing of tender Virgins and of Love;
Of Conquests gain'd among th' unwilling Fair,
Who blushing long for what they seem to fear.
Pastora, if there now be such on Earth,
Tho' dead, from you will have a Second Birth;
The Muses will *Pastora* should survive,
And in your Numbers will for ever live.
Lycoris's Breasts, and Fair *Corinna's* Eyes,
To *Garth* and *Congreve* fall a Sacrifice:
In them the Authors cannot but delight,
And love the Authors who of Love do write.

E P I G R. XXIV.

To Mævius.

PRay tell me the Reason why when you recite
Your Verses your self they so much delight?

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I fear it is this, that the Sound drowns the Ear,
And scarce we can judge of what we then hear;
But when we once come to read 'em well o'er,
What stol'n is good, what you wrote is poor.

EPIGR. XXV.

On the Death of an Infant.

JUST to the World 'twas lent, and soon as in
The World, it blameless strait went out again;
Could we at last so blameless then appear,
What Judge, what Judgment-seat, need we to fear?

EPIGR. XXVII.

*To the Ingenious Mr. John Phillips of Oxon, on
the many Scurvy Imitators of Milton.*

I Can no longer hold when Fools invade
Another's Right, and make that Art a Trade,
Which Gods themselves and Angels do admire,
And begging Saints when full of Zealous Fire.
Milton in all he wrote this Art did show;
But Oh! how common do Men make it now?
Common indeed, and above Measure mean,
When neither Thought or Majesty is seen;
When soaring Fancy and a Judgment fit,
Ne'er meet t'accomplish the Heroick Wit.
No, *Phillips*, by the Muses tis a Shame,
It lessens not Great *Milton's* Sacred Name;
Great as himself, and Glorious he appears,
And brighter shines by Imitators Cares.
If any, you an equal Race can run,
Who are *Apollo's* Darling Eldest Son.
Such soaring Numbers as Great *Milton* wrote,
Your Fancy suit, and elevated Thought.

The

266 **Martial Redivivus : Or,**

The Man and Arms you sung with Conquest
 When Thund'ring Cannons shook *Blenheimian*
 [crown'd,
 [Ground.
 Advance at once your own and *Milton's* Name,
 You have I promise you a Lovely Theme;
 Sing on, and let your lofty Numbers be
 With *Milton's* *Genius* grac'd and Victory.

E P I G R. XXVII.

R O S C I U S.

R *Oscius* performs Great *Alexander's* Part,
 And tells *Statira* that she has his Heart :
Roxana too he says he loves, and why ?
 Beauties he sees, and Darts in every Eye.
 Thus most Men act, and well then does the Stage
 Copy the Vicious Humours of the Age.

E P I G R. XXVIII.

The surpriz'd Lady in the Water.

IN her loose Garments to the River's Side
Corinna went, disrob'd of all her Pride ;
 Gently her Petticoats she dropt, and then
 Her friendly Smock betray'd her whiter Skin.
 In went the Maid, believing no one nigh
 T'observe her naked Limbs with busie Eye,
 But spy'd at last *Amintor* sitting in a Tree.
 What sudden Shame o'erspread her Beauteous
 [Face!
 T'which Crimson Blushes gave a tempting Grace.
 Her Hands she would lift up, and wond'ring Eyes,
 And when she look'd she look'd with more Surprise;
 One while her Hands her blushing Face did hide,
 But then she shew'd what she would most have hid.
Amintor

The English Epigrammatist. 267

Amintor view'd her all in e'ery Part,
Which rais'd fresh Fewel to his Flaming Heart :
But Oh had I been blest to be so nigh !
I'd make a willing Change into a Flea,
Tho' from her Fingers I my Death should have,
And in Love's gloomy Paradise my Grave.

F I N I S.

The English Episcopate 207



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Hominem Pagina nostra sapit. Mart.

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Printed for the Man in the Moon, in the
Year 1707.

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